BRUARY 22, 1941

AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

Liberty 5¢

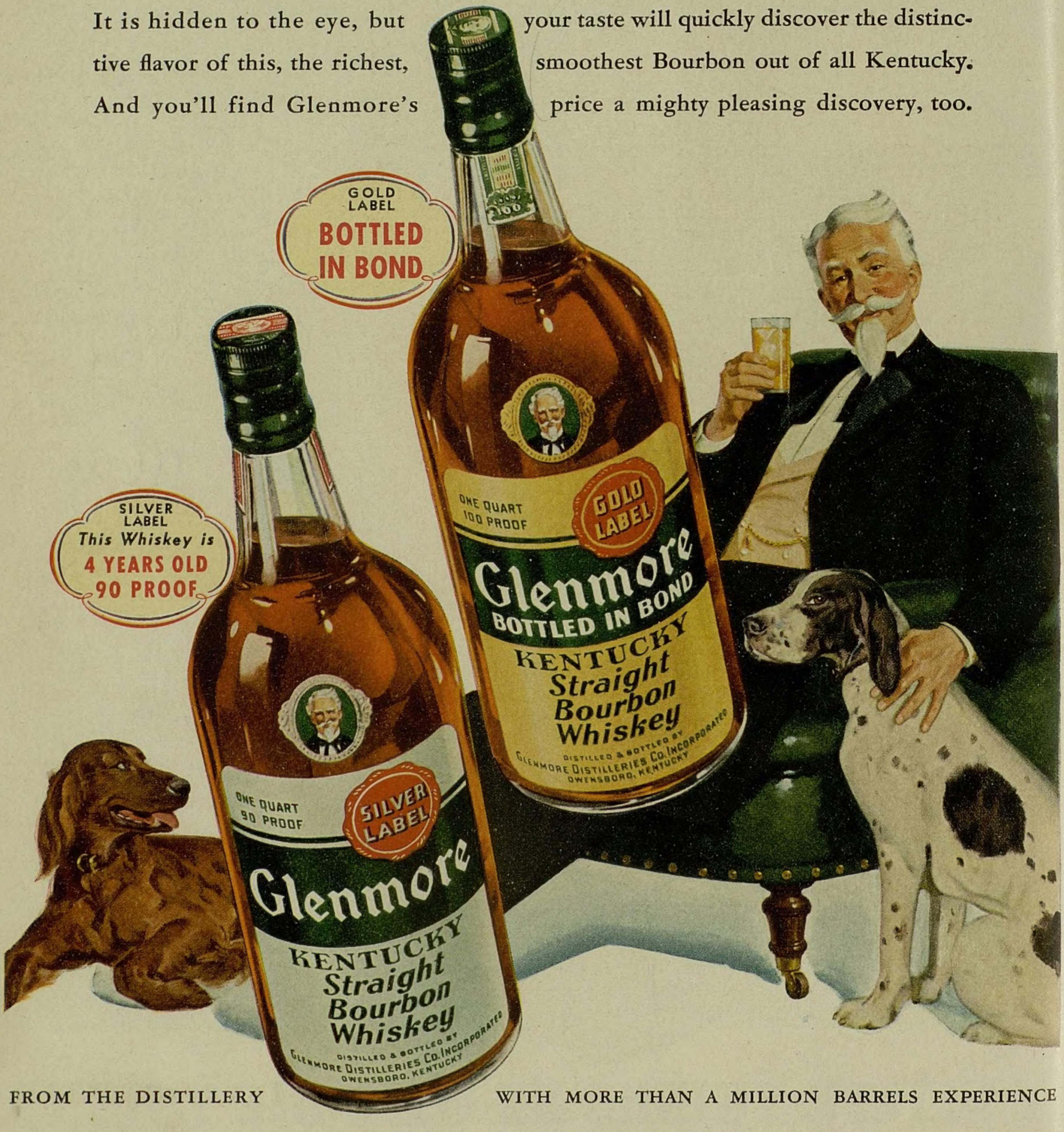
Edwin Henry

WHY HITLER THINKS HE WILL DIE THIS YEAR

by Pierre Van Paassen

Pour GLENMORE
..you get more

It takes character to make friends. And that, Sir, explains why Glenmore has made more whiskey than any other Kentucky distillery. For 69 uninterrupted years, the character of our fine Glenmore whiskey has been the trust and tradition of the same Kentucky family. No other whiskey enjoys so noble a heritage. It is hidden to the eye, but your taste will quickly discover the distinctive flavor of this, the richest, smoothest Bourbon out of all Kentucky. And you'll find Glenmore's price a mighty pleasing discovery, too.

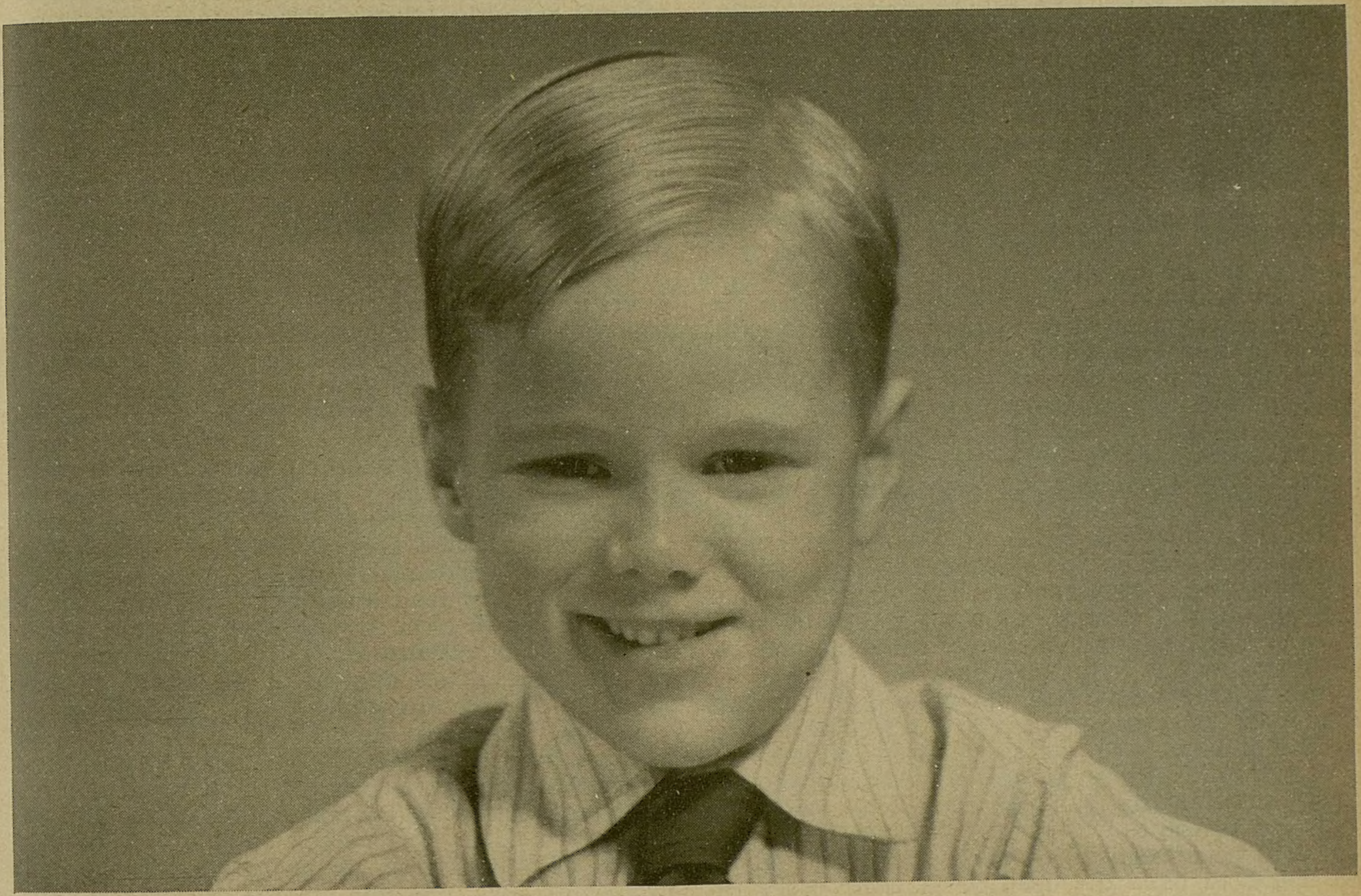

GOLD LABEL
BOTTLED IN BOND
SILVER LABEL
This Whiskey is
4 YEARS OLD
90 PROOF
ONE QUART
100 PROOF
GOLD LABEL
Glenmore
BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY
Straight
Bourbon
Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO. INCORPORATED
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY
ONE QUART
90 PROOF
SILVER LABEL
Glenmore
KENTUCKY
Straight
Bourbon
Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO. INCORPORATED
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

FROM THE DISTILLERY WITH MORE THAN A MILLION BARRELS EXPERIENCE

Do you see Young Tommy?
No, I see a Doctor of 1964.

Is he an Able Doctor?
Yes, he's an Up-and-Coming Surgeon with a Growing Practice.

He has a Winning Smile . . . a Smile that might well have come from his Lifelong Use of Ipana and Massage.



MASSAGE THE GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
AS USED ALWAYS REPLACE

Don't take chances with your smile! Let Ipana and Massage help you to healthier gums and brighter, more sparkling teeth.

Q. *What is there in the habit of Ipana and massage that can help you all your life?*

A. Just this. Ipana and massage helps you not only to have bright, sparkling teeth—but also helps you give your gums the daily care they must have.

Q. *Is gum massage so very necessary then?*

A. Indeed it is! For today's soft, creamy foods require little chewing . . . don't give our gums the stimulation they need! That's why it's so important to massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth.

Q. *Lacking stimulation—what happens?*

A. Gums tend to lose their firmness, often become weak, tender... and flash that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Q. *Is "pink tooth brush" serious?*

A. It may be and it may not be. Your dentist can tell you. Probably, he'll say that your gums need stimulation and work. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

Q. *How can Ipana and massage help guard against "pink tooth brush"?*

A. In this important way. Ipana does more than clean teeth. For Ipana, with massage, is designed to aid the gums to better health. That's why Ipana and massage is so important in helping to keep your gums healthier ... in guarding against "pink tooth brush."

Ipana Tooth Paste

FEBRUARY 22, 1941 **Liberty** VOL. 18, NO. 8

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

SAVING DEMOCRACY—THE BILL OF RIGHTS

BERNARR MACFADDEN

We have registered complaints on many previous occasions against lawmaking through bureaus, commissions, and what we have referred to as "auxiliary congresses." We endorse emphatically the principles of our governmental system, which has made a definite separation into three groups of legislation, administration, and the judiciary.

The legislators have nothing to do with the administration of the laws for which they are responsible. The officials in the administration department of our government have nothing whatsoever to do with legislation, and the judiciary supplies the penalties for offenders and are supposed to maintain our laws within constitutional limits.

But governmental bureaus often assume the authority vested in all three of these governmental groups. They make the laws, which they often call rules and regulations, although it was Chief Justice Hughes who said on one occasion that the application of rules and regulations, which tell people what they can do and what they cannot do, assumes the form of laws. And the officials of some bureaus become prosecutor, judge, and jury.

The Walter-Logan Bill, introduced in the last session of Congress, was a very effective protection against bureaucratic, dictatorial rule-making.

If this bill had been passed, our citizens who are guilty of infringing bureaucratic edicts could have appealed to the courts if they believed they were unfairly penalized. They would have been given the right to have the decision in their cases reviewed by a legal tribunal. Offenders against rules laid down by bureaucratic officials are really facing dictators. When they make a decision penalizing an offender, there is often no recourse, no higher authority to which decisions could be appealed.

The President, when vetoing the Walter-Logan Bill passed by the House and the Senate in the closing days of the last Congress, maintained that we are at present in the grip of a war emergency, and that delays caused by appeals might interfere with important activities connected with the manufacturing of war supplies. His argument is probably sound, but it certainly leaves many citizens, who sometimes unknowingly commit an offense against bureaucratic rule, solely at the mercy of officials sometimes prejudiced or incompetent.

Furthermore, the officiousness that is often endured by the offenders against bureaucratic dictates is most obnoxious to our liberty-loving people.

We hope that the Walter-Logan Bill will be introduced again in this session of Congress. If possible, the various features objectionable to the President should be deleted, if at the same time it can perform the functions for which it was originally intended.

We all hate a dictatorship. We have been taught to believe in freedom. The advantages of the American way of life stand out with startling emphasis, and they are in no way similar to the goose-step regimentation of some European countries.

Every citizen in this country charged with being a lawbreaker should have the right to a fair trial, whether it is in a criminal court or a bureaucratic tribunal. That privilege is guaranteed to him by the Constitution, which is being ignored so freely at this time. It may seem out of date to those who are anxious to change our form of government, but those who fully realize the extraordinary advantages that have come to our liberty-loving people through Americanism do not care to risk the changes that often appear to be aimed in the direction of a dictatorship.

In the Fourteenth Amendment we find the following: "No state shall . . . deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." And in the Fifth Article of the Bill of Rights we find: "No person shall . . . be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law," and due process of law certainly means the right to be tried by a judge and jury.

The justice of decisions that are rendered without this due process of law can certainly be questioned. We should demand adherence to the Constitution that has made us the wealthiest nation in the world, with the highest standard of living for all our people. We should demand proper respect for the Constitution, which every official promises to honor and respect when he takes the oath of office. Democracy cannot be saved unless this promise given in a sacred ceremony is properly respected.

Bernarr Macfadden

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YOU CAN BEGIN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION WITH

Ernest Hemingway's

NEW NOVEL

"For Whom the Bell Tolls"

A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION...

A BOOK NO THOUGHTFUL READER WILL CARE TO MISS

– OR YOU CAN BEGIN WITH ANY ONE OF THESE SELECTIONS

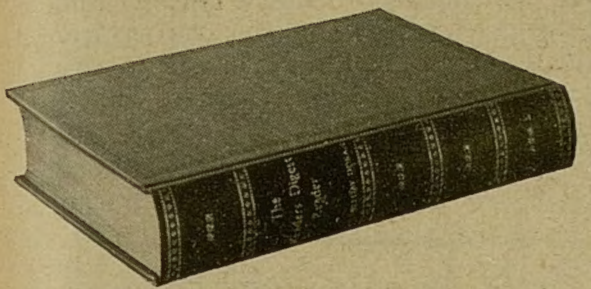
William Saroyan's new book, "My Name Is Aram," is a delightful puckish picture of a small boy which, we have a hunch, may go the way of Clarence Day's "Life with Father."

Willa Cather's new novel, "Sapphira and the Slave Girl," is her first book in five years. The scene is pre-Civil War Virginia; "indubitably as good a decade hence as today."

Franz Werfel's new novel, "Embezzled Heaven," was the Club's December book, a magnificent character study of a lowly woman that leaves one comforted and inspired.

Jan Struther, with "Mrs. Miniver," is a new author to Americans—instantly and widely introduced, as so many authors have been in the past, when her book was chosen in August.

Van Wyck Brooks' "New England: Indian Summer" is, in the opinion of many, even more absorbing than "The Flowering of New England." It was our judges' choice for September.



A **FREE** COPY TO NEW MEMBERS

the best articles and features of the past 18 years in the Reader's Digest

IN A SINGLE BOOK—

THE READERS DIGEST READER is a collection of 138 articles chosen from the thousands of leading articles that have been reprinted in that magazine. They are those in which the reading public itself indicated the most interest. The list of contributors reads like a roll-call of famous contemporaries whose range of interests is as wide as life itself. Whether you are in the mood for relaxation or learning, escape or scientific discussion—whether you are interested in "The Wisdom of Laziness" or "The Discovery of Anaesthesia," or the inimitable Stephen Leacock's advice on how to open a conversation, or indeed any conceivable topic, here is your book.

FEW people realize that writers who now have become as famous as Pearl Buck, Clarence Day, Stephen Vincent Benét, Sigrid Undset, Hervey Allen, John Steinbeck, J. B. Priestley—and a score of others little less known—were *first* introduced to a nation-wide book-reading public by having one of their books distributed to every tiny corner of the country, by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Time and again you buy the "book-of-the-month"—not knowing it has previously been chosen by our judges—merely because some discerning friend has said warmly: "There's a book you must not miss." How sensible to get these books from the Club, since you pay no more for the books you buy, and save enormously in other ways.

Here is the simple procedure: You are not obliged, as a subscriber of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

You receive a carefully written report about the book-of-the-month chosen by our four judges, *in advance of its publication.* If it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

Scores of other careful recommendations are made to help you choose *among all new books* with discrimination. If you want to buy one of these from the Club, you merely ask for it.

In addition, there is a great money-saving. More often than not—as the writers and books mentioned above demonstrate—our judges' choices are books you find yourself buying anyway. *For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.*

For every $1 you spend for a book-of-the-month you actually receive about 75¢ back in the form of free books, figured at retail value. You pay no yearly sum to belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. *You pay nothing, except for the books you buy.* Your only obligation is to buy four books-of-the-month a year from the Club.

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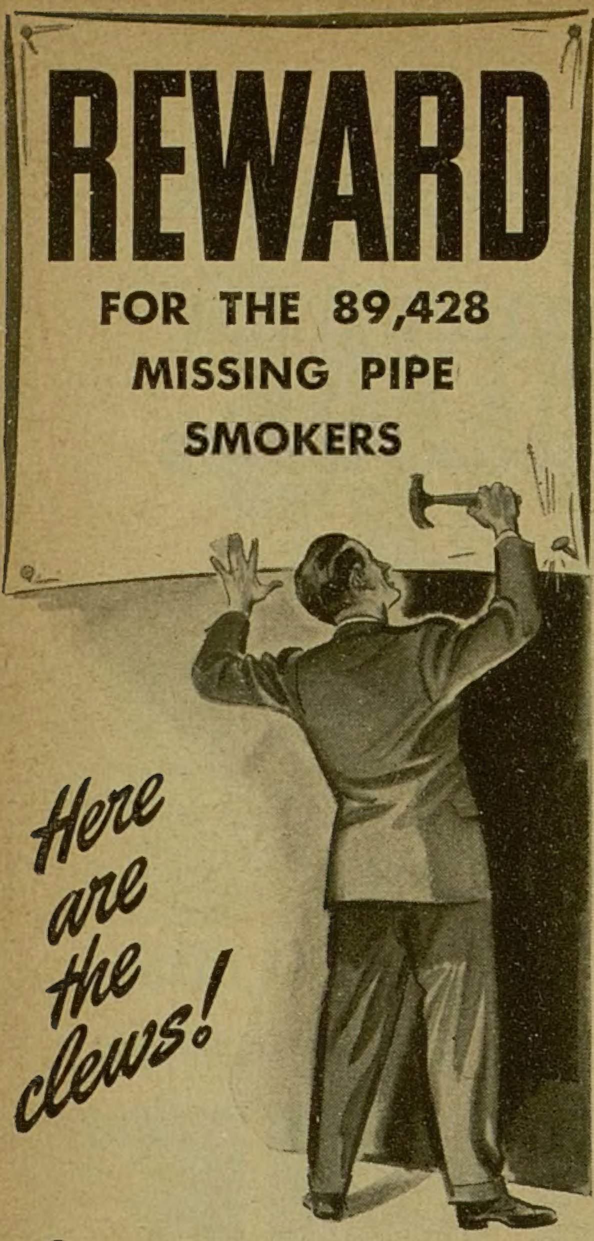

Out of every 1,000 hard-to-please pipe smokers, a high percentage won't smoke *anything* but BOND STREET once they discover it.

So we know that 89,428 pipe-smoking readers of this magazine *still* have this exciting discovery to make.

BOND STREET contains *a rare aromatic tobacco not hitherto used in a popular priced mixture.* Rich. Bite-free. Genuinely aromatic. Leaves no tobacco odors in the room. Try it *today.*

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VOX POP

Great News for Labor?

SAN MATEO, CALIF. — The writer agrees with Mr. Macfadden's conclusion when he asks in his Great News for Labor (January 4 Liberty), "Who are the best friends of labor? Those who shout commendations regardless of faults, or those who publicize these faults with the hope that they may be remedied?" and when he states that he belongs to the latter class.

When he states, however, that "intelligent workers everywhere were much gratified with the news of the conventions recently held at Atlantic City and New Orleans" (C. I. O. and A. F. L.), there appears to be good reason for questioning the assertion that there has been cause for gratification on the part of the workers.

It is true that the A. F. L. condemned labor racketeering, with which it appears to be infested. The C. I. O. also expressed its opposition to radical and Communistic influences in labor-unionism. At the same time, however, it endorsed and defended by resolution the Pacific Coast alien, radical, and allegedly Communistic labor leader Harry Bridges.

The statement contained in Mr. Macfadden's editorial that "it is rumored that the old-time enmity between William Green and John L. Lewis will no longer be an interference in combining these two great unions" may be true to the extent of being merely a rumor; but there has been no encouragement or evidence to warrant the belief that unity of the two organizations will be voluntarily accomplished by the representative heads and leaders. Apparently the only way that will be accomplished, if at all, will be by revolt of the workers themselves, by which such a union will be forced, and a central council established for the conduct and operation of organized labor-unionism, and a thorough house cleaning and weeding out of the present personnel of the two organizations.

The attitude and policies of the C. I. O. do not appear to have been in any way altered by the change in leadership from John L. Lewis to Philip Murray, and the former, no doubt, will remain "the power behind the throne." Action and not promises unfulfilled, on the part of the A. F. L. and the C. I. O., will justify the assertion in the aforesaid editorial that the results of the recent conventions is Great News for Labor.—*American Citizen.*

EXPOSE GRAFT IN CONGRESS

DULUTH, MINN.—Instead of bothering with small-time stuff, why don't you expose the graft in the state legislatures or in the Congress of the United States? Then you would be doing a real service. —*John Johnson.*

[Have you proof of such "graft"?—VOX POP EDITOR.]

TRUTH ABOUT CHERRY TREE

FREDERICKSBURG, VA. — Now that Washington's Birthday is here again, may I point out that little George did not cut down his father's cherry tree? Mason L. Weems, in his biography of Washington, first related this anecdote as having been told him by a friend of the family. He wrote: "He [Washington] unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry-tree, which he barked so terribly, that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it."

Although the entire anecdote has been the subject of considerable controversy, the fact remains that Weems did not suggest that Washington cut the tree down—he merely "barked" it.—*Agnes Maxon.*

A GAL WITH HALF A LEG

ELWOOD, N. J.—Inspired by an illustration in your Christmas number:

Oh, tell us, please,
What happened to Pitkin's lady's knees?
While one is an object of admiration,
The other has suffered amputation.
Your artist must be a terrible egg
To picture a gal with half a leg.
Handicapped thus, we can never guess
How she'll climb those Seven Steps to
    Success.

I keep track of the social doings of 8,500 persons each week, but I always take time out to read Liberty, and, woman fashion, read the back of the book first.—*Elizabeth M. Coffee, Social Editor, Hammonton News.*

RIGHT ACCENT FOR ASSAIL

RICHMOND, IND.—One thing that is wrong with the world today is the rape of words. I sit by my radio and behold the word "amazement" made groggy, weak, and meaningless. Then, there is the word "assail"—that is, So-and-So assails So-and-So, and this group assails that group, et cetera, ad nauseam, ad infinitum.

DICTIONARY
ASSAIL

To bring the word "assail" up to date there need be no revolution in the spelling, only in the pronunciation—accent on the first syllable.—*R. F. Van Voorhis.*

[How can you behold anything on the radio?—VOX POP EDITOR.]

LOYAL GENE AUTREY FANS

CASPER, WYO.—I am a regular reader of Liberty. At least, I was. But I want to warn you that if you print any more reviews like the one of Melody Ranch (January 4 issue) you're going to lose a lot of readers. We loyal Gene Autry fans won't stand for reviews like that.

Evidently people in the great big city don't like Gene Autry. In fact, all of his fans are the simple people in small towns. Melody Ranch was one of the finest pictures I ever saw, and I won't hear it abused.—*Indignatius.*

[Different people, different opinions! Some like apples—others onions!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

TALKING HORSE COMING

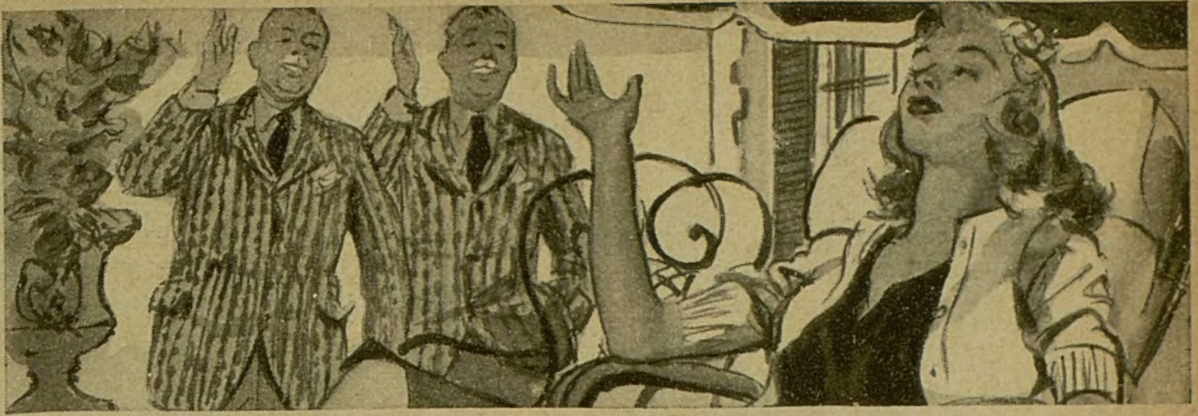
PINE BLUFF, ARK.—Hey! How about some more of those delightful stories about Ed, the talking horse?—*Jack Westbrook.*

[Coming soon. Watch for it—it's a corker!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

HOW ROPE TRICK IS DONE

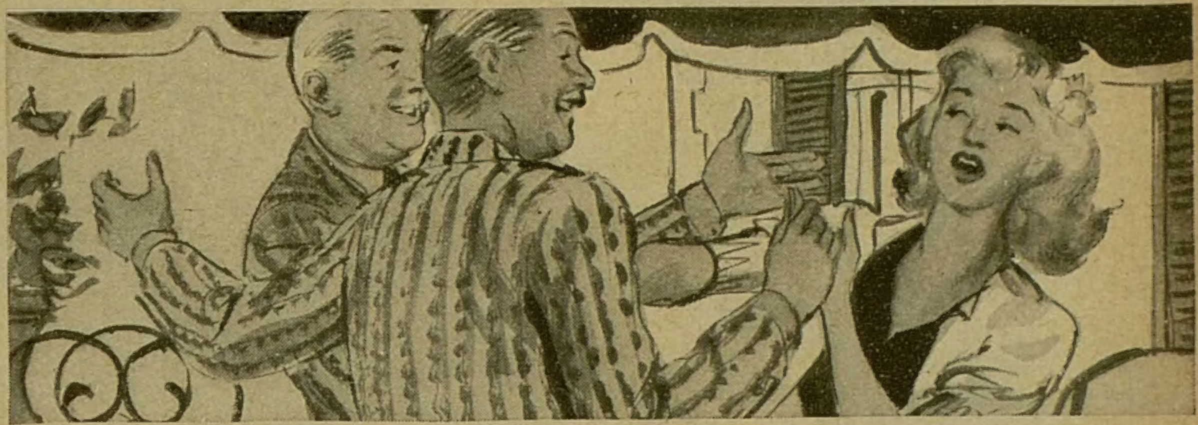
WALLA WALLA, WASH.—If I may be permitted a teeny squawk, I'd like to suggest that perhaps a lot of folks are getting a mite weary of this long-drawn baloney about the Hindu Rope Trick. Of course I'm not a top showman like Signor Dante (November 23 Liberty) or an "old magician" like Carl F. Damberg of Pasadena, California (January 4 Vox Pop), but perhaps I can help to correct a long-standing error in regard to this famous illusion. I've seen this so-called Hindu Rope Trick performed many times, and the utter simplicity of it makes me wonder how so many

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy



Uncle A: Well! Well! Doris. So your *engagement's* going to be announced tonight!

Uncle B: I must say you don't seem very *thrilled* about it!



Uncle A: Looks like a little job for us, Bert. The poor girl's short on "pep appeal."

Uncle B: Right you are, Andy. Maybe she isn't getting all her vitamins. We'll have to take her in hand.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN-ENRICHED

Uncle A: Lucky your mother had some KELLOGG'S PEP in the house, for it's a grand place to start on vitamins. Yessir, PEP is extra-rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant and thus most needed in ordinary diets—vitamins B_1 and D. You start getting all your vitamins and you'll feel like a different girl!

The Girl: *Wait a minute!* Instead of all that talk about vitamins, why didn't you tell me how *good* PEP is? Wow! This tastes grand!

The Girl: See you later, and thanks a million for that tip about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP. You just watch what a different girl I'm going to be.

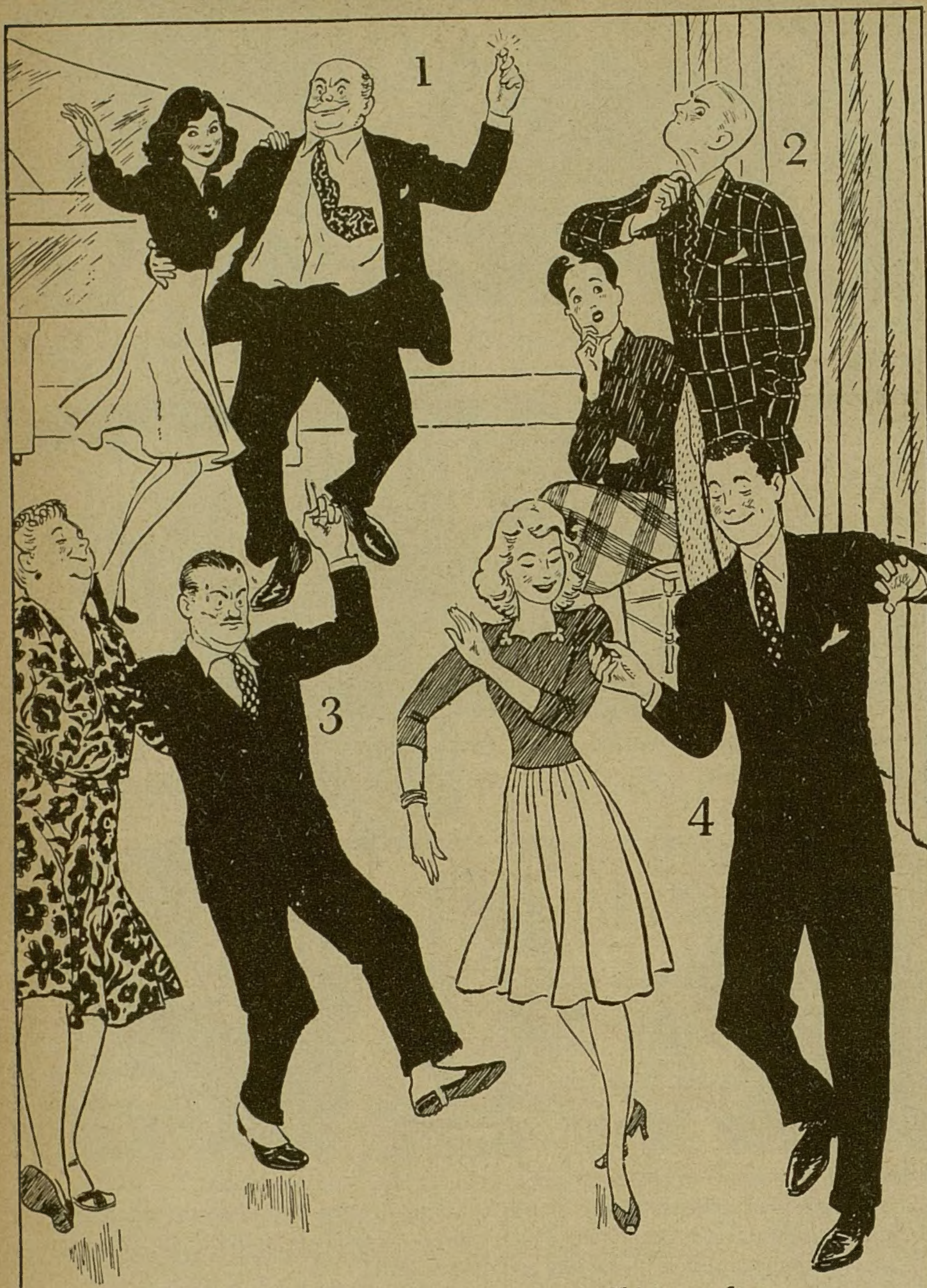
The Uncles (in unison): Where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

THE AMERICAN SHIRT FRONT: *Informal Dance*



These shirts off key	*Arrow Shirts on key*
1. Bosom is bunchy.	Arrow Shirts have the exclusive "Mitoga" figure-fit: curved waist, sloped shoulders. tapered sleeves.
2. Tight at the throat.	Arrows are Sanforized-Shrunk: fabric shrinkage less than 1%. A new shirt free if one shrinks out of fit.
3. Messy collar.	Try Arrow Hitt or Dart, whose collars look starched without starch . . . or soft-collared Arrow Trump.

For a perfect combination of shirt virtues (see 4) get some Arrow Shirts at your Arrow dealer's. They've got style, tailoring, and fit! $2, $2.25, $2.50, $3.50, $5.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, New York

erroneous explanations came into being.

The misunderstanding seems to arise from a misstatement of the trick itself. The magician does *not* throw the rope up into the air and then have the boy climb up the rope. This may be the impression the audience gets, but it isn't so. What really happens is this: The boy goes up first, taking the coiled rope with him, and then he lets the rope down for the magician to ascend.

You can see how simple it is, and I assure you the above is the correct presentation. If these directions are followed, any one can do it—even you.—*Don Alviso.*

[We have always believed that a magician should be given enough rope.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

LISTEN, MARGARET SANGER!

DAYTON BEACH, FLA.—Apropos of your rhymes of states, how's this one?

There's another state in our land
Where they build their homes with grasses;
They raise their children, forty or more,
On white corn pone and 'lasses.
Joe D.

PRIVATELY OWNED OCTOPUS

BURBANK, CALIF.—When the news broadcasts on the first day of the new year inform the nation that the misnamed Federal Reserve Board is asking for an extension of its strangle hold on the nation's credit, it seems to me that the time has come to ascertain whether or not your columns are open for discussion of the most vital subject confronting a bewildered nation.

There is ample proof that this privately owned octopus has profiteered on the misfortunes of the citizens ever since its inception; and both the depression of the early '20s and the debacle of the past decade were engineered by it at the instigation of the international bankers, who know no patriotism, and whose sole motto is personal greed and gain.

Let's have an open discussion of questions of national import.—*H. A. Corpe.*

NEW AND OLD CRESCENT MOONS

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.—Talking of the moon (January 18 Vox Pop), the new crescent moon always opens toward the *left*, the old moon crescent always opens toward the *right*.

The moment the new moon phase comes on, the " wax " or " light " of the moon begins: the moment the completely full stage is reached and passed, the " wane " begins. Yet half the calendars and almanacs print the new crescent in *black*, the old in *white:* many even face them the wrong way! And many persons say, " Oh, well, what difference does it make? "

Is there really no difference?

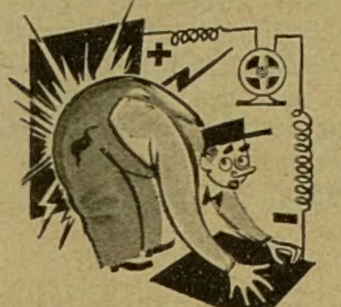
More: A few years ago the writer read a story by a high-priced author whose hero told the heroine: "That brightest star you see over there is Sirius"—in August!—*(Miss) B. Robe.*

ELEC-TRICK-AL SHOCK

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Where did Mr. Dale Collins, in Mr. Melvin Turns the Tables (January 11 Liberty), get his electrical knowledge?

It is impossible to give anything a shock the way he implied, even if they had sufficient current to charge a house made of iron.

It is the difference in potential that completes the circuit and causes shock. Standing on a charged plate will not shock any one if some part of the body does not come in contact with a different potential.—*Marlen L. Boggess.*



KNOW THEIR CONSTITUTION

PINE BLUFF, ARK.—In January 11 Vox Pop, one Alice Clem Burton makes the amazing statement that "It would be possible to impeach a President with the vote of but 33 senators."

It may surprise Miss (or is it Mrs.?) Burton to learn that it would be impossible for all 96 senators to impeach a President, since Article I, Section 2 of the Constitution of the United States provides that the House of Representatives "shall have the sole power of impeachment." No doubt she quite understandably confused the power to try an impeachment, which is vested in the Senate (Article I, Section 3), with the impeachment itself.—*John F. Willeford.*

[Whether it was because of work on Liberty's Constitutional Quiz or not, many readers pounced on this error from all parts of the country. It was more than heartening to find our Vox Poppers right on their toes when it came to knowing the Constitution of the United States.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

MAGAZINE UNAFRAID

BALTIMORE, MD.—Liberty in Murder Over Brooklyn deserves credit for being the one magazine in the United States that is not afraid to tell the truth.

Now give us a story of the union's hold-up gang bleeding poor workmen out of from $57 to $300 to work on army camp jobs paid for by the taxpayers.

Just say the word, and hundreds around Washington, D. C., will tell how they were fired, after their *hold-up* money was paid, for picking up a piece of lumber off the pile, to be working instead of standing around waiting for a helper to hand it to you.—*Maryland Carpenter.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

You Can Fly with This Team!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The "West Point of the Air" offers you the world's best aviation training—and pays you as you learn

YOU'VE seen the faces of some of these U. S. Army Flying Cadets before — under football helmets, on college gridirons. Look at them again. Keen, humorous faces — "All-American" in the truest sense of the word.

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READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHY HITLER THINKS HE WI

HITLER will die in 1941. . . .

Ever since the Austrian house painter became the dictator of all the Germans eight years ago, this prediction has been whispered about throughout Germany. Astrologers, soothsayers, palmists, numerologists, and clairvoyants of every type have been proclaiming it quietly but consistently. Today it is no longer a secret. Millions of Germans give credence to it. Even Adolf Hitler is convinced that his horoscope presages for this year the gravest if not the final crisis of his life.

A few years ago I smiled cynically and rather derisively at this prophecy, which was confided to me by a high Nazi official. The lady, one of Hitler's most trusted youth leaders, had sighed deeply. " We can do nothing about it," she said. " It is written in the stars, and we must accept the fact. We can only hope that the Führer shall have completed his mission on this earth before that day shall come."

Germans have always had a sentimental weakness for soothsaying. In no other country has the business of fortunetelling flourished so brightly. Nowhere else are there as many well organized societies of magicians and professional seers. And no other land has as extensive a modern literature on occultism. Adolf Hitler believes implicitly in occult forces. Since his advent, clairvoyance and astrology enjoy state protection. Alchemy is subsidized by his government as an essential science. And to magic healers he has given the same status as to licensed physicians.

But it was not Hitler who introduced the mystic sign of the swastika as the symbol of Germany's destiny. It was Kaiser Wilhelm II, who, on his visit to England in 1911, bewildered Scotland Yard by arriving with swastika labels pasted all over his royal baggage. He regarded the swastika as a magic protector of his person. In fact, he thinks it saved his life in the days when his empire collapsed. He is convinced to this day that his cousin, the last Czarina of Russia, would have been spared assassination by the Bolsheviks if she had worn the golden swastika he had sent to her.

The Führer's faith in the swastika is no less fervent. He too is afraid of the future. That is why he has adopted the imperial suitcase sticker as the flag and insignia of the Third Reich. He believes utterly in its magic powers. But whereas Wilhelm put his faith in the swastika because of its alleged Buddhist origin, Hitler selected it because its design resembles two reversed figure 7s interlocked in the center.

In the language of magic seven is the luckiest of numbers, and 7x7 represents the acme of good fortune. Hitler's intimates know that he swears by the number seven as the symbol of his power, his luck, and his destiny.

Students of numerology have compiled this rather curious record of the significance of the number seven in the life of Adolf Hitler:

He escaped death on the seventh of October, 1916, during the first World War, when his entire platoon was wiped out but he was only wounded.

Seven years after he entered politics by joining the Deutsche Arbeiterpartei, he wrote the final chapter of Mein Kampf.

He was in his forty-second year—six times seven—when the Nazis emerged in the Reichstag elections as a major political party, with 6,406,397 votes. The devotees of seven point out that not only does the total Nazi vote end in the figure seven but the digits of the entire number add up to thirty-five, or five times seven, and the Nazis obtained 107 seats in the Reichstag.

After the blood purge of June 30, 1934, Hitler announced the number of those killed for treason to the Nazi regime as seventy-seven.

He annexed Austria while in his forty-ninth year, and concluded the Munich pact of September, 1938, and occupied Czechoslovakia and Memel when he was forty-nine—seven times seven.

He began the war in September, 1939, in the seventh year of his regime, supposed to be his luckiest period, and carried the Polish campaign to a triumphant conclusion in twenty-eight days—four times seven.

He scheduled the surrender of King Leopold of Belgium for May 28.

The campaign against France began on May 10, 1940, and ended when armistice negotiations were begun on June 21, exactly forty-two—six times seven—days later.

Expert interpreters of numbers contend that Hitler's lucky cycle ended with the seventh month, July, of the seventh year of his rule, 1940. What he had not achieved by that time he never will, the German seers dolefully admit.

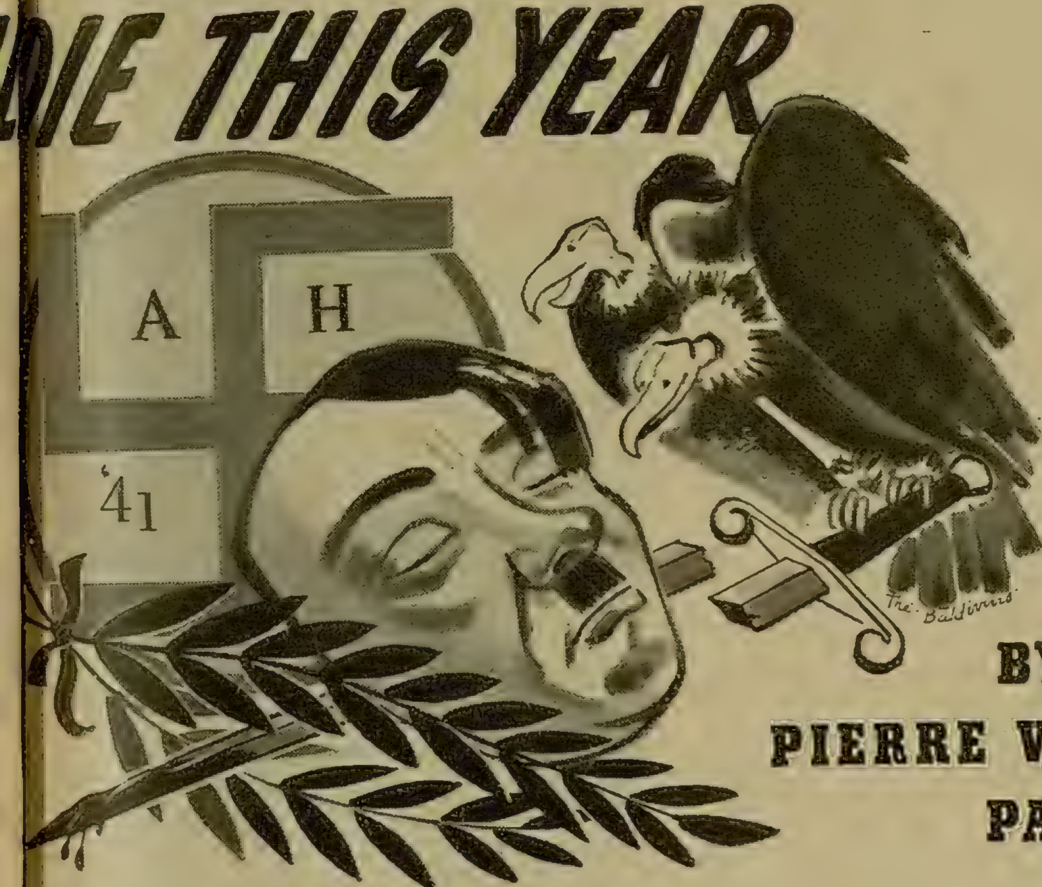
It is true that a tremendous change has come over Hitler since the " fateful " month of July, 1940. He still bellows with the same assurance as he announces the coming of the new world order. But the men who surround him have observed that something of that self-confidence which is beyond words has gone out of him. He no longer acts like a somnambulist in a trance, contemptuous of advice and criticism. He hesitates. His personal bodyguard has been reinforced. His schedule of personal appearances is changed at the last minute. He has curtailed his sojourns in Nazi-occupied territories. His entourage whispers that the Führer is afraid.

More and more time does Hitler spend now in his eyrie at Berchtesgaden. All alone he sits in an immense room with great bay windows, looking silently down into the beautiful Obersalzburg panorama that lies six thousand feet below. For days at a time, it is said, he stares at the mountainous horizon, brooding about the predictions of the soothsayers and trying to convince himself that this is all nonsense. But he can't.

He himself has built up the legend of his occult powers and his communion with the stars. He himself burned his bridges by setting the time for his final triumph during the seven-by-seven cycle of his life, symbolized by the swastika. Now he can't escape.

Servile astrologers and sycophantic numerologists have worked out new tables that extend Hitler's upward chart beyond 1940. But it is all in

IE THIS YEAR



BY

PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

Signs and portents—and facts! The strange inside story of the fear that haunts Berlin

vain. He knows better. There is no mistaking the significance of the events since July, 1940. England and the United States have written finis under his horoscope. His conquests have come to a standstill.

To the outside world the dictator of Germany appears to be at the zenith of his power. He has subjugated the European continent and threatens to annihilate Great Britain. Yet in the inner Nazi circles, and especially in those centering around Marshal Göring, the fate of Germany after Hitler's death is a frequent subject of conversation these days. Nazi leaders do not connect the death of Hitler with the fall of the Third Reich. On the contrary, it is believed among powerful Nazi groups that a dead Hitler, elevated to the rank of a saint and becoming part and parcel of the Germanic mythology, might be more useful than a live one. For one thing, it is argued, if ever a compromise peace with England becomes necessary, it might be easier to negotiate if Hitler were merely a marble statue in the public squares of Germany than if he remained the spokesman of his people.

I do not believe that Hitler's fall must await his death. Nor does his fall necessarily mean his death. The man who has terrified more than 200,000,000 people in Europe is a physical coward. He proved it during the Beer Putsch of 1923, when he crawled along the muddy gutters of the streets of Munich in his scramble for safety. He has proved it even more conclusively at Berchtesgaden. His home there is a fortress that can withstand the assault of a whole army. It is protected from air attacks by gigantic rocks and by innumerable machine-gun nests and antiaircraft batteries.

In this fantastic abode lives the Prophet of the Swastika. He is determined to live on, even if the whole German nation should be destroyed by an interminable war. His fall will come only when the German people realize that they are doomed; when the vision of a better world conjured up by him disappears under the merciless bombings of a superior British air force.

And the mustached little ex-corporal knows this only too well. Notwithstanding Göring's reluctance to proceed with the bombings of London, the pale hermit of the eagle's-nest abode hysterically demands renewed and bigger air attacks on England. He hopes against hope that the British morale will crack, that Churchill will resign, and that Downing Street will be ready to listen to reason.

Why did Hitler so long stand by idly while the Italian forces were being smashed by the Greeks at the end of last year? It is an open secret that he hoped that a British-Greek victory might induce England to consider peace proposals which unofficial emissaries — operating mostly through Spain—have never ceased offering. He thought that Germany, conqueror of France, and England, victor over Italy, could then get together as equals and conclude a peace advantageous to both. Later—perhaps seven years later — Germany would again endeavor to square accounts with her archfoe, Britain.

But that hope has faded. Hitler, to his terror, realizes that he must attempt the impossible: the breaking of a Great Britain backed by the resources of the United States.

It may not happen in this "fateful" year of 1941. It will happen, however, sooner or later. That pitiless dawn will come when Adolf Hitler will sit in Berchtesgaden a virtual prisoner, staring into a clouded horizon, trying to come to a decision: To live or to die.

And Hitler will review his cycle of seven by seven. He marched from conquest to conquest. He made Deutschland über Alles no longer a mere song but a reality. As he sits there debating with himself, the swastika still flutters in what was once France, the Netherlands, Belgium, Denmark, Norway, Poland, Rumania. Naziland is larger than the Roman Empire. And yet Germany, that Greater Germany which he has created, is ready to surrender, and clamors for his death.

What has happened?

True, he conquered everywhere else —but England, backed by the United States, stood fast. Though in ruins, she stood fast defiantly. Where cities once flourished there now are airdromes. The whole of Britain is virtually one big airfield, with tens of thousands of American-made bombers taking off every minute of the day and night for raiding expeditions over Germany. The Nazi Luftwaffe's "Conventryizing" bombings of England in 1940 were child's play in comparison. Here is systematic destruction on a twenty-four-hour schedule, covering every city and town and hamlet. The skies over Germany swarm as with bees. The proud Göring air fleet, infinitesimal in proportion, is powerless to interfere. Like rats the German people are living under debris, in cellars, nibbling at ersatz food, shrieking: "*Hitler verrecke!*" [Down with Hitler!]

There the Führer sits all alone, waiting—waiting for his own decision. No longer would it satisfy Great Britain if he gave himself up. Nor would the fate of Germany be changed if he summoned up the courage to kill himself.

England is in no mood for debating. She too is awaiting a decision— a decision on the part of the German people. She is waiting for the overthrow of the entire Hitler regime.

Will the Germans cleanse themselves once and for all of that cancerous ambition of world domination with which their rulers have for years infected them?

I believe they will. I am convinced that within the next few years will come the dawn which will spell Hitler's doom and the end of that Germany of aggression. It will come—if America will forge the weapons that will corner Hitler in Berchtesgaden, a prisoner of his own people.

THE END

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

BOTTLE STATIONS

BY WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

WEBB, his name is; Captain Edgar Disney Webb. His ticket says he's competent to sail any ship in any ocean; but the sea is one thing he never mentions nowadays and it's unlikely he'll ever set foot on a ship's deck again. He's a broken man; bitter, you see, very bitter. He thinks fate slashed him with a razor when he wasn't looking. And maybe, in a manner of speaking, that's true.

We all buy his vegetables.

Yes, he raises vegetables; lettuce and the like. He has a little farm about a mile out of town; lives there all alone and peddles his vegetables in town, driving from house to house in an old spring wagon behind the sorriest-looking excuse for a horse you've ever seen. The vegetables aren't much good either, but we buy them.

Why? Well, I guess we're sorry for him. He's a very sensitive man. He's big and he's tough, of course, but he can't stand ridicule. It's not in his nature to allow people to laugh at him—and that's what they did. They called him a hero; and smirked. He thinks he got a dirty deal, and most of us think so too. He never asked for medals.

To be sure, it was nobody's fault; there's nobody to blame.

The beginning of it, the very start of it, was on an August afternoon in 1938 when Captain Webb's stubby, gray-funneled ship Navassa was wallowing under thick skies in South Pacific waters, with white-flecked wavetops all about her. On the bridge was Captain Webb. You can imagine him: bald, heavy, big of paunch, generously tattooed. A storm was centered a long way to southwestward and the Navassa rode lumpily on the rim of it. The going, Captain Webb observed out loud, would be heavy after dark.

"Yes, sir," said the quartermaster at the wheel. Anybody could see the going would be heavy after dark.

Then Captain Webb turned to leave the bridge, and fate sneaked up behind him for the first slice with the razor. The captain was interrupted by a message from the wireless room —this message:

URGENT PROCEED NUKAALOA EFFECT RESCUE SURVIVORS TIDAL WAVE

The captain said "H'm-m-m!" irascibly; he pulled at the mustache that flew like a tattered flag beneath his nose. Then he stepped into the chartroom. Nukaaloa lay exactly as he recalled it: 180 miles away, almost due south. "Send an acknowledgment," he snapped to the boy from the wireless room. The Navassa's head was swung about and she plunged southward.

It was an unspeakable nuisance that the company's office in San Francisco should order the Navassa south to Nukaaloa. The Navassa had been out East a long time. Food supplies were running down rapidly; already the meat was verging toward gristle, the store of eggs was less than prime. It was a nuisance, yes, but who could allow himself to grumble? Here was an emergency: one must meet it. Most of the crew knew Nukaaloa, though few had ever been ashore there. The island grew out of the waste of sea like a green gem: three miles long, one mile wide, plenty of good spring water, plenty of coconut palms, perhaps three hundred natives. Nukaaloa was pretty but not worth much in anybody's imperial system; it's a significant comment that not even the Japanese had an eye on her.

The Navassa trembled and bucked through the long night, and when the sun climbed out of the heaving Pacific waters, yonder stood Nukaaloa, ten miles off. The Navassa closed in.

On the bridge Captain Webb and Trumbull, his chief officer, peered through glasses and were shocked by what they saw. Trumbull swore softly in astonishment. Nukaaloa was hardly Nukaaloa any more. The island was quite literally swept clear of trees, as if a giant mower had run across it. At the westernmost point, where the village of palm-thatched huts had been, there was a V-shaped bay, a new bay—and no village at all.

"Blast me!" said Captain Webb, low and deep in his throat. He ran his glasses swiftly up and down the island. There had been a radio tower three hundred yards in from the beach, set up by the lone Englishman in Nukaaloa—a stout old man who had exported copra in a schooner of his own. "Look there," the captain said. "The radio tower's gone."

"Yes," said the chief officer, awed. "So is everything else. Do you see any people?"

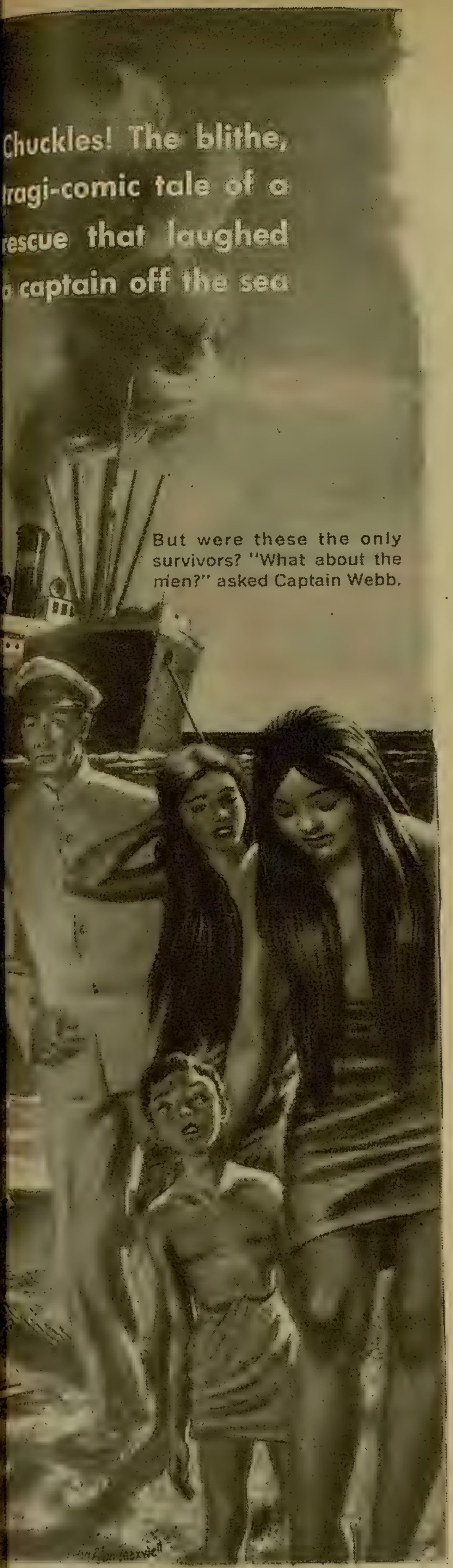
"No people," the captain answered.

The anchors went down. "Lower the boats," said Captain Webb. And the Navassa's six boats were staffed and put into the water. The captain led the way, watching with uneasy eyes the sea that boiled on the reefs; and the boats moved shoreward.

They came up on the beach—a scimitar-shaped bit of white sand—with the waves running high but not exactly dangerous; and some of the men leaped overside and dragged the boats beyond the reach of the surf.

Then, panting, they paused to look around, to take stock.

They were disturbed and astounded by what they saw. Palms lay in tangled confusion, their boles snapped and split. Away to the westward the remains of a few houses looked like bamboo bird cages trod on by giant feet. Two of the tall steel girders of the wireless tower were visible a hundred yards or so down the beach,



Chuckles! The blithe, tragi-comic tale of a rescue that laughed a captain off the sea

But were these the only survivors? "What about the men?" asked Captain Webb.

half in the water, twisted and broken. Of the wireless shack, the Commissioner's residence, the natives—no sign whatever.

"You can blast my eyes," murmured Captain Webb. "Hurricane and tidal wave!"

"There don't seem to be nobody alive, sir," said a quartermaster—Mahoney, that was, who'd been with the captain for six or eight years.

"H'm-m-m!" the captain said. "They must all be on the other side of the island. But why—"

He let the question go unphrased. He waved his arms and shouted up his chief officer. "Take a party, Mr. Trumbull, and search the south shore."

The chief officer picked a squad of ten and set off for the south shore. The rest of the men from the boats sat in the sand and idly regarded their captain, who lit a cigar and stood stiffly surveying the wreckage.

Time passed. Sand fleas turned up to plague the men. Then there came a halloo from the bush, and Mr. Trumbull was back.

Not Captain Webb nor Quartermaster Mahoney nor any other of the Navassa's crew was willing, at that moment, to accept the evidence of his eyes. The chief officer's party was aiding and shepherding a group of survivors, yes. But were these the only ones? Were there no others?

The men stood up, listening, as the captain barked questions at the chief officer. Yes, these were the sole survivors; yes, this was all. "Twenty-two women, seven children, three babes in arms," Trumbull intoned. The women—brown-skinned, the majority inclined toward rotund Polynesian fleshiness — were terribly weary; their faces were seamed and stricken. And they were, to the last one, shockingly underdressed.

"What about the men?" asked Captain Webb.

Mr. Trumbull knew the dialect. He had, he said, questioned the women, piecing together their faltering replies. It seemed that the storm had blown up the morning before, knocked over a dozen houses, killed a few people, and then had abated. The natives had thought it was finished. So they had totaled up their losses, and had observed that the most important—the immediate—problem was the repair of their fishing wharf that extended a hundred yards into the sea from the end of the village's principal street. The storm had knocked away a number of piles, tilting the wharf dangerously. All available man power had been put to work upon it.

But the lull was a trick of the sea.

The storm whipped round and struck without any warning. The wind and its allied waves ripped up the pier and flipped it into the sea. The land on which the village stood groaned once, enormously, and slid below the waters.

"These twenty-two women and their children," the chief officer said, "are all who escaped. They're the only ones who were, for one reason or another, outside the village. Just before the town slipped under, a giant wave, they tell me, rolled in from the north and flooded most of the island. Afterwards these women ran to the south shore, as far away from the site of the village as they could get. They're crazy scared."

Captain Webb pulled at his mustache. His brow was furrowed. "Take 'em aboard ship," he said.

Mr. Trumbull stepped to the captain's side. He made a funnel of his right hand and whispered. "Four of these women are, if I may say so, sir, in a delicate condition."

"Eh?" said Captain Webb. "What are you whispering about?"

"I mean, sir," said the chief officer, affronted, "that they're—well, they're *delicate*, sir. There's going to be an increase. In a family way, so to speak. And apparently soon."

The captain narrowed his eyes; with indirect glances he studied the situation. "By the Lord Harry," he exclaimed, "you're right! And us without a doctor!" A shadow of intense uneasiness fell upon his face. He frowned at the chief officer, rather as if he meant to imply that much of this was the chief officer's confounded fault.

Finally he spoke. "Look lively," he said. "Get 'em aboard ship."

THEY were rowed out and shoved and hoisted aboard, the women chattering wildly, the babies squalling. Captain Webb marched aft to the wireless room.

"Send this," he directed, "to the company office in San Francisco." And the message went on the air:

RESCUE EFFECTED SOLE SURVIVORS 22 WOMEN 7 CHILDREN 3 BABIES PLEASE ADVISE

The response was delivered within a half hour to Captain Webb's cabin:

CONGRATULATIONS CARRY SURVIVORS TO HONOLULU NEWSPAPERS GIVING YOU HEADLINES

The captain crumpled the message into a tight ball in his fist. He went on the bridge. "Mr. Trumbull," he said curtly to the chief officer, "the home office advises that we carry the survivors to Honolulu. Speak to the steward, if you please; ascertain the exact state of our provisions."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Trumbull. Ten minutes later he reported: "No fresh milk, not much canned milk, very little meat, very few eggs, sir. No provender for the kids, you might say. If you want my opinion, sir, Honolulu's too far—we couldn't make Honolulu with 'em, especially the four prospective—"

"That's what I thought," snapped Captain Webb. "This ship's no ruddy maternity ward."

The ether vibrated with another message:

HONOLULU INADVISABLE LACK PROVISIONS FOUR PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS AMONG SURVIVORS QUICK ACTION ESSENTIAL WILL PROCEED TO ROTANONGA

And a reply flashed back from San Francisco:

USE OWN DISCRETION

"Weigh anchors," said Captain Webb. "Mr. Trumbull, we'll proceed at full speed to Rotanonga. Set the course, if you please."

The anchors were lifted, the propeller churned, and the Navassa's bow turned eastward toward Rotanonga, a little better than three hundred and fifty miles over the horizon. At Rotanonga, thought Captain Webb as he sat to a cup of tea in his cabin, the survivors could be unloaded upon the European Commissioner. Captain Webb quite unconsciously made a motion of washing his hands. He was more distraught than he realized. The responsibility that had been forced upon him was distinctly not to his liking.

He finished his tea, wiped his mustache, and went on deck.

"Quartermaster!" he called, and Mahoney came out of the port alleyway and said, "Yes, sir."

"You'll have charge of finding accommodations for the women and children. Report to me promptly."

"The men have already moved out of the forecastle, sir," said Mahoney. "They can sleep on the hatch covers. That accounts for twelve bunks, and there are twelve more in the engine-room crew's quarters. Should I move the engine-room crew on deck, sir?"

"Yes. For your information, quartermaster, we shall disembark the survivors tomorrow at Rotanonga."

"Very good, sir."

"And see that they get some food right now."

"Yes, sir."

The afternoon was fair, and the Navassa, with a fresh following wind, plowed steadily eastward. Quiet settled over the ship.

BUT at dusk there was a burst of excited shouting on the forward hatch cover. Women's voices rose in shrill discussion, loud and incomprehensible. Captain Webb put his face over the windscreen on the bridge and bawled, "What's going on there?"

"I'll see, sir," said Mr. Trumbull. He hurried below. In four minutes he returned, flushed, a little breathless. "I'm afraid, sir, it's the worst," he said.

"What the devil do you mean, sir?" barked Captain Webb.

"I mean," said Mr. Trumbull, speaking in the tone of one who keeps an open mind on such matters, "that the Nukaaloa woman named Mohinaa is going to have her baby. Very soon, the others tell me. She seems to be in something of a bad way—though I'm no judge. Do you want to carry on inspection, sir?"

"No!" bellowed Captain Webb, and his voice shook the timbers of the bridge. "Why in the name of the Earl of Hell should these things happen in my ship?" Mr. Trumbull had no answer; he stood waiting. The captain swung round on him. "Are you a married man, Mr. Trumbull?"

"I am not, sir."

The captain groaned audibly. "Muster the crew on the starboard deck," he ordered.

It was done rapidly. Sailors, the engine-room crew, stewards were lined along the rail. Captain Webb eyed them sourly. "The married men will step forward one pace," he said.

Two sailors, a fireman, and a water tender—their faces giving evidence of considerable bewilderment—stepped out of the line.

"Is this all?" Captain Webb demanded.

A sailor named Jenkins, an undersized gray man of middle age, moved forward and saluted self-consciously. "To the best o' me knowledge and belief, sir," he said, "I'm married. But I can't rightly say. I 'aven't seen me wife these nine years, sir. She run off wiv a butcher."

He grinned broadly, looking over his shoulder at his mates, who also grinned. Captain Webb raised his arms in a gesture of anger. "The infidelity of your wife," he snarled, "neither interests nor surprises me. Stand out of line. We'll assume you're married. No others?"

There were no others.

The captain trained a cantankerous eye on the five married men. Then he turned to Mahoney. "Quartermaster," he said, "are you married?"

Mahoney shifted his feet uneasily. "No, sir."

Neither, it developed, were the other quartermasters or the wireless operator. But the second assistant engineer said he had a wife in Los Angeles, and the third mate—a Mr. Thorpen, big and redheaded—sent down word from the bridge, where he was on duty, that he had married a Polish girl last autumn in Newport News.

"All right," boomed Captain Webb. "Mr. Trumbull, relieve Mr. Thorpen on the bridge. Tell him he's to take the second engineer and two of these married sailors—Cootes and Henderson—forward to the forecastle and stand by in case of an emergency."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Trumbull. "You mean—"

"I mean the maternity case. What the devil do you suppose I mean?"

"But the women, sir—they're competent to handle a situation of this nature—"

"Maybe so and maybe not," Captain Webb retorted testily. "But if there's going to be any birth-giving in my ship, I want an officer in charge!"

NIGHT fell, the stars came out, the wind freshened; and the Navassa lumbered eastward, laying a white wake upon the sea. At midnight a child was born.

Quartermaster Mahoney, acting on the orders of Third Mate Thorpen, awakened Captain Webb in his cabin and informed him that the Nukaaloa woman named Mohinaa had been delivered of a five-pound, seven-ounce female infant without untoward incident or distress.

"Mr. Thorpen's compliments, sir, and mother and child are both doing well," said Mahoney.

"Don't ogle like a fool," snapped Captain Webb. "Give Mr. Thorpen my compliments and tell him to turn in."

"Yes, sir," nodded Mahoney. "But there's one thing more, if you please. The woman wants to know, sir, if she has your permission to name the baby Navassa. In honor of the ship, sir, in a manner of speaking."

Captain Webb rubbed his forehead wearily. "You may inform her," he said, "that she can name it Lusitania for all I care. Now get out."

"Yes, sir," said Mahoney.

AT ten in the bright morning they raised the hills of Rotanonga and Captain Webb took his ship into the roadstead and sent his hooks down six fathoms into sand.

The little customs cutter came out, flying her pert green-and-white flag. But as Captain Webb leaned on the bridge rail, watching her, she circled the Navassa and stood off the lee side fifty yards away. The captain's eyebrows lowered fretfully. "What's this?" he said to the chief officer.

He had his answer instantly. A uniformed white man in the cockpit of the customs boat shouted through a megaphone: "Navassa ahoy! You can't land here!"

"Why not?" bawled Captain Webb.

The reply drifted over the quiet water:

"Fever! Sorry!"

Captain Webb snorted elaborately. For a brief moment Chief Officer Trumbull thought the captain's blood vessels were about to burst. His eyes were distended, his face alarmingly purple. He struck the rail a querulous blow with the flat of his hand. And then he looked up toward the clean blue sky and uttered an oath so bitter and so peculiarly imaginative that Mr. Trumbull jumped as if struck.

The captain drew a deep breath. He opened his mouth, shut it again, and waved his arms in an angry dismissal. The customs cutter bobbed away. "Come into the chartroom, Mr. Trumbull," said Captain Webb in a voice that vibrated.

They devoted ten minutes to earnest study. "We'll have to make for Laohevi," said Captain Webb at length. "We'll be at least twenty-three hours in the passage."

"Yes, I should think so."

"Who asked *you?*" barked Captain Webb.

Mr. Trumbull eyed him quietly for scarcely more than two seconds, then nodded and left the chartroom. The captain's bad temper was none of his business. The Navassa's anchors were raised. Rotanonga dropped slowly astern.

In his cabin Captain Webb chewed his pencil and wrote a wireless message destined for the company office in San Francisco:

FEVER AT ROTANONGA PROCEEDING TO LAOHEVI BABY BORN ABOARD LAST MIDNIGHT

The reply was prompt—and crisp. One word:

CONGRATULATIONS

And Captain Webb sat in his cabin, rereading the one word and muttering low imprecations; and there stole tardily upon his senses an awareness that somewhere thin voices were raised in shrill caterwauling. He cocked his head to one side, harkening. And then he recognized the sound—infants were shrieking full-throatedly out on the foredeck. Babies crying in the Navassa! A nursery wail before the mast! The captain got heavily to his feet and rushed out on deck.

The sight that greeted him was, in his experience, unprecedented. Grouped about Number One hatch cover were the boatswain, the carpenter, half a dozen seamen, and a couple of the engine-room crew. On the tarpaulin lay the three babes in arms who had been carried aboard at Nukaaloa, and almost a score of brown-skinned women sat there too, under an awning that had been rigged for them. The babies were bellowing; the women cooed and murmured, striving to soothe the infants; and the crewmen of the Navassa made gnomish faces and ridiculously capered, clucked, and chortled in the belief that they had it somewhere in their power to still the uproar.

CAPTAIN WEBB stood on the foredeck and lifted his eyes to the bridge.

"Mr. Trumbull!" he shouted in a voice like an explosion.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Trumbull, appearing in the bridge wing.

"What's this—this *circus* on my deck?"

"I believe they're trying to quiet those children, sir."

"Are they, now?" yelled Captain Webb acidly. "Well, who's in authority? Must my work be disturbed by this monkey crowd?" His eyes protruded wrathfully.

"Sorry, sir," said the chief officer. "We haven't had much success—those youngsters keep crying—I believe—"

"I'm not interested in what you believe! I want that noise stopped instantly!"

"They need milk, sir," Mr. Trumbull said stubbornly.

"Hah!" shouted Captain Webb. "Milk! All right, give 'em milk. There's canned milk in the galley—"

"Not much—and we haven't any proper bottles, or any of those rubber feeders—"

Captain Webb stamped like a bull upon the deck. "By heaven," he cried, "must I meet every emergency myself?" He paused, and his face composed itself slowly. "Show a little speed now, Mr. Trumbull. Send Quartermaster Mahoney to the galley to warm up three cans of milk. Send the carpenter to find me three clean pieces of cloth—three handkerchiefs will do. Quick!"

The quartermaster heated the milk with tender care; the carpenter returned to the foredeck with three handkerchiefs. Then, as half his crew looked on, Captain Webb knelt on the hatch cover among the women and instructed three of them in the process of infant feeding by means of a handkerchief.

"It's very simple," he said, and Mr. Trumbull translated into dialect for the awed women. "You roll the handkerchief—so. Then you dip it into the milk. You see? Now let the youngster suck on it—here, take this, you blasted brat!"

The brown baby did; he took the moistened corner of a handkerchief into his mouth and lustily sucked the milk from it. His small eyes rolled with sudden contentment. Captain Webb stood up. "You see?"

WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

lives with his wife in Haiti, which he considers the loveliest island in any sea. New Jersey born, he attended the University of Virginia for four "restful years" and spent five "restless years" on a newspaper before he sailed south.

The women nodded; they saw. Probably they'd known anyway, thought Mr. Trumbull; but he did not tell the captain so.

"All right," said Captain Webb. "Let's try to keep it quiet here."

He started aft, but a sailor who leaped from the forecastle door intercepted him. "There's another baby going to be born, sir!" The man was breathless. "Right now, sir! They say right now—"

Captain Webb paralyzed the man with a beetling glance. "What do you want *me* to do about it?" he roared.

NOBODY slept in the Navassa. Throughout the night lights blazed, casting their glow upon the dark shifting sea; and crewmen raced the decks carrying towels and ointments and buckets of steaming water. They stepped as lightly as they were able and spoke in voices unconsciously pitched low. Quartermaster Mahoney, standing his trick at the wheel, was acutely aware that tenseness and awe possessed the ship. He saw the captain pace the bridge, he heard the murmured messages delivered.

At dawn the captain drank a mug of coffee and checked the course once more. Then he walked slowly to the wireless room.

"Send," he said wearily, "this!"

FOUR MORE BABIES BORN TO THREE NUKAALOA WOMEN DURING NIGHT DISCREPANCY DUE TO FACT ONE SET TWINS EXPECT TO DISEMBARK ALL SURVIVORS AT LAOHEVI TODAY

The San Francisco office answered, one hour later, in a spirit of whimsey which Captain Webb regarded as singularly bad taste:

MORE POWER TO YOU SORRY NO QUINTUPLETS

Captain Webb's lips were grim, his eyes dull. He went to his cabin to lie down. And after an extended period of tossing restlessly in his bunk, he was slipping into unconsciousness when another message yanked him full awake:

NEWSPAPERS NATIONWIDE GRABBING STORY GRAND PUBLICITY CHICAGO STAR WANTS PICTURES CAN OBLIGE BY AIRMAIL FROM HONOLULU? ST. LOUIS RECORD IN STREAMER HEADLINE SUGGESTS RENAMING NAVASSA S.S. MOTHER LOVE WHAT'S YOUR COMMENT FOR PRESS?

The captain's face twitched. "S.S. Mother Love!" he snarled. He stared wildly up at the skylight of his cabin, bright with tropic morning. "And it's for this," he cried, "that I've spent thirty-seven years at sea!" Then his voice broke.

A knock came at the door. "We've sighted Laohevi, sir," said Quartermaster Mahoney.

The cables had been busy. There was a band on the pier as the Navassa warped alongside. The band—missionary-instructed, in bright uniforms—played Mother Machree brassily, and Captain Webb, shouting blasphemies, slammed down the portholes of his quarters.

THE change that came over Captain Edgar Disney Webb was immediately obvious to everybody in the ship. He was morose; he sulked in his cabin. Discipline suffered.

At Honolulu Captain Webb struck, without warning, a newspaper photographer—a small man wearing glasses—and threw his camera into the harbor.

To the quartermaster at the gangway the captain said: "If you let a reporter get aboard this packet, I will, so help me, break both your legs at the knees." And the quartermaster was assured that he meant it.

Then, seven days later in San Francisco, Captain Webb stumped into the company's office and resigned his command.

"But why?" asked the vice-president, open-mouthed. "Why?"

"Go down to the water front and listen to what they're saying about me," cried Captain Webb. And he began to laugh in an unnaturally shrill voice and lurched crazily out of the vice-president's upholstered chambers. "He's drunk," murmured the vice-president, which was unkind, for Captain Webb had scarcely ever been more sober.

They urged him to reconsider. He replied with an obscene shout. . . .

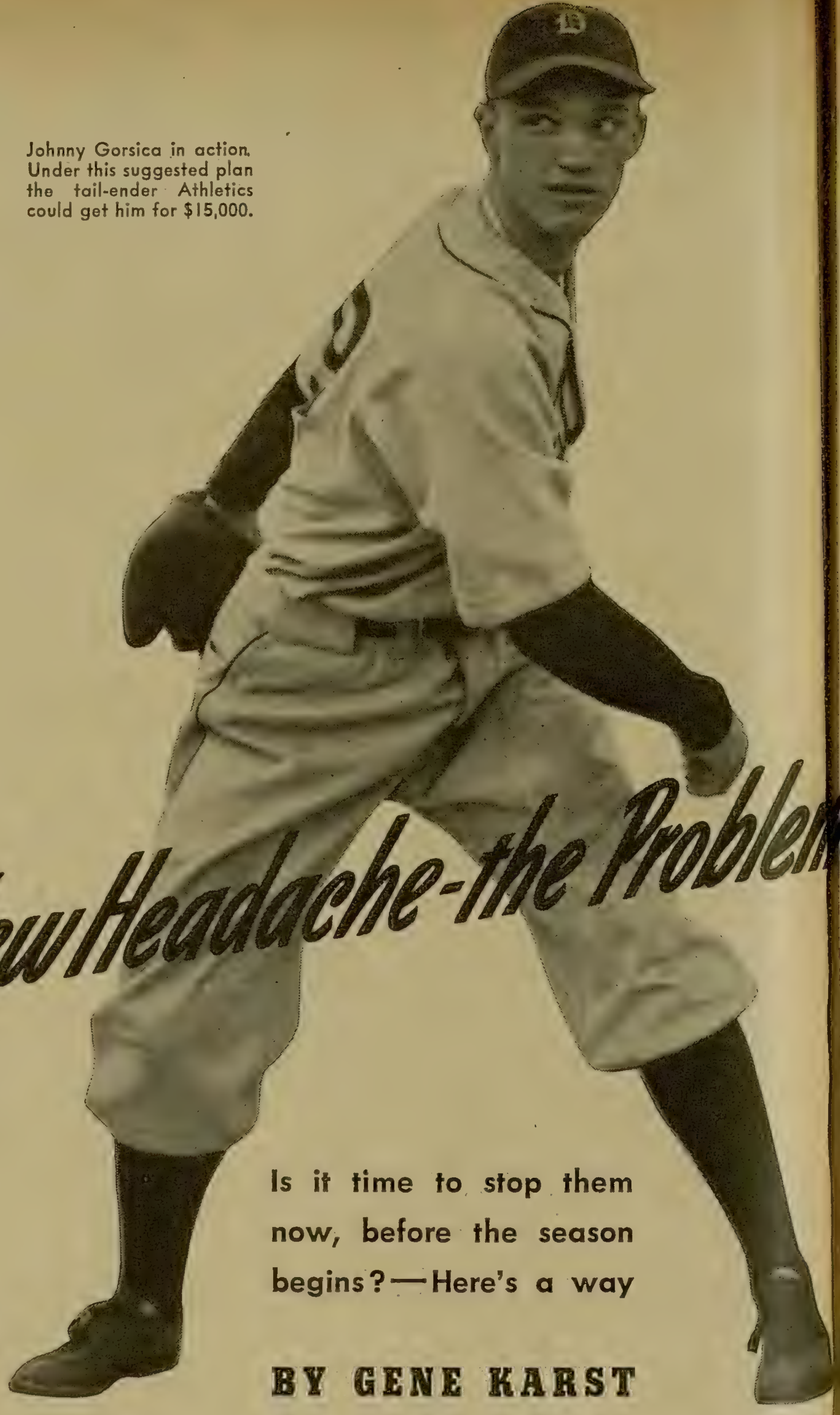
His little farm's about a mile out of town. He comes in three times a week. Would you like to try a couple of heads of his lettuce?

THE END

Baseball's New Headache-the Proble

Is it time to stop them now, before the season begins?—Here's a way

BY GENE KARST



Johnny Gorsica in action. Under this suggested plan the tail-ender Athletics could get him for $15,000.

IS there a Red menace in baseball?

World champions by virtue of their victory over the Detroit Tigers, and with two National League pennants in a row, the Cincinnati Reds are candidates for a third flag in succession in 1941. "Stop the Yankees!" was the cry throughout major-league baseball a year ago. Is it now time to raise the cry, "Stop the Reds"? Should something be done to prevent a problem from arising in the National League similar to the one which has faced the American League in the past?

Larry MacPhail, when he purchased Kirby Higbee for the Brooklyn Dodgers, gave warning that Bill McKechnie may have a tough time making it three straight pennants. Billy Southworth at St. Louis or Jimmy Wilson at Chicago will have plenty to say about the Reds winning again in 1941. But the Reds probably will start the season favored to repeat. Winning streaks of three or four pennants in a row for one club have happened in both leagues in the past and they can happen again. And though Detroit broke through the Yankee monopoly in the American League after Joe McCarthy had taken four consecutive world championships, there is no certainty that the Yankees or some other club may not amass long winning streaks in the future.

Here are the facts:

The New York Yankees in the past twenty seasons have won a majority of the American League pennants—eleven. Twice they won three pennants in a row and once they won four straight.

The New York Giants won four straight flags from 1921 to 1924 inclusive.

Though the Reds may create a problem for the National League, in the past the monopoly problem has largely been an American League affair—as witness:

1. While the Yankees were winning eleven pennants in the last twenty seasons, the Red Sox, White Sox, Indians, and Browns have won none.
2. Since the inception of the American League the St. Louis Browns have never won a pennant and the Cleveland Indians have won only one.
3. Frequently all doubt as to who will win the American League pennant has been removed by early August. In 1940 there wasn't much of a race in the National League, with the Reds winning by a margin of twelve games over the second-place Dodgers. The Phillies, in last place, finished fifty games behind the Reds.

Theoretically, it would be ideal if each city in the league could win a pennant every eighth year. It would distribute the laurels, the dividends. Club owners, players, and fans might agree that it would be a far happier condition than to have one or two clubs corral all the honors. However, don't blame Powel Crosley, Jr., Warren Giles, or Bill McKechnie if the Reds win another flag in 1941, nor Ed Barrow and Joe McCarthy if the Yankees come back to monopolize the picture again. These men are in baseball with the avowed intention of winning as many championships as possible. They're conforming to the rules of baseball and good sportsmanship, and should be congratulated on the job they are doing. But what about the other clubs? Can they compete effectively?

Recognizing the desirability of ending the Yankee monopoly, the American League a year ago passed a rule forbidding the first-place club

f the Reds

to make any trades with other teams in the circuit. The rule was widely criticized. Now the Detroit Tigers have inherited the trade prohibition because of their winning the 1940 American League pennant. This rule prevents strengthening of the first-place club, but it does nothing to help the tail-enders. Why not substitute a rule which would permit the first-place team to strengthen itself if it could through trades, but at the same time enable the tail-enders to strengthen?

This can be accomplished through forcing the first-place club of each league to allow the other clubs to buy players—some of the *good* players—from the pennant-winning team. Call it a draft system. Right now, major-league clubs can draft players from minor-league teams under certain specified conditions and for certain stipulated sums. A rule gives the last-place club in each major league first choice in drafting players. Likewise, when waivers are asked on a player, the last-place clubs get the first choice.

Of course you can't imagine Powel Crosley, Jr., allowing the Phillies to draft Bucky Walters or permitting the Bees to draft Paul Derringer or Frank McCormick without taking the case all the way to the Supreme Court. This isn't what the plan would call for. It would permit the pennant-winning club to specify ten players on its roster as men who could *not* be drafted. All other players on the roster, excepting newly purchased minor-league players, would be eligible for selection, with the last-place club having first choice, the seventh-place club second, and so on. Not more than two players could be drafted under the system and there would be no obligation for any club to draft any player.

Thus the Reds and the Tigers would stand to lose one or two players before the start of the 1941 season. Not one or two of their best players, ten of whom they could name as nondraftable. The Reds and the Tigers might still win again, but the 1941 races might be closer and some of the other clubs might have a chance.

But the Reds and Tigers have spent considerable money and time in developing players, and it isn't fair that players should be drafted from them without compensation. The following sliding scale of values for draft compensation to the first-place teams is suggested: If a player were drafted by an eighth-place club the fee would be $15,000. If drafted by a seventh-place club, $20,000; sixth-place, $25,000; fifth place, $30,000; fourth place, $35,000; third place, $40,000; second place, $50,000.

A scale of this sort would tend to help the clubs lowest in the standing and hence, usually, least able financially to help themselves; also, it would tend to prevent undue strengthening of a dangerous rival.

Suppose we scan the roster of the Cincinnati Reds to see how such a system would work. The nondraftable Reds certainly would include Derringer, Walters, Lombardi, and Frank McCormick. Then there are Werber, Frey, Ripple, Goodman, Thompson, and Whitey Moore to make ten. Perhaps your list would include one or two others instead of one or two named here. Anyway, suppose for the sake of illustration that this was the official nondraftable list. It would throw such men as Vander Meer, Joost, Turner, Beggs, and Craft on the National League market for prices ranging from $15,000 to $50,000, depending on the 1940 standing of the club which selected them.

For example, the Phillies, having finished last, would be given the choice of drafting one Cincinnati player, not on the nondraftable list, for $15,000. Suppose they selected Turner. Then the Bees, seventh-placers, would have next choice; but they'd have to pay $20,000 for any one they selected. They might choose Joost. That would make two drafted and would end the draft right there.

But suppose the Phillies and the Bees didn't want anybody from the Reds at the specified sums. If the sixth-, fifth-, and fourth-place clubs passed, then the third-place Cardinals might draft Turner—*but* for a price of $40,000. Then the runner-up, the Brooklyn Dodgers, would have a chance to draft a man for $50,000.

Detroit's list of nondraftables might include Greenberg, Newsom, York, Tebbetts, McCosky, Gehringer, Higgins, Campbell, Rowe, and Hutchinson. This would mean that the Athletics, 1940 tail-enders, might draft Bridges, Gorsica, or Sullivan for $15,000. If both options hadn't been used up by the time the choice got up to the second-place Cleveland Indians, they might select one of the other draftables for $50,000.

Imagine the intense interest such a system would arouse among baseball fans. In order to enable clubs to make their plans early for the following season, the drafting could take place sometime in November, before Thanksgiving. Dyed-in-the-wool fans would have something really alive to occupy their attention during the dormant period that usually follows the World Series. Baseball writers and commentators could make plenty of guesses about which players would be placed on the nondraftable lists. Contests might be conducted to see if the fans could pick the correct ten players on each pennant-winning club.

Of course any baseball man can probably think of a hundred objections. "It hasn't been done before," they will chant, "and therefore it shouldn't be done." But the world does move. Baseball, being human, is not infallible. If it can be improved by alteration or legislation or anything else, why not give the matter some serious consideration?

One of the objections is sure to be that the publication of a list of ten men on a nondraftable list would start dissension. Yet on any ball club there are ten men who are paid larger salaries than the other players, and this is no secret among the players themselves. Schoolboy Rowe knows that Hank Greenberg is paid more salary than he is. Eddie Joost surely must know what the world knows—that his salary isn't as big as that of Paul Derringer. And every year most-valuable players and all-star team members are selected without very many players losing sleep over "discrimination."

If a player were drafted off the pennant-winning club he would be no more unfortunate than Johnny Rizzo, who was with the Reds a while last summer only to be traded to the tail-end Phillies, or any other players who have been traded away from pennant-winning clubs. Players may kick about going to clubs of lower standing, but what about the players who never get a whack at World Series money? George Sisler and Harry Heilmann come to mind as real stars who never had a chance to play on a pennant-winning team.

OF course, so that the desired end of balancing the leagues might be accomplished, provision would have to be made that any such drafted players must remain with their new clubs for a stipulated period—say one year—or else be unconditionally released or sent to a minor-league club. A rule of this sort would be necessary to make certain that a team low in the standing could not buy a player like Myers or Bridges for $15,000, and sell him a few months later to the Reds, Cubs, Yankees, or Tigers, or one of the other clubs for $50,000 or $60,000.

It might require a Philadelphia lawyer and much Judge Landis cogitation to frame the proper phrasing of such a rule, and it might require a good deal of discussion to determine whether the sliding scale of values would be equitable. But the principle of balancing the strength of a league is a good principle. The various clubs are members of a league and not in cutthroat competition with hostile enemies, especially since one franchise needs the other seven if it is to have any real value.

Battle one another on the field or under the grandstand or anywhere else. But give some of the underdogs a chance.

It's the democratic way!

THE END

Good Manners Quiz

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Grade yourself as follows:

35 Correct	Excellent
30 Correct	Good
25 Correct	Fair
20 Correct	Passing
Under 20	Failing

1—What was the origin of the term "etiquette"?

2—What is the difference between etiquette and protocol?

3—In what country is it considered ill bred *not* to belch loudly after dinner in some one else's house?

4—Suppose you were presented to the Duke and Duchess of Windsor at a small party. How would you address him? Her? When presented, would you say "How do you do"?

5—When a couple goes down the aisle at the theater, who goes first, the man or the woman? Who sits on the aisle if the seats are next the end?

6—In a restaurant where the menu is in French, is it perfectly correct to confess that you don't understand it?

7—Suppose you are presenting a friend to a famous man—H. G. Wells for instance. You want your friend to realize that this is the *great* Mr. Wells. Is it correct to say "This is my friend Mr. Smith, Mr. H. G. Wells"?

8—How can you politely get rid of a bore who has you cornered at a party?

9—As host or hostess at a dinner party where one guest touches nothing on his plate, what should you do?

10—When you are giving a large party and some one comes late, should you lead him around and introduce him?

11—If you are a guest left alone by such a clever hostess, how do you break the ice with strangers you may encounter during the rest of the evening?

12—Is it good manners to tell people what you paid for a dress, a jewel, etc.?

13—When a woman mentions her husband to a new acquaintance, does she say "my husband" or "Mr. ——"?

14—You are in the middle of a fascinating discussion at a party when your hostess insists that you play a game or talk to some one else. Do you obey, or explain that you have not finished your chat?

15—When a conversation shows signs of turning into a heated argument, should you quickly change the subject?

16—You are in the middle of a conversation when a new person joins the group. Do you change the subject so he can join in the talk, or ignore him and continue?

17—You accidentally knock over and smash an object in a house where you are a guest. What do you do?

18—If you are the hostess when some one breaks or spills something, what do you do?

19—What is the proper usage of these common phrases: "Please excuse me," "Pardon me," "I beg your pardon," and "I'm so sorry"?

20—Should a young woman stand up when an older woman enters a room?

21—Many of the much publicized glamour girls are noted for combing their hair in public. Is this acceptable modern behavior?

22—When a woman stops at a table in a restaurant to talk to a woman friend who is with a man, the man, of course, rises to his feet. Should she allow him to remain standing while she chats, or urge him to sit down?

23—If you meet some one who has had an obvious accident of grooming, a daub of lipstick on the cheek or a petticoat showing, should you ignore the circumstance or say something?

24—Some one you dislike joins your group at a party. Should you greet him, walk away before he reaches you, or ignore him when he is introduced?

25—What is the well bred way to thank a hostess for (*a*) a pleasant evening with a few friends, (*b*) a large party, (*c*) a week-end party?

26—How can a woman who is the hostess at a luncheon or dinner in a restaurant pay the check without embarrassing her male guests?

27—When you are being served at the table, should you thank the waiter each time he serves you, or ignore him?

28—You want to shake hands when you have gloves on. Should you say "Pardon my glove," hastily pull off your glove before shaking hands, or shake hands and say nothing?

29—Some one speaks unkindly of a friend of yours. You want to end such remarks politely. What do you say if (*a*) the statements are true; (*b*) untrue?

30—When a woman is invited by a woman friend to lunch at a restaurant, should she try to pay the check herself?

31—At a formal dinner you are puzzled by an array of silverware. How do you determine which fork to use?

32—Is it correct to eat a sandwich with the fingers?

33—You accidentally spill a cup of coffee or a cocktail over some one's dress. Is an apology sufficient?

34—In introducing one of your relatives, is it correct to identify him by his relationship in addition to his name, as "my cousin, Miss ——," or "my aunt, Mrs. ——," etc.?

35—You hate bridge, or play it badly, but the three people with whom you are spending the evening long to play. What should you do?

36—Give the proper procedure in the following situations: (*a*) You are offered the last cigarette in the other person's package. (*b*) You are a man riding in a crowded elevator with women—is it correct to leave your hat on? (*c*) Alighting from a bus or taxi, does the man precede the woman? (*d*) A woman drops her bag or gloves under the table in a restaurant. Does the man fumble under the table for them?

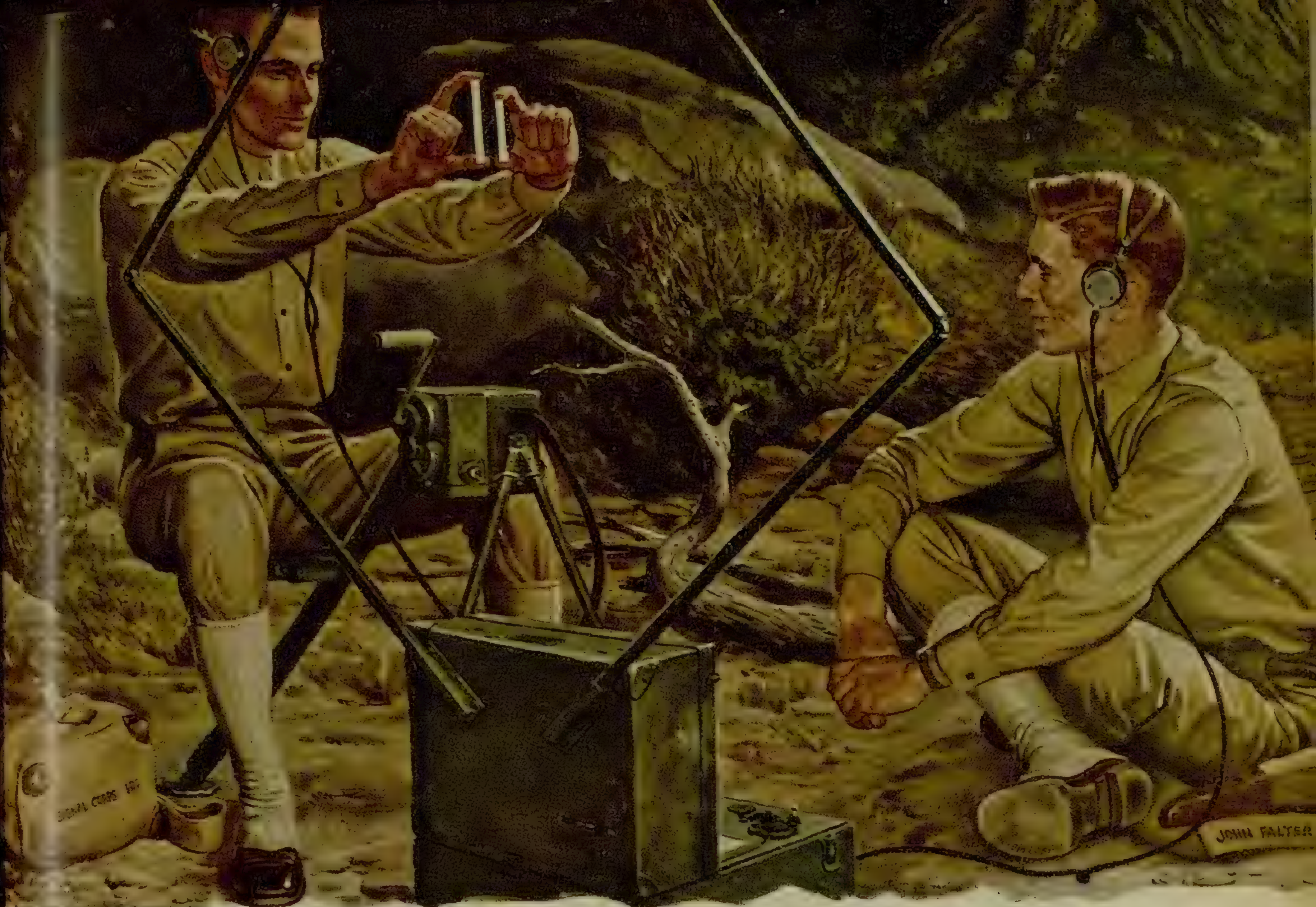
37—What does R. S. V. P. on an invitation mean?

38—What does "black tie" or "white tie" on an invitation mean?

39—When you give some one a letter of introduction, do you seal the envelope, and why?

40—At a dance, is it necessary for a man to dance with every woman in his party, or may he single out one girl and spend most of the time with her?

(Answers will be found on page 61)


SIGNAL CORPS
JOHN FALTER

"Here's a basic improvement in cigarette design!"

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FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
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It's Pall Mall—a cigarette deliberately designed for better smoking!

Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer than the ordinary cigarette. And this additional length is important.

It travels the smoke further—so the smoke reaches you cooler. It filters the smoke through more tobacco—so the smoke is definitely milder.

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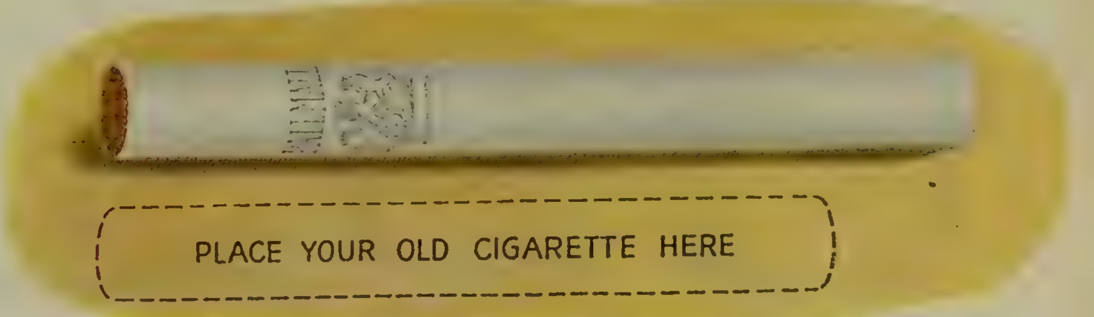
For this careful, time-taking process mellows tobaccos as nothing else can.

In BULKING, the traditionally fine Pall Mall tobaccos acquire a new character. The delicate flavors blend together. All harshness is gradually softened. Pall Mall becomes a noticeably smoother cigarette.

The smoke of these fine tobaccos—enriched by BULKING, traveled and filtered through Pall Mall's greater length—gives you a combination of advantages no other cigarette can offer.

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically.



PLACE YOUR OLD CIGARETTE HERE

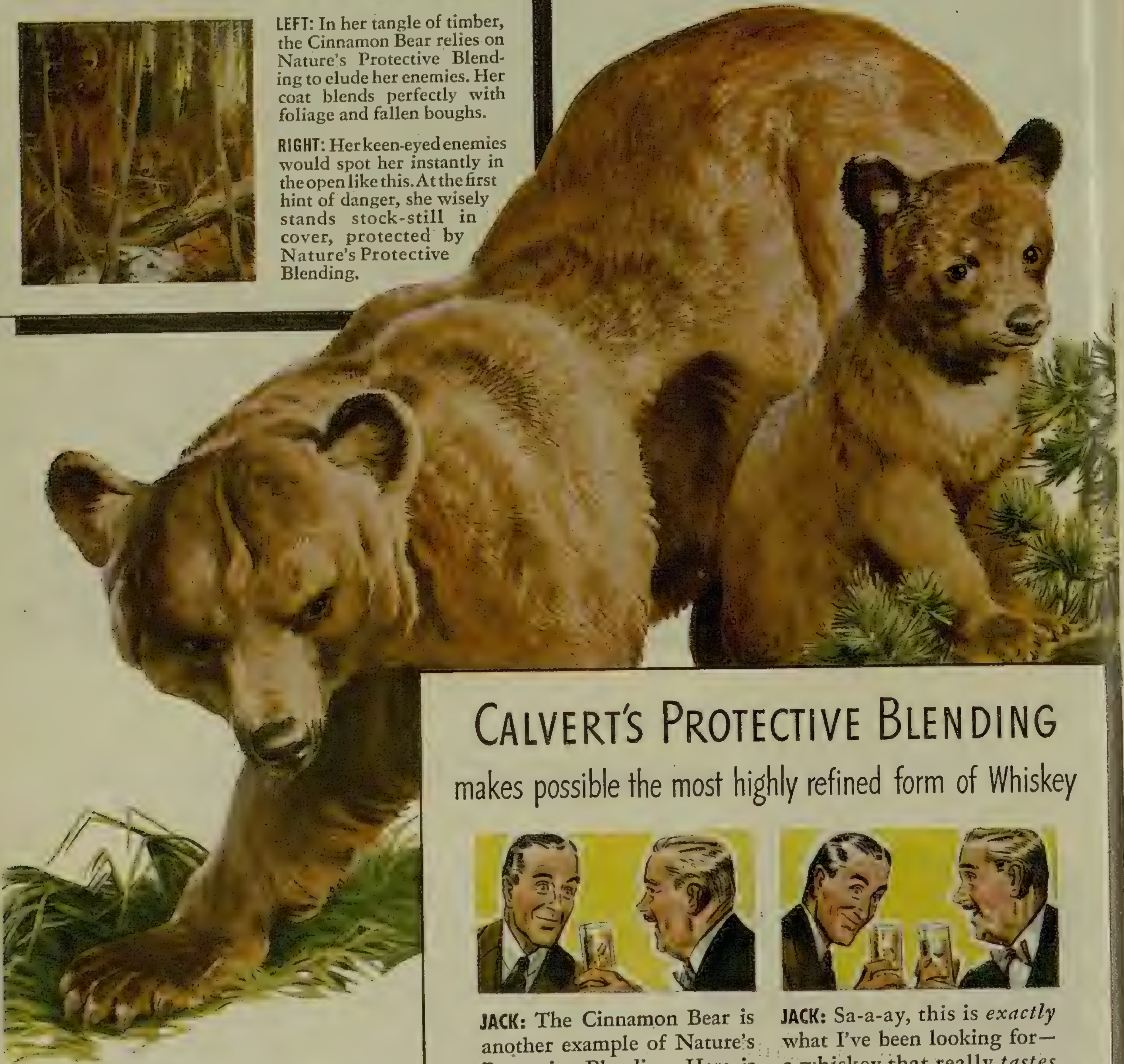
Copyright 1941 American Cigarette and Cigar Co.

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING
PROTECTS THE CINNAMON BEAR

LEFT: In her tangle of timber, the Cinnamon Bear relies on Nature's Protective Blending to elude her enemies. Her coat blends perfectly with foliage and fallen boughs.

RIGHT: Her keen-eyed enemies would spot her instantly in the open like this. At the first hint of danger, she wisely stands stock-still in cover, protected by Nature's Protective Blending.



CALVERT'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING

makes possible the most highly refined form of Whiskey

JACK: The Cinnamon Bear is another example of Nature's Protective Blending. Here is Mother Nature at her best.

MACK: Nature's not the only one, Jack. Calvert's Protective Blending makes possible the *most highly refined form of whiskey*. Here! Taste *whiskey* at its best.

JACK: Sa-a-ay, this is *exactly* what I've been looking for—a whiskey that really *tastes good!* Your own discovery?

MACK: Wish I could say so, but millions of other people have "discovered" it. Calvert is America's best-tasting whiskey any way you take it—in highballs or mixed drinks!

CLEAR HEADS (CLEAR-HEADED BUYERS)
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Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert
SPECIAL

RICHER
COSTS A LITTLE MORE

LIGHTER
COSTS A LITTLE LESS

BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert "Special": 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City

With the President looking on, Secretary of War Stimson is blindfolded to draw the first capsule in the draft lottery.

THE BLUNDER OF THE DRAFT

Will its mistakes be ironed out? A penetrating survey of the facts

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

IN the light of nearly four months' practical experience, the adoption of peacetime military conscription seems to have been great as an establishment of a new principle in American democracy but small in value for the national defense.

There is no doubt now that this country's draft law was not tailor-made to fit our real requirements. There is no doubt that the law is going to be revised. In fact, the entire concept of supplying man power for the nation's armed forces is about to undergo revision. In instances other than selective service, a change in established policy is all that is needed.

The Selective Service Act, the draft law, was never designed for peacetime or even prewar use. It is being openly charged by unchallengeable military experts that the act was a blunder to begin with, and that its operation has been bungled.

Others who can claim authority as politicians admit that the law fits the situation very badly. They insist it was necessary to establish the *principle* of peacetime conscription in the antimilitaristic United States before an adequate and permanent law could be accepted.

Blunder or none, Congress is fixing to take the whole works apart to see why it does *not* tick, and there will be much political ado and buck passing in the process. Realization came early to President Roosevelt, the War Department, and the general National Defense organization that the draft law and the system erected upon it needed revision. The first draftees had barely reached camp when Mr. Roosevelt and Selective Service Director Clarence A. Dykstra were consulting on ways and means to remedy the deficiencies. Republicans also saw the strange shape of the civilian army they had helped to create and realized that they had the makings of a number one "issue" on which to go to bat as soon as the fight over Mr. Roosevelt's lease-lend authority was settled.

The principles of the draft law were designed only for the ultimate emergency of actual war. The bill was to be introduced in Congress the moment that body adopted the resolution recognizing a state of war, and its sole purpose was to raise an army of 4,000,000 men *immediately*. It was prepared in 1936 and filed away under War Plans, and it received what its actual authors call premature birth last summer, when it looked as if Hitler might seize the French and British navies.

To the War Department draft an election-conscious Congress added an assortment of political platitudes, all impracticable by military standards —which become the real law of the land when there is war.

Men with army background, among others, made unheard protests which now prove to have been prophetic. Some of them, being still in the army, cannot be quoted. Two I can mention are Colonel Philip S. Van Cise of Denver, Colorado, and Colonel Harry C. Kramer of Washington, D. C. All that follows is information obtained from these two civilians formerly of high army rank, subscribed to and supplemented by others whose official position prohibits identification. Colonel Kramer is the man who drew up for the War Department the basic Selective Service Plan upon which Congress constructed the 1940 draft act.

Let us see what the plan accomplished when it was disguised as a peacetime training program.

The law required the registration of every male in the United States between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-six, excepting those already committed to military or naval service and aliens in the diplomatic services of foreign countries. Some 16,000,000 persons were registered on October 16. A few weeks later the order in which registrants were to be summoned to service was established by lottery. The law allows 900,000 men to be inducted annually for twelve months' training.

Three months later only 20,000 men had been inducted, at a cost in excess of $3,000,000.

Meanwhile a long jam of requested exemptions, appeals from local board rulings, and confused interpretations of the law was growing. Unimpeachable experts affirm that if voluntary enlistments had not given the army more men than it can house and train the Selective Service Act would now be in utter collapse. The heart of the trouble is peacetime employment of a law based on wartime needs, which has been so distorted as to be virtually useless for a war measure anyhow.

An immediate and cumulative effect was the economic shock to a large proportion of American manhood. Of course the law decrees that no one who is the sole or major support of actual dependents shall be drafted. Local boards have their hands full dealing with such claims. The law forbids exemptions to men whose wives are employed, and there are literally tens of thousands of cases where it is forcing men to give up permanent career jobs for army service because their wives are self-supporting *for the time being.* But the economic shock is suffered by the entire 16,000,000 subject to the call. And the longer they remain in civilian status, the greater grows the economic disruption.

COLONEL VAN CISE speaks for all critics of this phase of the act. He is an attorney, holder of a reserve commission in the infantry, who has lectured widely before business and industrial audiences on selective service. He says that all men in the draft brackets are under serious economic handicap, and that their troubles are communicated to much of the rest of the nation.

If they have no employment, they will find few managers willing to hire and train men who may be called into the army at any time. Thus, generally speaking, the skilled pursuits are largely closed to men eligible for the draft. That is already a cause of labor shortages in the defense industry. The employers cannot be fairly criticized, because not only is it expensive to train a man for a responsible job in the production line but his removal from that job slows down the operation of the entire line. When the reservoir of adaptable unemployed men above draft age is exhausted, the effects may be serious for essential industries.

If draft eligibles are employed, their chances of promotion are reduced; if they have professions, clients will not flock to doctors, lawyers who may have to drop their cases and go into the army on short notice. All this works to the advantage of older men; but by 1942 it is reckoned the present slack will be transformed into a shortage.

Even if mass patriotism reaches a degree never before manifested, and employers and clients accept the risks of loss and disruption, the present law puts a brake on the hopes and ambitions of all the men subject to draft. They face years of uncertainty and of segregation in the dubious category of "subject to service"; they are afraid to venture upon careers or into matrimony.

These arguments dovetail with those of the critics of the draft law's military achievement. Colonel Kramer was draft director for New Jersey until September, 1917, when he was brought to Washington as General Hugh Johnson's assistant in framing and administering the second World War draft act. After the war he was assigned by General Pershing to draw up selective service plans for use in the next great emergency, and for thirteen years he was the Army War College's lecturer on selective service. He concurs in all that the critics of the economic aspects have to say.

Now what happens, if the law is not changed, at the military end?

The draftees are "trained" for a year and return to civilian life. Some of them practice trades learned in the army. By actuarial estimates, half of them will marry before they reach twenty-five, and most of these will become parents in a year or two. The law makes no provision for men called back for annual retraining or actual service. The morale of an army of bridegrooms and young fathers can be imagined. However, as the law stands, men who have *completed* their year's training are under no less handicap than those awaiting call. Here, too, those who marry or enter definite careers will be poor material for subsequent soldiering. Yet that's all the trained reserve we will have in event of war.

THAT, says Colonel Kramer, is the trouble with a law that proposes to build up a trained active reserve of fighting men, when all it was designed to do was *immediately* to create an army of 4,000,000 who would do all their soldiering at once, and then be relieved of it forever. The law defeats its own purpose, he says—and he ought to know.

Meanwhile, by October 16 of this year about 1,300,000 men will have reached twenty-one, unregistered, exempt from military service, although of the age best fitted physically and economically for soldiering. Few will have entered upon careers, and less than a fifth, by Census Bureau statistics, will be married or hampered by wholly dependent relatives. By 1942 there will be 2,000,000 such young men, untouched by the Selective Service Act. They will be better material than the settled men in their late twenties and early thirties who are subject to peacetime soldiering.

And in the forthcoming year death, accident, disease, and other causes will remove thousands from the list of draft eligibles under the 1940 act. The normal turnover in residences alone will so complicate the records of the draft boards that the present $1,000,000 monthly cost of clerical hire will not suffice.

Obviously something has to be done about all this, and something is being done. The outcome will probably be the adoption of the Swiss plan of universal military training, adapted to suit the United States. The American Legion sponsors a bill to draft an annual quota of young men reaching eighteen. Whether that age is adopted by law, or twenty-one is, or some combination of age groups between, that principle of annual registrations and inductions is going to be adopted if the United States intends to create a trained citizen reserve force.

That sounds easier than it will prove. All the 1940 registrants have their serial and order numbers. If the present law were merely amended to add "the class of 1941," these young men would not be called until the original registration was exhausted some years hence. Errors and confusion would be multiplied.

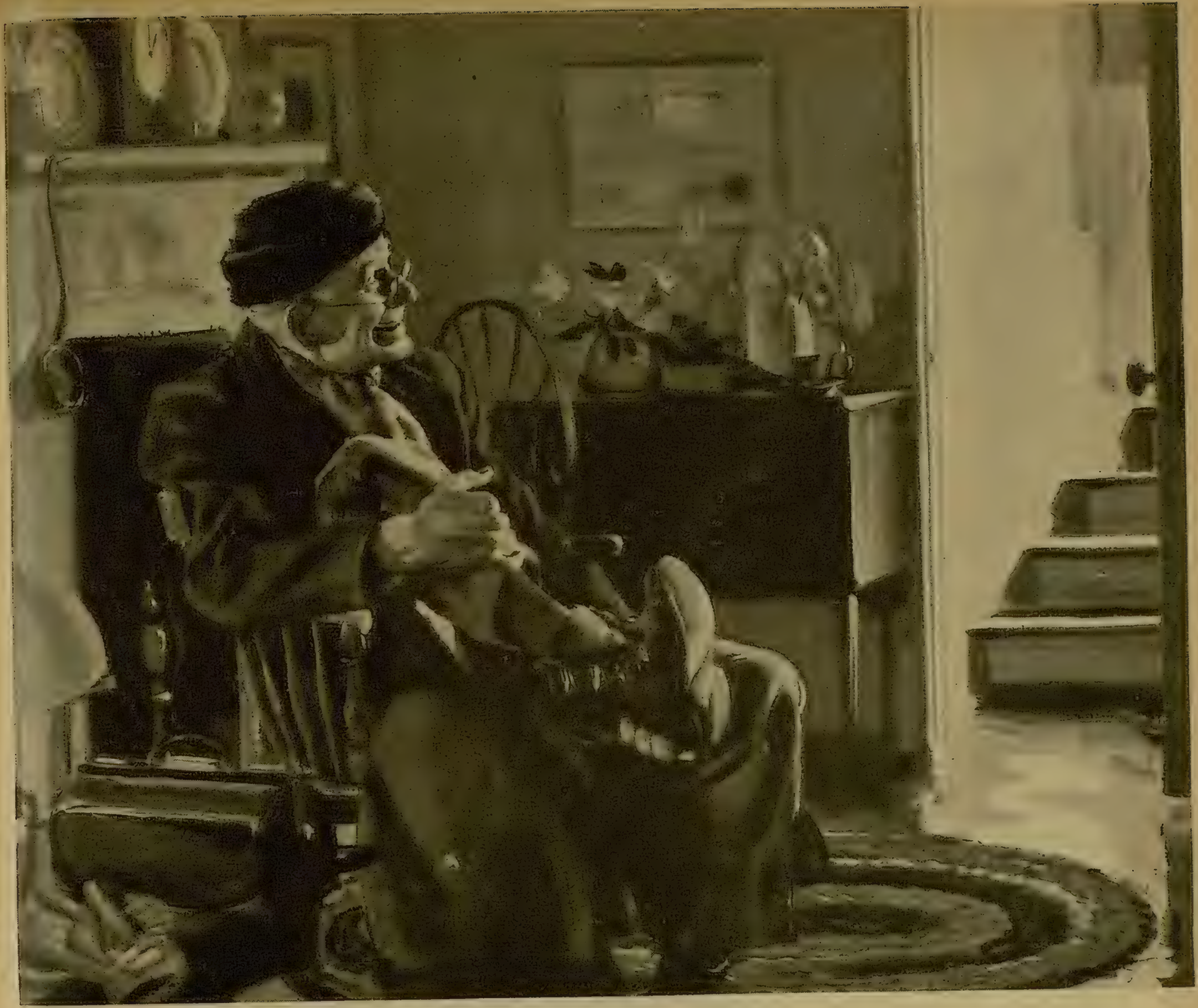
What the military men would like to see done is a new start on the whole business. What is more likely to happen is the formation of an initial reserve force from last October's registrants, with annual classes of new registrants supplying the additions and replacements. Under this scheme, all persons above a certain age in the present registration lists would automatically be put in a deferred classification, not subject to call unless the United States went to war. Of the 4,000,000 registrants between twenty-one and twenty-four, it is estimated that 1,600,000 are eligible for draft. All registrants above twenty-four could be placed on the deferred list, if made up for by drafts upon new classes.

In any event, the probabilities are that registrants above the mid-twenties will largely escape the draft, while those who have reached military age since October 16 last will be subjected to it. And the "military age" may be eighteen, nineteen, or twenty. It will likely be determined by a board of experts.

MANY mistakes have been discovered in the mobilization of national man power. It has been learned, for instance, that the standards for military service have been set too high. The same physical standards are required of bookkeepers, telephone operators, stenographers, and hospital orderlies as are demanded of bombers, machine gunners, and engineers. Men who are color-blind or nearsighted are barred even from the noncombatant service in which such men served splendidly during the last war.

And so high did the War Department set the standards for student aviators that it now finds itself short of would-be military pilots. The army has fewer airplanes than it expected to have at this time, but the shortage in pilots is even greater. In November only 1,337 young men were accepted for aviation training. Consequently the Air Corps is revising its standards, without sacrificing quality. Emphasis is being shifted from formal education to native intelligence, proved initiative, and ability for leadership. It will not take an Act of Congress to correct the initial mistake, so the adjustment will probably be in effect long before the more necessary corrections in the selective service system are attained.

THE END



"Mrs. Caruso . . . twin boys . . . seven pounds . . . Where's that beer?"

One A. M. . . . *and the Doctor's day is done. Life and death. Pain and pleasure. He sees them all. And, through the wisdom that comes from experience, he knows that a tired man can find rest and relaxation in a glass of mellow beer or ale.*

• • •

In a world that's racing madly toward an unforeseen future, all men's days are crowded, worried, tense. You, all of us, need to relax . . . need to sit down in serenity, need to gather up the raveled threads of life . . . a quiet hour, when you can rest and enjoy the mellow wholesomeness of beer.

A product of Nature, beer is by nature good. It is rich in the appealing flavor of sun-ripened grain. It is fragrant with the pleasant odor of hops . . . and it is good to the taste.

The brewers of America want the conditions under which beer is sold to be as wholesome as beer itself.

The vast majority of beer and ale retailers operate decent and respectable places. We ask you *to avoid* any others and to report any law-breaking establishments to your local enforcement authorities.

"Clean-Up or Close-Up" ***is the title of a booklet that describes the Brewing Industry's significant program of self-regulation to improve beer and ale retailing (now operating in 14 states and being extended). We'd like to send you a copy. Address United Brewers Industrial Foundation,*** **Dept. C2,** ***21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.***

A Romance for YOUR VALENTINE

Hollywood sends a gift of hearts and flowers

BY BEVERLY HILLS

Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray in Virginia, a drama of the modern South.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

★ ★½ VIRGINIA

THE PLAYERS: Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray, Stirling Hayden, Paul Hurst, Tom Rutherford, Carolyn Lee, Marie Wilson, Leigh Whipper, Louise Beavers, Darby Jones. Screen play by Virginia Van Upp based on a story by Edward H. Griffith and Miss Van Upp. Directed by Mr. Griffith. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 108 minutes.

A PLEASANT, lazy drama in technicolor about the "second invasion" of the Old Dominion by rich Yankees who take over the historic estates of land-poor Southern families, race about the old byways in their expensive cars from cocktail party to dance. Specifically a none-too-ingenious yarn about a native Virginia girl who has left her ancestral home as a child and who comes back to sell the old place. In no time at all she becomes conscious of her family heritage and her responsibilities to carry on the Dunterry traditions. Added inducements to make her stick are a poor but handsome young Southerner trying to hold to his land and his ideals, and a rich playboy Northerner.

Well, suh, the plot is far from adroit, the action lazes along, the dialogue is kindergarten repartee, but the characters are personable, the lovely backgrounds are photographed in charming color. You will like Madeleine Carroll as the blonde who has lost her family ideals up among those commercial Yankee rapscallions; a promising newcomer, Stirling Hayden, is the wealthy Northern dabbler at life; Fred MacMurray is the poor, taciturn Southerner of solid virtues and inbred integrity.

A valentine romance of life along the James.

VITAL STATISTICS: Much of this was filmed on location near Charlottesville, Virginia. Dunterry, the home of Madeleine Carroll in the film, was really Monticola, a house built by Thomas Jefferson for one of his daughters some thirty miles from Charlottesville, surrounded by a 660-acre estate. Stirling Hayden's home in the picture is Estouteville, also built by Jefferson. . . . Stirling Hayden landed a big role for his celluloid debut. He's a New Jersey lad who's made a name as a seaman. He was mate of the schooner Yankee on a round-the-world cruise, navigator of the Gloucester racing schooner Gertrude L. Thebaud, and skipper—when he was only twenty-two—of the brigantine Florence C. Robinson on a voyage from Gloucester to Tahiti. High point of this was a real South Sea hurricane. . . . Fred MacMurray loves fishing; between scenes went after catfish along the historic James River. . . . This sets a histrionic record in altitude. MacMurray is 6 feet 3½; Hayden is 6 feet 5; Tom Rutherford a mere 6 feet. . . . Marie Wilson is twenty-four, born at Anaheim, California. It was only a step from Cummock School for Girls in Hollywood to the movies. Marie can't remember when she didn't want to be an actress.

★ ★½ LAND OF LIBERTY

Cavalcade of American history composed of sequences from films produced during the past quarter century. Sponsored by the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc. Edited by Cecil B. DeMille, assisted by Herbert L. Moulton, Francis Stuart Harmon, Arthur H. DeBra, and William H. Pine. Historical consultant, James T. Shotwell. Narration written by Jeanie Macpherson and Jesse Lasky, Jr. Released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 98 minutes.

FROM some 112 films made over the last twenty-five years, Cecil DeMille and his staff have pieced together a sort of panorama of America's history, detailing how the institutions of liberty were conceived, fought for, developed. The actual compilation of celluloid was made by Mr. DeMille and his aides, the production was sponsored by the Will Hays organization, the film (then somewhat longer) was shown at the New York and Frisco world's fairs. Now it is going out to all America.

The result, as a whole, isn't too successful. It is a little confusing to encounter several George Washingtons, Thomas Jeffersons, and Abraham Lincolns, some of our famous pioneers seem decidedly ham according to 1941 acting standards, but the intent is worthy. For rabid film fans there is interest in seeing such old-timers as Henry B. Walthall, in catching some of our current stars, as Don Ameche, Robert Montgomery, and Lionel Barrymore in their histrionic screen adolescence.

Still standing in lonely splendor is King Vidor's picturing of the historic march through Belleau Wood, from The Big Parade. The ladies, bless 'em, play a completely background role. Judging from this, they had little or nothing to do with America in the making, except to save the Declaration of Independence from the British when Washington was captured in 1814. And the film wastes time in pausing to brood over such nonessential folk as Steve Brodie and "Diamond Jim" Brady.

VITAL STATISTICS: Dr. James T. Shotwell of Columbia University supervised the historical sequences. This was compiled from some 2,000,000 feet of film, including features, shorts, and newsreels. The oldest celluloid used was from D. W. Griffith's America, shot in 1924. Most recent is from Warners' The Bill of Rights. . . . There are interesting newsreel records of Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Bryan, the Kaiser, and Hitler. Some of the best of the mimic historical figures, in the light of 1941 observation: both the Washingtons, by Robert Warwick and Claude King, Raymond Massey's Lincoln, John Litel's Patrick Henry, Hugh Sothern's Andrew Jackson, Frank Hopper's Teddy Roosevelt, Walter Warren's Ben Franklin. . . . All sales profits from this film will be donated to war-emergency welfare work, the sponsors announce.

★ ★ ★ ★ PÉPÉ LE MOKO

This would get this week's lead but for the fact it is four years old. Remember Algiers, that first film of Hedy Lamarr with Charles Boyer? This is the 1937 French original of that colorful yarn of the Casbah, the underworld of Algiers, with Jean Gabin as the dashing crook hiding out in the shadows and Mireille Balin as the rich man's darling who comes a-slumming. Superbly directed for excitement and passion by Julien Duvivier. Pépé Le Moko is just being released in America for the first time, has superimposed English titles. Well worth seeing, if you get the chance. (89 minutes.)

VITAL STATISTICS: Exteriors were shot in Algiers. . . . Director Julien Duvivier has been in Hollywood, recuperating from an illness. . . . Jean Gabin is still in France, address unknown. His last important film was Grand Illusion. . . . Both Mireille Balin, who does the Hedy Lamarr role of Gaby, and Line Noro, who plays the native girl, have not previously been seen in any pictures in America. La Noro is said to be of Algerian origin. . . . Tania, the has-been cabaret singer, is played by Mme. Frehel, one of France's best known character actresses. . . . Pépé Le Moko ran five months in Paris, won wide critical acclaim, was grabbed up by Walter Wanger to be reshot in Hollywood.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Kitty Foyle, The Philadelphia Story, Escape, The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love, Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent.

★★★½—This Thing Called Love, Comrade X, Chad Hanna, Fantasia, The Letter, The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band, Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again, They Drive by Night.

★★★—Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West, Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest, Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners, Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married, Pride and Prejudice.

1. Ed needs a laxative; but he's taking the 10 o'clock plane. Doesn't like to risk embarrassment. So he doesn't risk getting relief. Instead, Ed decides he'll wait till tonight.

2. Bob needs a laxative; he's taking the 10 o'clock plane, too. But Bob thinks: "Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning!" So he takes Sal Hepatica because it's speedy.

3. Ed is all in from constipation and that not-sick-not-well feeling. He needn't have taken a plane. He won't be able to do a lick of work today, anyhow.

4. Bob felt more like his old self within an hour. Sal Hepatica acted fast, was gentle and easy. Sour stomach was sweeter . . . so was the whole world!

Whenever you need a laxative take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

Don't put off taking a laxative just because you're all dated-up. Take speedy Sal Hepatica.

Within an hour usually you're relieved . . . gently and thoroughly. Sal Hepatica acts by attracting helpful water bulk to the intestinal tract; acts without discomfort, irritation, or griping.

No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors recently interviewed recommend Sal Hepatica.

More than a laxative, this sparkling saline gives decided help in counteracting excess gastric acidity, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again. Next time you need a laxative, try speedy, gentle Sal Hepatica.

SAL HEPATICA

"TIME TO SMILE" Tune in on EDDIE CANTOR—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

THROUGH Hell on Wings

Thrills! A stirring human document out of the war

ASSIGNED to the R. A. F. Dover air base, young Ken fits into the hazard-loving squadron like one born to it, but on August 21, 1940, he has a narrow squeak and has to bail out. His buddy, Bill Bradley, isn't so lucky and goes down in flames. That afternoon Ken lolls in a field, muses on the why-fores of life and war, considers a cow the outfit calls "Ferdinand," and decides that he must write letters to Bill's mother and his own.

Bill had a girl, too, and he had counted on marrying Rosalie when he got his next leave. The last time he had seen her, Bill had a hunch that his number was up. Meditating in that summer field, Ken wonders how he can comfort the bereaved Rosalie. He and Bill were to meet her and Viola for a gay foursome the next Saturday. It looks as if that date would be called off. But no. Ken decides to invite his friend Derek to fill the gap. Together, they will try to make Rosalie forget her tragedy.

Before he can write those two letters, or make the new arrangements for Saturday night, there is another air-raid alarm and he is off like a shot. In this action he distinguishes himself, and is promoted to A Flight. A new Spitfire, christened Anna May, is given him, which he thinks will bring him luck.

Three chaps attract him in A Flight. They are Wally Jones, Brian Shaw, and O'Dowd, the redheaded, hot-tempered Irishman. Ken hears from them about "the Twirp," a Nazi crack flyer who is a killer. He seems to bear a charmed life. Whoever gets him will cover himself with glory no end.

Even as they each vow to get the Twirp, an enemy bomb hits the drome and a girl war worker is killed, sickening them. Then Ken receives a letter from his mother that depresses him. Can she think he's a quitter?

PART THREE—THE GIRL IN THE AIR RAID

September 3.

O'DOWD and I were having a quiet chat this morning when a couple of Jerries came over, machine-gunning the drome. They didn't stay long though, and in spite of our people throwing up everything they had, they weren't hit.

Back in the mess, George Sprigg of one of the station Hurricane squadrons brought home the latest Twirp story. Apparently, when Sprigg's Green section was coming back from the morning flap, the Twirp managed to get two of them, and the squadron leader went at him hell for leather, but missed with his first three bursts. Then he nearly fell out of his greenhouse when over the R. T. came a distinctly German voice saying, "Look here, old man. Be a good sport. My bally guns are empty," and he hared off before the Green section man could get him. Of all the neck! He was using the same R. T. kilocycles as we do to plead for his life! I suppose he wants to make it a personal war.

George wants us all to sign a round robin asking the station commander to let us go out after the Twirp individually, but all the C.O.'s killed the idea stone dead. Our motto in this war is "Union is strength," as some one stuck on the notice board yesterday: "The more we stick together the longer we shall fly." It's quite true.

I tore my pants getting into the air-raid shelter in a hurry. I really ought to have some new ones to go on leave, but I wonder if it's worth while. The sergeant pilots' tailor says he can fix them, but somehow I shan't be happy going out with mother or Viola with a repair on the knee. It may not show, of course, but a new pair'll cost three quid—that's half a week's pay—and I'm saving to give mother a Christmas present. The funny thing about this war is that the fellows spend so little. You can more than live on your pay.

Last night we had two Huns in the mess. One was decent, the other a real martinet. He wouldn't eat a thing and flared off at the other for having a drink. Wonder what I should do if I were taken prisoner. I wouldn't show off like that. The decent one, who was about twenty, told us that the other was quite a stranger to him. It was rich to hear him say he thought we were putting up a good fight but we hadn't a hope. Hitler had plans to invade us, and we couldn't stand against him. He said his home had been bombed by the British, and so he had been glad to come over and have a crack at us. He had only been a month out of training school, and it was his first flight over England. His sister had been in England, he said, and would be coming over again, as soon as the invasion had taken place, to work as a typist in Birmingham, where she'd been staying with friends. There's nothing like confidence.

September 4.

Can't get away from this war anyhow. For me, usually the war ends after patrol, except when we go to night school. But that's good stuff and more useful than geometry or Greek. We all sit like a lot of kids and the Old Man or the visiting combat experts show us on the blackboard just what we're expected to do next time. Last night we worked out a new attack scheme for five squadrons, and A Flight gets the best part

of it: We do the telling and the others do the beating. So we shall be four twirps instead of one. I only hope we get the Twirp, but I fancy the Old Man wants him himself. He'd love to break the rules and flap around solo, but even he can't do that. There's a rumor we're going to be the first squadron to get some new type of machines that'll roast anything in the sky. One of them landed here yesterday. We thought it was a Yank, but it's British. It'll do 500, all out, and it's so secret that we're not even supposed to know it exists. The chap who brought it from the works came to lunch, but the Old Man wouldn't let him talk to us.

O'Dowd, Wally, and I went to the flicks at —— last night. Jerry came over. Immediately Winnie [air-raid warning] began, the manager came on the stage and announced any one who wanted could leave. No one moved—there was just a queer silence, and the picture went on again. I was all for a spot of shelter, but O'Dowd had got an eyeful of Dorothy Lamour. He gets all enthusiastic over her. I'd hate him to see Viola. She's a bit too decorative outside, and he'll make a grab at her, then I shall get angry about it. Although I don't really know Viola, I'm beginning to get possessive about her.

O'Dowd was just chortling as Dorothy went into a close-up, when the whole cinema woompfed. There was a hell of a crash. The lights went up, but you couldn't see the screen for dust and plaster. Every one stood up quite still. The manager came on again. "They say two bombs never fall on the same place," he said, "but from now on we're a dangerous structure, so I think we'd better leave." Then he added apologetically, "*And* I'm afraid you don't get your money back."

"We'll charge it up to Jerry!" yelled some one.

Outside, the street was like the Crystal Palace fireworks gone mad. I'd never seen a raid before. We stood in the doorway, watching. A policeman with a sooty face came up and asked us to give a hand. They'd hit an A. R. P. station.

"We shouldn't really," reminded Wally. "Our job's elsewhere." But we followed O'Dowd and the policeman. Across the street a doctor in a white coat was giving a shot of morphine or something to somebody on the ground, Wally touched my arm. "The swine! See—it's a woman." O'Dowd had grabbed the end of a stretcher that appeared suddenly out of a hole in the ground. I took the other end from a gray-haired old woman with a tin hat all awry and a cigarette. Her face was covered in white dust. The glow of a fire behind somewhere made it look like a mask. Just then came another woompf, and the sky rained bricks. The old woman didn't even duck. "The ambulances are over there. Follow the officer," she ordered. "There are some more inside—poor dears."

As we were about to shove the stretcher inside the dimly lighted ambulance a hand reached up and pulled back the blanket. It was a girl, a topping-looking dark-haired girl. She opened her eyes and smiled. "I *would* like a cigarette. Mine are in my pocket, but I can't get at them." O'Dowd stuck a cigarette in her mouth. "You'll have to light it for me," she said. "I'm so sorry to be such a nuisance."

As he lit her cigarette, I saw O'Dowd kiss her on the forehead.

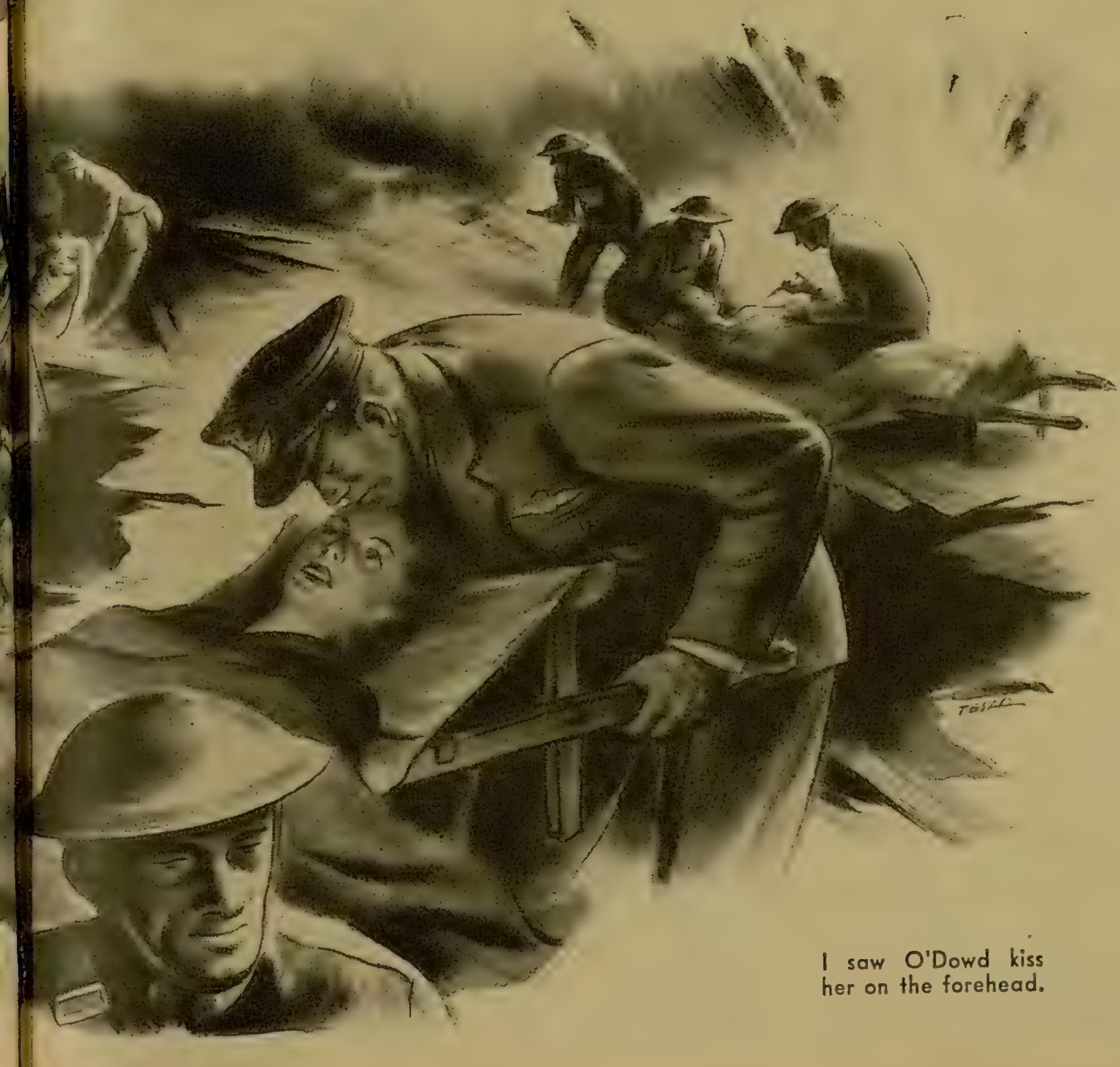
"Hurry up there," whispered some one from the crowd. "We're going."

As the ambulance rumbled away a bomb fell up the street and showed the whole place like a ghost town. I didn't realize till then that we were almost ankle-deep in glass. "Let's get under cover," said Wally. "No good standing here asking for it."

"Just like Dorothy Lamour, that kid." O'Dowd's voice sounded a bit queer. "I'm going to see her tomorrow."

"You wouldn't miss a chance at your own funeral." Wally was disgusted. O'Dowd didn't answer. As we got inside a shelter, he said, "It isn't right that a pretty kid like that gets beaten up. I'll pay them back."

THE DIARY OF AN R. A. F. PILOT EDITED BY KEITH AYLING



I saw O'Dowd kiss her on the forehead.

When the all clear sounded we groped our way across to a pub. The landlord pushed us into the back room, served us with beer, and started sweeping up the glass in the bar.

Wally stared at his glass for a bit and then raised it. "Listen, chaps. Seeing that girl upset me too." It was the first time he had spoken since he cracked at O'Dowd about the girl. "I'm going to notch five Boches, too, for her."

"Me too," said O'Dowd. He looked damned fierce. "I'll get five, then five, and some more."

"I'll get five too," I said, but I wasn't thinking of the girl so much. I was thinking of the woman on the first stretcher, a plain ordinary soul she looked, and of the gray-haired old woman with the cigarette and the tin hat. I was beginning to feel a bit sick. Somehow living our kind of life in the squadron you don't get the hang of war so much. This beastly bombing business makes our job twice as important. We had another beer on it. "We start tomorrow," said O'Dowd. "And in the afternoon I'll tell her."

I suppose that all sounds melodramatic, but O'Dowd's like that. He has made us into a kind of three musketeers, all because he sees a girl like Dorothy Lamour in an air raid. Now I have Viola to think of. I should hate her to be in this show, but she really is. I suppose Viola is a slacker, just a dancer at night clubs when she might be nursing or something, but I like her that way. She wouldn't look right in a tin hat. But I could not help thinking of that wounded girl. From now on I'll feel twice as bad every time I let a Hun get through.

September 5.

THIS war business is getting grim, the only thing that we don't talk about, and yet it's like a skeleton sitting down with us at every mess. Yesterday this station lost ten men, eighteen planes in all, with eight pilots safe, of whom Wally and Brian are two. Ours must be a lucky flight. The Old Man said afterward that it was the most terrible scramble he had ever been in, and he's seen plenty. It's the first time he's ever mentioned the war over a drink, so I imagine he's a bit shaken. Over Ramsgate, at about 30,000 feet, the Hun turned about 300 planes at us—there were forty-eight of us—four squadrons. While we were slicing into the first 100, the other 200 came out of the clouds on top, and opened up from nearly 1,000 yards. We were so highly perched in the scramble that they hit some of their own machines, but they got seven of ours in their first volley. I got a Heinkel and cut the tail nearly off an M.E.-110, so I should feel good about it, but I don't. I feel like hell, all browned. We certainly have taken a pasting, but it seems this station alone has accounted for fifty-three Boches.

Lunch was hell—rather like school at half term when most of the boarders are away. Wally came in with the sweet. He ordered a whisky, and gobbled his food without saying a word. I could see how shaken he was. I could see his eyes going round the table looking to see who had gone. We had coffee in the lounge and some one switched on the radio. It was Annette, a girl who talks to her boy friend in France. Very clever stuff. Annette was saying something about him coming on leave, when Swift, the flight commander of the squadron, got up suddenly. He upset Blinks' coffee, but he didn't apologize. He marched over and switched off the radio. Then he stood and glared at us all. "*Now*, if any one switches this blasted thing on again, I'll knock his block off," he said. Then he went back, apologized to Blinks, and ordered him another cup.

Blinks told me afterward that Swift was suffering from a bad attack of operational fatigue—which is our term for nerves. The silly blighter has been refusing to take leave. He'll have to take it, Blinks says. In this show he lost all his flight — Providence. I suppose he feels responsible. That afternoon we had twelve new fellows at tea . . . and twenty new machines had arrived on the station. Old man Beaverbrook certainly knows how to do things.

Just written to mother. Her last letter took four days to come, so I suppose they've been bombing down the line. I'm beginning to worry more about mother than myself. If anything happens to me, and it looks odds on now, it'll be worse for her than for me. Somehow I can't put into words what I feel about it. Mother is a grand girl. When I think of how she'll get along without me I get a pain in the brain of my heart—a kind of soul migraine that takes a lot of getting rid of.

War is hell for women. Our family have suffered enough anyhow — a cavalcade of tears—and here am I, the only son of the best mother in the world running the same old gantlet of death! What I like about mother is that she is not a bit old. She must be forty-three or so, but she looks about thirty, and is an awful good sport, the kind of woman you can take to a night club and no one would suspect she's your mother. I don't know how she does it. It isn't make-up or anything.

AN AMERICAN JOINS THE R. A. F.

Thrilling! True! The action-packed story of an American airman who crossed to England and went on his first patrol on August 15, 1940—that memorable day when the real blitz on Britain started.

As told by him to

Robert Low

Courage, humor, shrewd observation from personal experience high-light this vivid chronicle of men who battle peril in the sky.

COMING SOON!

I often wonder if mother is really proud of my being in the R. A. F. or if she hates it. Women are funny creatures. They're nationalistic enough to love heroes, and individualistic enough to hate their own men going to war. Wonder whether women will ever be strong enough as a sex to prevent war. Mother used to talk like that a long time ago, but since Hitler really got into power she's never said a word. I begin to understand how mother misses me by the letters she writes. She's lonely, and she's worrying, yet she's being damned brave, and when she worries whether I wear wet socks and don't change immediately after tennis and all that, it's just her way of covering up. I'm sticking this last letter in here, as I want to remember her that way. If Jerry kills her I'll murder every German I see. I'll shoot prisoners. I'll be a butcher!

What a foolish thing to write! I'll just go on being an officer and a gentleman; but it hurts like stink to think that mother is in the same danger as I am; worse perhaps. They dropped an oil bomb on the Catholic church a few houses away from ours last week, and mother, instead of staying in the cellar, went rushing off to see if old Mrs. Browne, across the street, was all right. They dropped an H. E. about fifty yards up the street, and she had to fall flat, and all she grumbled about was that it would cost her a new pair of stockings. I wrote and ticked her off. I'm buying her a deep shelter in the garden, but the builder is held up for delivery of concrete. Funny, they wouldn't take my installment suggestion because an R. A. F. officer is a bad risk. I told them I was worth £2,000 dead, but they insisted on cash. I'll feel happier when mother has that shelter.

I've read her letter again before sticking it in. I've been pretty lucky in getting a mother like that. No wonder men are crazy over her. But she won't have anything to do with them. I wonder if it is because she loved dad too much or whether it's because of me that she hasn't married again. I've never had the courage to ask her.

Well, I've got to go on leave—that's certain, as certain as I've got to come through. I can't disappoint mother. I suppose, like all the others, she thinks her son can't get it; they all think that, but death is handed out pretty freely these days.

There was a hell of a raid on London, according to the wireless. Mother's got to go to the country. Grandma has a big place near Reading. . . . I'll say I want to spend my leave there, and mother will fall for that idea. She mustn't stay in Kensington. . . .

September 6.

GOT up too darned early, and felt as cold as charity. Didn't even warm up running for the bus, and Milligan, my mechanic, was as clumsy as he could be. Every one seemed liverish. It was one of those bad days. The sky looked rotten too, but we were soon "air-borne," as the teleprinters say. A machine is officially air-borne as soon as it leaves the ground. We had got to 10,000 when Brian browned off O'Dowd for not keeping formation. At 15,000 the sky was as clear as a desert. There were no Huns—not a sausage in sight, and I felt fed to the teeth for some reason or other.

We were cruising round and I was getting the jitters. The engine seemed rough. I was wondering if she was going to cut out, when the Old Man gave the flight the O. K. to hang on awhile and work on our

(*Continued on page 30*)

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"RIDE IT – PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS AND YOU'LL BUY IT"

(Continued from page 28)

own. We got an R. T. from the ground that a Boche photographing plane was coming home up the boardwalk—Thames Estuary. We had a twenty-mile square to get him and keep out of the A. A. section. "My first," said O'Dowd. "Cheese it, Carrots," drawled Brian. "And don't count your chickens before they are hatched—or some 'schmitt'll make a mess of you."

O'Dowd chuckled. "Boy, you just watch me *Berliminate* that fellow!"

"Draw near, Dornier." Brian's voice sharpened. "Look, there she is!"

ALONE Dornier (flying pencil) was haring for home along the south side of the Estuary. Wally gave us the order for attack two, and we went at it. There was a solid block of cloud over Southend. The Dornier was diving for it.

"You do the beating, O'Dowd," said Brian. O'Dowd broke off and headed for the western edge of the cloud. We went southeast. O'Dowd wasn't in range by the time the Hun got inside, but he went in like a terrier into a hayrick. We sat on the top at 15,000, waiting to hamburger the snooper. Photograph patrol is a rotten job, even for a Hun. These fellows come over every morning and photograph bomb damage. They have no escort or anything, and are easy meat because they can't look after their tail.

Brian spotted the Dornier. He was square on his tail. He gave him all he'd got. I came afterward and gave him a short burst. There were four parachutes out by the time O'Dowd came out of the cloud. We formed up and went home. "What's the war coming to when it takes four of us to stop one miserable Hun?" grumbled O'Dowd.

Then the ground spoke on R. T. We were to join up with three other squadrons to intercept. "We should love to," answered Brian, "but it happens we need fuel. We're coming in." The ground gave us instructions to wait till the others got off, then they switched us to another landing field. We were heading for it when an M.E.-110 dropped from nowhere and opened up on Wally. It was the Twirp. We had fallen into his trap. Wally's tail suddenly smashed to smithereens as a shell hit it, but the Spit seemed to keep on flying. The Twirp didn't intend to do battle. He was 5,000 feet below before we got after him. O'Dowd gave him a short burst. I decided to head him off, but we all landed up in the cloud. Gas was getting low and the cloud was so thick you couldn't see your nose ahead. O'Dowd crossed so near that he nearly sliced me in two. Brian told us to come home then. Outside we saw Wally's umbrella floating down. He'd bailed out, thank heaven. Well, A Flight was still intact.

After lunch O'Dowd yanked me off to the hospital. It had been well and truly blitzed. One wing had been pretty badly burned, the rest of the place had no windows. Well, the girl—her name is Mary Waters—is a grand kid, much too good for O'Dowd. She's a paid A. R. P. telephonist and has ripping dark curly hair—looks natural—gray eyes, and is quite streamlined in the curves, from what I could judge. O'Dowd's an odd fellow. I can see how dangerous he is to women. He has all the dumb-devotion appeal of a spaniel. She was so fascinated, she could only just be pleasant to me. I was hardly there at all. They had operated on her during the night and taken a piece of shell as big as an egg out of her thigh, and her arm had been pretty badly grazed.

These doctor fellows do a wonderful job. It seems they did over twelve operations last night during the show—with all the regular lighting off. The hospital was what the press fellows would call a shambles.

The funny part about it is that no one complains. They seem to laugh more than ever!

While we were there they were evacuating the slighter cases. O'Dowd was worrying whether the girl would go, but the nurse said she was too ill to be moved, and she said she was going to her parents. O'Dowd didn't tell her of our pledge to shoot down Huns specially for her. He looked a bit queer when I mentioned it and said that he didn't know her well enough.

I FOUND a letter from Viola when I got back to the mess, and it has set me thinking again. Why does one think so much about women these days, I wonder. Never used to. Viola's been sitting on my shoulder these days. I mustn't get as bad about her as Bill did over Rosalie. I suppose it's this kind of college life we're leading. I notice all the fellows do a lot of writing home; you can always see when they're writing to a girl. They get all rapt and serious. It must be a new kind of loneliness to which we have to adjust ourselves. One always wants something one hasn't got. I'm sure I could have kissed Viola the last time we were out, but I didn't want to. I liked her letter though. I'm going to stick a bit in here:

You know I feel very much out of your life, Ken dear, when I'm here and you're up there risking your life for me, but I do appreciate it, my dear, and I'll be worthy of you. Ken, my sweet, I know you like me, but I don't think you love me. I am not quite your type, but you must tell me exactly what you expect of me, and I'll try and live up to it. So many people don't—well, you know what I mean. [I don't.] And you're so sweet to me. You're a man, of course, but you're so different from most of them, and I like the difference. I want to be different for you, Ken, but it's so difficult. I know you think that everything I have is on the outside, and I think that myself sometimes. My dear, I'm writing this in an air-raid shelter. There is an awful din outside, and there are people snoring, and some babies crying. If I wasn't writing to you I'd go mad, not because I'm frightened, but because these people are so terrible. That's wicked of me, I know, but I'll learn better.

I've read her letter several times. Somehow it's what she didn't say that worried me. I don't like that "my dear" and "my sweet" stuff. That's how she talks. Every one's my dear after five minutes, and it's come through in the letter. But I must admit that Viola's more than a photo in a frame to me now. Wonder how Rosalie's feeling. She didn't come to the funeral, but she wrote me quite a decent letter. Too unemotional in a way. Bill's funeral was awful. I felt blue about the whole thing. When the parson started reading that stuff about "In the midst of life we are in death," I felt ill. I'm sure Bill didn't want to be buried that way. This church-service business is a bit too emotional for wartime. I'll try and forget it. . . . But my mind goes back to death.

I wonder what's going to happen to this diary. I can't carry it with me, so if they ever get me the squadron will get it. I would rather it was buried and then I might have the satisfaction of thinking it might be read in about 2,000 years, when man will be either much too intelligent to fight or will have blasted himself off the planet. War is the most unintelligent business that ever happened. It seduces man because it appeals to our competitive instinct.

I realize that it's unavoidable now, but it's the weakness in human nature. I agree with Wally when he says that we're not fighting for England, as some people seem to think we are; we're fighting for decency, for America, for China, for France; not for the countries so much as for the people who want to enjoy the same things as we do. Our being here is just a matter of geography. If America had been part of Europe she'd have done the same as we are doing now—putting up a show; but we've been bad watchmen.

O'DOWD threw a letter across to me just now. It was from Mary Waters, the girl in the hospital. O'Dowd pretends to be furious, because she sent a message to me apologizing for not having talked to me much. She said that O'Dowd didn't really give her a chance, and she doesn't want me to think she was rude. O'Dowd says that she's fallen for me, and that I'd better take her on, but he doesn't mean that. He's hurt a bit. Tomorrow I'm going away for a week-end. I'm meeting Viola at the Dorchester and we're going to eat at the Hungaria—that's underground — tomorrow at noon, and there's just one patrol between me and the Hungaria. I'll be there.

On the second thought, I'm going to give mother a surprise. I'm going home first to take her out to lunch, then I'll talk to her about spending my leave in the country. I'll say I want some peace and quiet. The R. A. F. has started a new scheme now. If the M. O. thinks a fellow is suffering from operational fatigue he gets forty-eight hours' leave, and can spend it where he likes. People are putting their country houses at our disposal for a spot of hunting, shooting, and fishing and dancing. Not a bad idea. I don't get operational fatigue; at least not yet. If I'm feeling really browned off, a walk in the country usually fixes me up. When I get home I think I'll phone Rosalie and take her out with me and Viola. It'll do her good. I won't be able to find a bloke for her, but she'll understand, and I'll explain to Viola what's happened. Losing her bloke like that must be hell for Rosalie. She'd built so much on Bill. I wish they'd been married.

I'VE written to mother, Rosalie, and Viola. Hope the letters get there all right. And now I've the itch to write again. Am fed up with games. Have been playing Chinese checkers with the adjutant. It's a good game if you're worried, and rather like life, for if you make a dud move early on, unless the other fellow's a boob, you're bound to lose. I beat Willson, the adjutant, three times, then O'Dowd rolled up and challenged the winner. I beat him easily. Then Willson told him that he had been given forty-eight hours' leave. O'Dowd looked a bit sore. "So you think I'm suffering from operational fatigue. What do I want leave for? Where the blazes can I go anyway? Do you want me to take Ferdinand for a walk? You know what you can do with your leave."

I suppose I was an idiot, but I can't stand by and see a fellow like O'Dowd going to pieces, so I suggested he come with me. He'll make the extra man for Rosalie, although I'm betting that he'll go for Viola or mother.

So we're all going together. I shall have two new chaps on patrol tomorrow morning, as they've taken O'Dowd off the roster. He's going into the hospital first thing, and we're leaving in time to pick up mother for lunch. . . . Must be rotten for O'Dowd having no people in England. It's nice to think about tomorrow night. We'll do a show, then a night club; we'll be out of the war, and we'll go home just when we feel like it. Whoopee! . . . Little man, you've got to be a good airman tomorrow . . . very good, good enough to come back and eat your lunch. I will, I know.

How will O'Dowd do as the extra man for Rosalie? But that's going too fast. What of tomorrow's sky fights in which Ken will participate? Is it possible for the Twirp to put a crimp in his happy plan, or will Ken's luck hold? Next week's Liberty will give you another fascinating slice of this living document.

We didn't tell it to the Marines
...they told us!

Quantico Marines reported a longer lasting peppermint flavor in **Beech-Nut Gum**

IN RECENT TESTS at Quantico, Va., U. S. Marines reported that Beech-Nut's peppermint flavor *lasted* on an average of 25% longer than the peppermint flavor of all the other brands they tested. In addition, a large majority of these Marines said that they preferred the peppermint *flavor* of Beech-Nut to the average of the others tested. Prove this yourself. Get a package of Beech-Nut Gum and see how long and how much *you* enjoy its fine, distinctive flavor!

An independent research organization made the tests*

An independent research organization made these tests with about one-tenth of the Marines at Quantico, Va. Beech-Nut and various other brands of peppermint chewing gum were tested. All were bought in local stores. The identity of the gum was positively concealed. Each Marine was given 2 different brands (Beech-Nut and one other) asked to chew them and report how long he thought the flavor of each stick lasted and which stick he found had the better flavor.

*Name on request.

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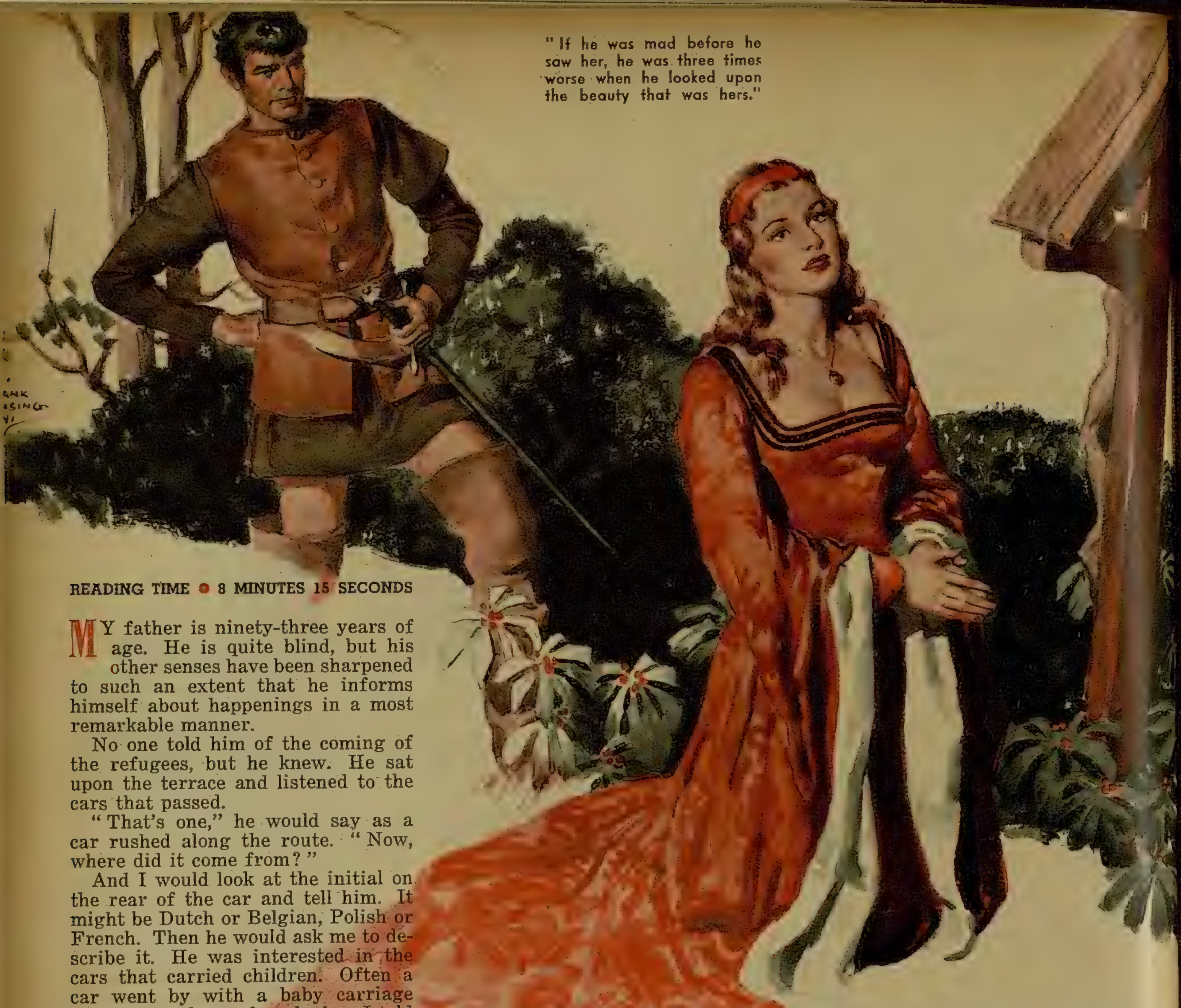

"If he was mad before he saw her, he was three times worse when he looked upon the beauty that was hers."

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

MY father is ninety-three years of age. He is quite blind, but his other senses have been sharpened to such an extent that he informs himself about happenings in a most remarkable manner.

No one told him of the coming of the refugees, but he knew. He sat upon the terrace and listened to the cars that passed.

"That's one," he would say as a car rushed along the route. "Now, where did it come from?"

And I would look at the initial on the rear of the car and tell him. It might be Dutch or Belgian, Polish or French. Then he would ask me to describe it. He was interested in the cars that carried children. Often a car went by with a baby carriage strapped to the roof, and when I told him of that he grew sad.

"It's hard on the children to be torn away from their homes," he would mutter. "May the blessed Lord in heaven be kind to them."

I asked my father how he distinguished the cars of the fleeing folk from local machines, and he answered quickly: "I hear the fear that is in the wheels. It comes out to me."

Then on a morning in June when the flood was reaching the peak—the Germans being only a hundred miles away—a battered car halted before our door. A woman got out of it and came up the steps to the terrace on which my father was sitting. She spoke in Flemish, and with much difficulty I made out her whispered request. She wished two liters of petrol that would carry her to the nearest town where there was a committee for refugees that would assist her.

She was a tall comely woman with great green eyes and velvety cheeks. She had a pointed chin, and she had hair that was not red, although many persons would think it red if they did not look at it closely. I know no color to describe it. An artist might, but I cannot find the word.

I told my father what she wanted and he ordered me to give her three liters without payment. As I turned away he spoke. "Does she understand the English?" he asked.

"No," I answered. "She is a Belgian who speaks Flemish."

"She is with child?" he said softly.

I looked at the woman without seeming to do so, but in some strange way she divined the question that my father had put to me. She colored deeply and she glanced at my father in astonishment.

She moved closer to him, her great green eyes upon his sightless ones, then, with a wild rush of words, she spoke, using Flemish with a smattering of French.

She had been a lady's companion at a little town on the German border. The husband of her employer was an officer in the German army. He was called to Berlin, and in a little while his wife followed him, leaving the woman with the green eyes to look after the house.

All went well for some weeks, then a dozen friends of the officer, all army men, called at the house one evening after dinner. The green-eyed woman told them that the officer and his wife were in Berlin, but they pushed their way into the house. She was terrified and rushed to her room. She heard them drinking in the dining room, then the lights went out, and in the great darkness she heard them stumbling up the stairs to her room.

"*C'était noir!*" she cried. "*Noir! Noir!*" Now, looking back at that June morning, I cannot tell exactly how the frightening climax of her story came to my father and me. I absorbed much from her great green eyes and the horror depicted on her face, but my father, being blind, had not the advantage that was mine. But he understood what had happened. Yes, he understood.

A great silence followed her story. It was broken by my father. "Give her some money," he ordered. "As much as we can afford. The Lord has tried her as He tried Meira of the Glen."

I gave the woman a little money. She took the hand of my father and kissed it, then without a word she went back to the battered car and drove away.

For a long while I waited for the story that I thought would come from the lips of my father, but he sat quietly in the sunshine, his hands crossed, a look of peace on his face.

Green Eyes IN THE DARK

A tale of lovely women, and a strangely reenacted legend out of the past . . . Is it prophetic?

BY JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

"Who was Meira of the Glen?" I asked, when my impatience had got beyond control.

"She was a princess in Ireland hundreds and hundreds of years ago," he said softly. "It is said that she was so beautiful that no man could look at her and be happy again, she refusing to be bride to any man in Ireland. She thought her beauty a sort of curse, and she prayed and did penance, hoping that it would take the wild fire of glory out of her great green eyes—"

"Green eyes?" I cried. "Had she big green eyes?"

"That is what I said," murmured my father. "Why are you astonished?"

"The woman that just left us had big green eyes!" I gasped.

"That's strange," said my father. He was silent for a few minutes, then he went on: "A tribe of savage men made a raid on Ireland. They were led by a man who was kin to the devil himself. He had no pity for man, woman, or child, and the little brooks in the valleys were red with blood. People fled up into the hills, but he followed them and murdered them by the hundred. He had that part of Ireland in the palm of his hand and his fingers were strong.

"He was there some months when he saw Meira of the Glen. He came upon her when she was praying at a little wayside shrine, and he swore a great oath when he clapped his red eyes on her face. It was in the soft dusk of a summer afternoon when he got a glimpse of her, and if he was mad before he saw her, he was three times worse when he looked at her green eyes and the beauty that was hers.

"He made a rush at her to take her in his arms, but she turned and fled. Like a frightened deer she ran up the glen. And the night came down, with her still running and him chasing her. The soft night that the dear Lord sent, hoping it would save her. What did the woman that has just left us say about the darkness?"

"She said it was black. Black! Black!" I answered.

"Well, the devil plans all his deeds so that they are accomplished in the darkness," said my father. "The angels lose a lot of their power in the dark.

"The red deer and the foxes might have heard the cries of Meira. Yes, and perhaps the angels heard, and the dear Lord Himself, if you consider what was brought about from the happening of that night in the lonely glen."

There was a long pause, then my father took up the tale in a lowered voice: "It was a male child that was born to Meira of the Glen. A black-browed boy that had the marks of his father. The mother was ashamed of him, and she kept him hidden in the depths of the glen, and she said nothing to him about the brute that had fathered him. Not a word. And no one else whispered of it, for the people around were afraid of the tyrant who had ruined the most beautiful woman in Ireland.

"The boy grew up big and strong and silent. He fished and hunted, always by himself, for no other boys would go along with him. And his muscles were of steel. At times he frightened Meira by the things that he did—strange things that were unknown to her. He fashioned a horseshoe into a ring which he wore on his forearm, and when Meira asked him why he did it he couldn't tell her. But there were men in the countryside who knew. Lots of them.

"The boy was seventeen and a bit when the thing happened. He was hunting at the mouth of the glen when he came face to face with his father. Not a word did they speak as they stepped toward each other. They halted within a handshake, their muscles taut and both of them breathing like a winded boar.

"The boy spoke. 'Who in the name of the devil are you?' he asked hoarsely.

"The devil that fathered him laughed loudly at the question, then he suddenly struck the boy with the back of his hand and shouted, 'Bastards should crawl when they come into the presence of men who begot them!'

"I told you that the boy had fashioned a horseshoe into an iron ring that he wore on his forearm. And he didn't know why he did it when Meira questioned him. Well, it was a trick that the devils that came with his father had. A dirty trick that Irishmen wouldn't be guilty of. Speaking to a man they dislike they would suddenly clutch his head beneath their arm and crush his skull with the iron bands they wore on their forearms. Hundreds of Irishmen were killed in this fashion, they being off their guard and knowing no defense against the murderous bands of iron.

"The boy sprang at the man that fathered him. Sprang like a pouncing leopard. His strong right arm went round the head of the devil, and the men who were around him heard his skull crack before they could leap forward to save him. Crack like an egg as the bangle of iron made from the horseshoe crushed against it.

"Dead as a doorknob he fell to the ground, and the son fell on top of him with a dozen spears in his body. But the job was a great one for Ireland. The leader being dead, the people rose and drove the invaders out of the land. Chased every one of them into the sea, and they never came back. You've heard people say that a horseshoe is lucky? Well, it was the Irish of that part of Ireland that fathered the belief, it being a big horseshoe fashioned into an iron bangle that did the job."

I remained silent after my father finished the story. Then in a soft whisper my father spoke: "It's strange that the woman that was here had great green eyes," he said.

"Strange indeed. Who knows what the child she is carrying will do to the devils who ill-treated her? Who knows? The ways of the Lord are strange to us."

THE END

READING TIME • 31 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

In December, 1935, Dodd heard from the Rumanian and French Ambassadors their reactions, bitter and optimistic respectively, to the "betrayal" of Ethiopia to Mussolini. March witnessed Hitler's defiant reoccupation of the Rhineland and the German "popular vote of approval" of his foreign policy. Dodd knew well that any German who voted disapproval did so at risk of imprisonment. In April he entered in his diary one of the most striking of his private prophecies: "If Hitler is able to build fortifications along the French front to match the French ones, he may at any moment put his great army on the Austrian or even the Polish frontier. . . ."

By August it was known that Nazi planes were being sent to Franco in Spain; early in September a Berlin newspaper whooped that Mussolini was sending a warship and soldiers. What, Dodd wondered, would France and England do?

PART SIX

Dodd Stumbles upon a War Game

September 11, 1936. About sixty miles east of the Rhine, we were halted today (returning from Holland) by a road barrier and a military man. He said soldiers were conducting secret attack and defense maneuvers on the road ahead and nobody was allowed to see the performance. He ordered us to turn back toward the Rhine. When our driver showed him our credentials and curtly said we were on an official mission, he yielded rather reluctantly. During the next hour we saw army trucks, machine guns, and many soldiers. We got caught in a line of tanks and were unable to move along, all the time fearing that at any moment the maneuvers would begin. In the last village we passed through, the officers had to remove an entanglement of barbed wire thrown across the road. Other officers stopped us twice and questioned us angrily, but let us go on. . . .

The Pot Calls the Kettle Red

September 16. I asked yesterday to see Dieckhoff. I was hopeful he might talk more frankly than his chief von Neurath. . . .

He defended all Hitler had said against other countries, but said he did not mean to compel the Russian Ambassador to leave the country, as we had heard from reliable sources. When I asked him about German relations with Spain, he said, "Germany is strictly neutral," but he at once justified Portugal's refusal to be neutral on the ground that the democratic government of Spain intends to annex Portugal. I told him I did not believe that. He insisted, and argued for the Franco army coup in Spain, even approving Italy's aid to the army revolt. Hitler demands a Fascist government in Spain, and I believe Germany is sending aid through Portugal. One day I think we shall learn that Hitler and Mussolini have advised Portugal to take this position.

When I asked about the Locarno conference, possibly a world peace agreement, Dieckhoff said: "Yes, we shall agree to participate, but not if Russia is allowed to be there." I said this would keep France from entering the conference, especially if Germany demanded the abandonment of the Franco-Russian peace pact of last year. He replied: "We can have nothing to do with Russian Communists."

I said: "I agree the Communists have been very foolish in sending propaganda all over the world, but your government does the same thing; why do you complain?" He replied at once: "We send propaganda only to German subjects in other countries. We have a right to consider them our own people." I did not tell him I knew to the contrary in the United States, Switzerland, and other countries. . . .

Holland's People Won't Prepare

September 26. The Dutch Minister said to me: "We are arming in our Far Eastern possessions as never before. However, our people, like the English, refuse to allow universal service and will not prepare for war until one actually breaks out. They are so opposed to war." . . .

The Liar Education in Germany

October 25. A professor told me that university subjects are prescribed by incompetent Party men, and students are instructed to be spies on their teachers. . . .

To write a true account of existing conditions is so dangerous that one dare not do so, even if kept in handwritten form. No one can be a teacher unless he is a Party member.

[It will be recalled that in August, 1934, Dorothy Thompson talked to Ambassador Dodd in Berlin about her plan to study and describe the German sociophilosophic system, and that shortly after she left his office she telephoned him that she had received an order from the Secret Police to leave the country in twenty-four hours.]

Göring on Guns and Butter

November 9. Göring made what was supposed to be an appeal to the German people to co-operate in the Hitler Four-Year Plan. He warned Germans that a food shortage might give some trouble. Germans must tighten their belts so as to save money for rearmament.

He attacked England shamelessly, although Lord Londonderry was present. He said England had stolen German colonies and robbed Germany of her gold. Lord Londonderry is reported not to have understood what was said. He was conspicuous at Göring's reception the next day.

Ambassador Dodd in 1937

AMBASSADOR T

According to reports, on January 30, 1937, all German states, Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, and the rest, are to cease to exist. . . .

Munitions Makers All Alike?

November 12. Carl Albrecht, a cotton importer of Bremen, said it was shameful that other Powers shipped arms to the rebels of Spain and prolonged the terrible war. He said: "Last winter, when Italy was warring upon Ethiopia, the head of a German munitions company came to me and asked a loan to help them sell Italy shiploads of arms, promising high interest. I was disgusted and of course refused, but I think they shipped arms all the same." I referred to English and American arms people who did the same even when their governments were opposed. He replied that he was sure munitions makers of all industrial countries operate in this way and admitted that Germany and Italy are doing it for the rebels in Spain.

Mein Kampf vs. Monroe Doctrine

November 15. Three times in the last few days the Italian Ambassador, who has avoided me since early August, has approached me to find out what President Roosevelt means to do through the Latin-American conference in December in Buenos Aires. As I have had no specific instructions, I could not intimate anything more than the general American peace attitude.

Yesterday the Ambassador from Argentina called, *pro forma,* but at once began talking about the conference. He said: "There is great concern among German officials about the American objectives." Since he had been received by Hitler two days before and had not been at the Foreign Office more than once, I felt that the Minister's questions had been suggested by Nazi officials who hesitate to ask me about such matters. The recent overwhelming vote for Roosevelt, whom they had hoped to see defeated, is really disturbing to them.

The Argentine Minister said, further, that Paul Scheffer of the Berliner Tageblatt had been visiting Latin-American representatives here. Scheffer had represented the Foreign Office, he thought, and perhaps the Propaganda Ministry. He criticized the American program in Latin America, said that Roosevelt had no right to influence South American policy. I have been watchful of this Scheffer, who was a Social Democrat a few years ago, was several years in the United States as correspondent for the German free press, and is now a good Nazi.

The Hitler way of doing things is revealed in the Berlin press today. He decreed last evening that all German rivers, especially the Rhine, Elbe, and Oder, are no longer under any jurisdiction of the League of Nations. Bismarck negotiated a treaty in 1886 under which the Dutch, Belgian, and Swiss ships might carry cargoes up and down the Rhine. Then the Versailles Treaty stipulated that Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, and Poland might export through the Rhine, Elbe, and Oder. These countries need such access to the sea. Since Hitler announces that none are to be deprived of these privileges, actually beneficial to Germany, why could he not have the Foreign Office call a conference with the League members and arrive at a general agreement?

Berlin, Rome Recognize Franco

November 18. Today Germany and Italy recognized Franco as the head of the Spanish people, which he certainly is not. This will probably mean French, English, American, and other democratic refusals to recognize him. While this goes on, Roosevelt is on his way to South America to try to form a solid front of both Americas against European economic aggression. Will he succeed?

Franco Needed the Build-Up

November 22. Yesterday the German government announced that they were sending a general to Spain as chargé d'affaires to Franco. Franco had announced the blockading of Barcelona, and had received protests, not publicly, from England and France. Friends in Spain reported to one of our consuls that Franco had become so unpopular that several towns he had taken revolted and he is too weak to hold them.

His weakening position seems to have been the cause of the German-Italian recognition. . . .

That "Anti-Comintern" Pact

November 25. I was asked this morning to call at the Foreign Office. Von Neurath handed me a copy of a treaty between Germany and Japan which I had anticipated and predicted to be in preparation about two years ago. I said: "I hope this is aimed to prevent war." He replied: "Yes, that is the meaning; but it is directed against the Russian Comintern." I said: "You are trying to put an end to propaganda." He said: "Yes." . . . All the world is to be notified this afternoon through the press of the agreement between Germany, Italy, and Japan (the Anti-Comintern Pact) designed to check Communist activity outside Russia and also to frighten England and France once more. But my guess is that this treaty, which surely has secret clauses, contains also a military alliance of these Powers against any other Power that may deny them the right to annex other areas or countries, especially a promise to attack Russia in case Russia and Japan go to war in the Far East.

Presto! Japs Turn into Aryans

November 27. It is curious that von Ribbentrop, German Ambassador to London and not very welcome there, came by air to Berlin to sign this treaty, and that von Neurath, Secretary of State, did not sign it, nor did Hitler. It is Hitler's way of popularizing von Ribbentrop, who is not liked or respected very much here.

The Italian press announces today that Italy will enter the pact against Communism, this so-called "cultural pact between great intellectual peoples." Having preached for years against all races except Aryans, the Germans now accept the yellow race as their equals.

Schicklgruber* Disowns Christ

December 4. I received a report of a teachers' convention. The government speaker was quoted: "Only one religion is fit for the German people and this is the Deutsche Christen. It is time for us to take care that a Jew —— out of the House of David is not forced upon the German people as God.". . .

Franco's Nazis as "Volunteers"

December 5. Dr. Dieckhoff acknowledged the truth of reports that 5,000 German soldiers had been seen landing in Cadiz to help the Fascist Franco take Madrid. But he said they were volunteers to help defeat the Russian Communists fighting for

Revealing light on a question of today:

Can the U. S. keep out of foreign wars?

HITLER

THE PRIVATE DIARY OF WILLIAM E. DODD

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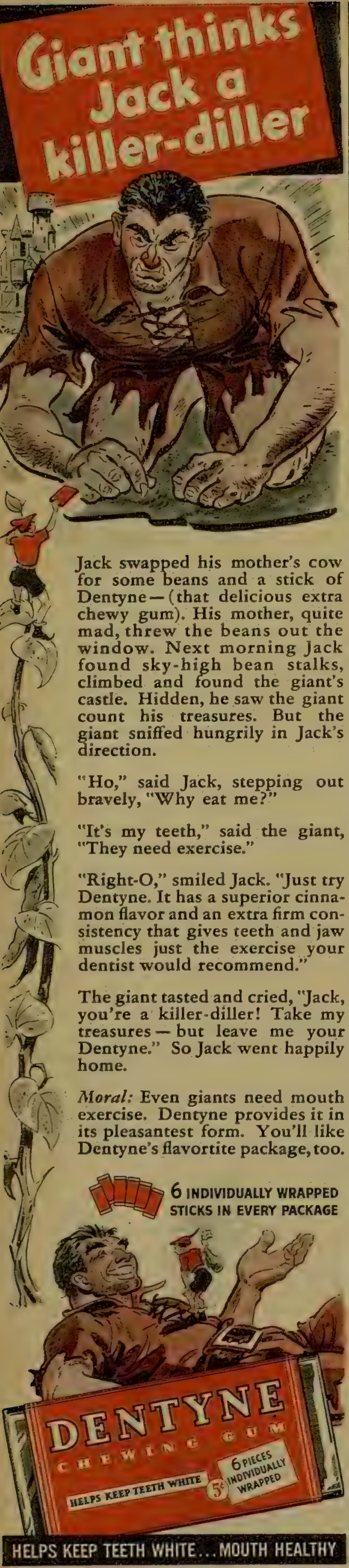
* Hitler's father, an illegitimate son, bore his mother's name, Schicklgruber, till he was forty.



Giant thinks Jack a killer-diller

Jack swapped his mother's cow for some beans and a stick of Dentyne—(that delicious extra chewy gum). His mother, quite mad, threw the beans out the window. Next morning Jack found sky-high bean stalks, climbed and found the giant's castle. Hidden, he saw the giant count his treasures. But the giant sniffed hungrily in Jack's direction.

"Ho," said Jack, stepping out bravely, "Why eat me?"

"It's my teeth," said the giant, "They need exercise."

"Right-O," smiled Jack. "Just try Dentyne. It has a superior cinnamon flavor and an extra firm consistency that gives teeth and jaw muscles just the exercise your dentist would recommend."

The giant tasted and cried, "Jack, you're a killer-diller! Take my treasures — but leave me your Dentyne." So Jack went happily home.

Moral: Even giants need mouth exercise. Dentyne provides it in its pleasantest form. You'll like Dentyne's flavortite package, too.

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE... MOUTH HEALTHY

the Spanish government. He agreed that a general European war was possible if the struggle went on.

He told me that the French and English Ambassadors here had been with von Neurath this morning to repeat their countries' demand, made after the Friday conference in London, to Germany and Italy that these countries agree to send no more troops into Spain if Russia and France did the same. He said the Foreign Office agreed to the proposition, but he could not guess what Hitler would do. . . .

Were Bullitt's Views His Own?

December 13. A highway system is now being constructed and extended all over Germany to carry German armies in the shortest possible time to her frontiers. No crossroads are permitted. Cars and trucks can travel as fast as rubber tires will permit, perhaps 180 miles an hour. The roads all begin in Berlin. They do not go through any big towns or cities, but go close enough for regiments to get to them in a few minutes.

I saw a clipping from a Washington paper attacking me violently as a complete failure here and pretending that the President is of the same opinion. This is news to me. The writer's name is Drew Pearson. I have never met him.

The story asserts that Ambassador Bullitt is to be sent here to deal with the Nazis. Bullitt went to Russia for Wilson in 1919. He made certain recommendations on his return to Paris during the Peace Conference. Wilson could not get consideration of his Russian propositions, mostly because the English had forbidden Lloyd George to agree. Clemenceau would not allow the Russian delegates to come to Paris. This led Bullitt to think Wilson had refused to consider his scheme, and he attacked Wilson before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

He was sent to Russia in 1934 as Ambassador, on the assumption that the Communists had agreed to pay certain postwar debts and would leave off their propaganda in the United States. Not having succeeded very well at the end of his first year, he became angry. Coming through Berlin in the spring or summer of 1935, he reported to me that he was sure Japan would attack eastern Russia within six months, and he expected that Japan would take all the Far Eastern end of Russia.

At luncheon with the French Ambassador he argued at length for the defeat of the Franco-Soviet peace pact then being negotiated, which the English Ambassador reported to me was the best possible guaranty of European peace. This attitude of Mr. Bullitt seemed to me to be out of his range because France and England might think the President was speaking through him. I felt compelled to report the account as given me by the French Ambassador.

Last September Mr. Bullitt was appointed Ambassador to Paris. He has made a good beginning there. But the story goes that he is on the reactionary side. Yesterday M. Marcel Knecht, editor of Le Matin, reported that Bullitt, working for an alliance between France and Germany, had requested him to see me and ask me to advise the President to lend a hand in this.

A little while after Knecht left, a telegram from Bullitt urged me to see and talk with Knecht. Does this mean that the United States is intermeddling? Now, one may really ask, is the newspaper story true or half true? Under such criticism I cannot resign, as I had planned, next spring. That would put me in a defensive and positively false position at home.

Mussolini's Man Grows Hostile

December 16. The information we have had that Germany is willing to cease sending troops to Spain is, of course, untrue. Wherever I see a German official and the Italian Ambassador, they are in earnest confidential conversation. When I meet the Italian now, he speaks laconically and shows a positive hostility toward the United States. While German officials show a more friendly attitude, I notice evidence that Germany and Italy are committed to the defeat of the English proposition to have all countries keep their soldiers out of Spain.

Can Hitler Lose Face at Home?

December 25. The people in Germany have not been permitted to know that 20,000 soldiers and technicians have been sent to Spain. However, this week General Faupel, whom Hitler sent to Spain to direct military affairs for the Fascists and Nazis, returns to Berlin to tell the Führer that Franco says he must have 60,000 German soldiers if he is to overthrow the government there. The reports from the English press say that Italian troops are not being sent and that England and Italy are getting together. Does this mean a lone German conquest of Spain? If so, France will be in a dangerous position. In view of this, France lets the English know that they plan to send 100,000 soldiers into Spain to defeat the Germans. . . .

Hitler's financial condition does not seem equal to his plan. The shortage of food makes his people uneasy. Any loss of prestige, according to all his boasts, would be contrary to God's will. If he withdraws from Spain all the world will know it, but his own people will only know about his recognition of Franco. That would leave him another year to execute another stroke. . . .

Sauce for the Axis Ganders

December 29. Dr. Schacht joked about a reported shipment of great Douglas bombing planes to the Spanish government from the United States. I had received information that $2,770,000 worth were on the way and that the State Department had announced this was no violation of the neutrality act. When I replied to Schacht, "Yes, but a hundred bombing planes were sold to Germany in the autumn of 1935 for delivery to Italy from the same American factories against the President's order," he was silenced. His tone indicated that he knew about the deal for Italy. He added: "Well, that was to aid Italy to extend her colonial realm."

I asked Schacht about Germany's reply to the French-English demand to agree to keep arms and soldiers out of Spain. He said: "Germany is not sending soldiers there and the Führer will soon give a favorable answer. He is as ready as anybody for peace. The only obstacle to a real settlement is the English refusal so far to restore our colonies." . . .

He went on to say all Germany's prewar colonies were not enough and reiterated, "New Guinea must be given us." I said, "The Netherlands owns part of that great island." He replied, "The Dutch will agree to give us their part; why should not England agree?" I said that Minister Gie of South Africa had told me that great difficulties would follow English cession of colonies and that the populations were much opposed to a change of ownership. Schacht acknowledged having talked with Gie, but insisted he was wrong. . . .

I asked Schacht to let me know if the Führer indicated his approval of Secretary Hull's call for world peace in his last speech at Buenos Aires, so that I might wire to Washington about the time of the Secretary's arrival there. He said he would ask the Führer in case he could see him. I doubt if there will be any reply, for I am sure Hitler will denounce the Hull move as soon as he gets around to it. I did not say the President himself had asked me to sound out the German government, for that was in strictest confidence.

German Press "Heils" Congress

January 5, 1937. General von Blomberg and other officers of the army were with the Führer at the funeral of General von Seeckt. The generals are reported to have offered serious objection to sending more soldiers to Spain. Hitler is said to have rebuked them.

In the last days of December, 150 airplane officers and 2,000 SA and SS soldiers were being sent through Italy to Spain. This came to me confidentially. Yesterday, over the radio from London, we heard that Italy has sent 4,000 troops to Lisbon, whence they will go to Franco's front near Madrid. Germany must have sent 2,000 more from the Stettin region. Naturally, not a word of this appears in any German paper.

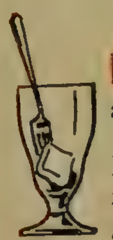
The American airplane sale, which the State Department could not prevent under the 1935 neutrality law, involved $2,700,000 worth of airplanes. As these planes were sold by a private firm to one of the parties

You'll like yeast this new way

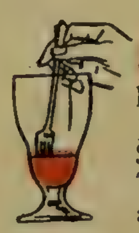
MISS HOUSTON: You're certainly lively and good-humored today, Mrs. Hughes. Been eating yeast again?
MRS. HUGHES: No...drinking Fleischmann's Yeast in tomato juice! Best drink I ever tasted!

MISS HOUSTON: Now, isn't that strange! I was thinking just the other day how much better I felt when I was eating yeast. But I never learned to like it.
MRS. HUGHES: Well, my dear Miss Iron-Fingers, you'll like it now! In tomato juice, it has the flavor of oven-fresh bread. You can stay with it for years...just as I intend to do.

MISS HOUSTON: You know, I never doubted the authorities when they said "yeast is one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex." And I can use a lot of extra vitamins .... in my job!
MRS. HUGHES: But maybe you aren't getting enough of these vitamins. Start drinking yeast first thing in the morning, last thing at night . . . See if you aren't fresher at five o'clock. I'll even make you a little bet!



MASH . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.



STIR . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too ...whole business takes less than a minute!

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast

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in a civil war, there was nothing to do. But Germany made loud protests until leaders here learned that Congress, now gathering in Washington, was almost sure to stop the shipments. Then the press rejoiced in this indication that American neutrality means German-Italian domination of Spain. That is apt to be the case unless France sends scores of thousands of soldiers and hundreds of planes to Madrid. If France does that, will Germany go to war with France? If so, what will Italy do? Hitler will meet all the diplomats on January 11 and we may expect to hear sharp challenging language about all democracies.

Baldwin and Eden Pro-Fascist?

January 11. At eleven forty-five all the diplomats were in the old Reichspalast. The Frenchman showed serious concern. The Italian was aloof to me and I reciprocated. Sir Eric Phipps was as discreet as ever, but he revealed more sympathy for the Fascist crowd in Spain than I had noted before. I believe he is now almost a Fascist, as I think are Baldwin and Eden. The Russian Ambassador was as calm and undisturbed as if his country had not been denounced here every day since last September. . . .

At twelve o'clock the Führer came into the great hall where forty or more of us stood in a line around the walls. Since the Papal Nuncio was reported ill, the French Ambassador stood at the head of the line. I was next, the British third, the Turk fourth, and the Russian fifth, according to our length of service here. The Führer looked somewhat embarrassed as he came in, red in the face. The Frenchman stepped forward to read the address of welcome which the Nuncio had prepared. Nothing serious was said or suggested. The Führer read his reply, also saying nothing. I had expected hints to the British and French. Not a word. . . .

Then Hitler shook hands with the Frenchman and the two talked in German in low tones so that others might not hear them, Hitler speaking a little the louder. I imagine the Frenchman complained at the German attacks on France today in all papers, because Hitler alluded to the French press in a slightly critical tone.

He next turned to me and pretended to be very cordial. I alluded to the unfortunate commercial relations between our two countries. He turned to complimenting President Roosevelt on his vast majority and on his constructive measures. Hitler went the whole round, even chatting cordially with the Russian. . . .

Davies Fell for Schacht's Line?

January 27. I received news from Ambassador Davies at Moscow that he had told the President that Dr. Schacht was now even more enthusiastically in favor of world peace than he was in December when I talked with him. . . .

He had an important interview with Schacht on January 16. Schacht captivated him. He urged upon Davies the hope that President Roosevelt would call a peace conference in Washington, and that such an international gathering ought to agree beforehand upon the subjects and the major problems and their solution. Schacht said he was authorized by his government to offer definite terms to France and England based on the following points: Stabilization of the present frontiers of European countries; establishment of perpetual peace in Europe; discontinuation of the present arms race; abolition of sanctions, to be replaced by some administrative machinery which would permit the members of this proposed alliance to enforce their decisions; substitution of a workable agreement between Powers for the present League of Nations.

However, before any such agreement can be discussed Germany must be provided with colonies, access to raw materials, and regions open to settlement and migration. Schacht was certain of the support, at least in principle, of the French nation. However, he said Premier Leon Blum had been flatly rebuffed by the English Foreign Office. . . .

I had a message from Hull about January 25 intimating that Ilgner, of the I. G. Farben trust and president of the Carl Schurz Foundation, had been active in Latin America against the conference at Buenos Aires and especially against Hull's commercial treaties. Ilgner announced in Chile, I believe, that he was Schacht's representative. All this made me think that Davies had fallen for the Nazi proposals for commerce and loans. Schacht has no such power in international matters as Davies thinks.

Reports have come that American banks are contemplating large new credits and loans to Italy and Germany, whose war machines are already large enough to threaten the peace of the world.

Hitler Coos Like a Peace Dove

January 30. The Führer spoke two and a half hours today before what he calls the Reichstag. Troubled with lumbago, I asked two of our staff to go and report. . . .

The Führer, according to them, was more conciliatory than he has been since 1933. He said Germany has regained her equality, her people are again contented, and they now only await the return of their colonies. . . .

Butter or Guns—and Banquets

February 3. We attended the first dinner the Führer has ever given to the whole diplomatic corps. Many officers of his government were there. It was held in the Führer's new palace, more elaborate than anything I have ever seen and finished only a few weeks ago. There were close to seventy-five servants marching in and halting in military fashion before the tables. Hitler certainly does not save his people's money, though he ate no meat and drank no wine. There were no champagne toasts. . . .

The great party adjourned from the tables into a reception room where Hitler and Göring stood at one end to receive greetings and thanks. I noticed the French and British Ambassadors were most unrestrained in their apparent happiness. . . .

Goebbels Muzzles Schacht—

February 12. A few weeks ago Dr. Schacht made a long address. I learn today that Dr. Goebbels censored it sharply. Schacht had said the 11,000,000,000 mark debt must be paid. That was not allowed to be printed. But the debt is certainly four times that amount. He said that the ersatz industry must not go on increasing, as it costs four times as much as what imports would cost.

—but Not on Mussolini's Aims

February 20. Last night at a dinner I sat near Dr. Schacht, who said loud enough for German officials to hear him: "Mussolini is annexing Spain; his next move will be to annex Egypt." I said: "I learn that Mussolini has built a great road from the Red Sea to the Egyptian border. How did he get the money?" Schacht replied: "Money does not have to be gotten now. We only issue paper and keep it circulating rapidly, thereby maintaining people at work." I think the Nazi officials resent this but they dared not say anything. . . .

Was Vienna Wild with Joy?

February 23. Dr. Dieckhoff agreed with me that it was a mistake for the German government not to answer the American invitation to participate in the economic conference set for the first week in April in Washington. The real objection to acceptance, he thought, was due to the indifference or hostility of the Labor and Economics Ministries—that is, Hitler's men. As to the German government's issuing decrees to all business men not to answer any questions of our Commerce or Treasury Department officials here about American investments in Germany, he frankly agreed with me that it was a mistake. . . .

He would not agree that Mussolini intends to dominate Spain, though he had once before said Germany would not protest if Mussolini annexed Egypt. . . .

I wanted to know what von Neurath was doing in Austria. Dieckhoff said it was only a return formality for the Austrian Foreign Secretary's visit here. I was sure it was more and asked about the reported rioting of the Viennese when von Neurath appeared. He insisted that there had been only wild Nazi demonstrations and that some of the uncontrollable fellows had to be arrested. In my judgment, the Austrians were expressing their hostility to the Nazis. Hence the arrests. It is contrary to law for an Austrian to heil Hitler.

Von Neurath was really trying to advance Germany's aggressive attitude toward domination of the Balkan States. This is in part aimed at smoking out Mussolini into a revelation of his real attitude toward the Austrian situation. . . .

"We'll Never Let Red Spain Win"

March 4. I told Dr. Schacht about reports I had that German representatives in Chile, Brazil, and Argentina had done what they could to defeat Secretary Hull's peace efforts at the Buenos Aires conference, and that one of the men had claimed he represented Dr. Schacht. He asked who it was. I declined to say, since the information to me was confidential. What Schacht said made it clear he was thinking of Ilgner's work there, as I was, and he did not deny it.

He favored a world peace conference and spoke with much emotion, it seemed, about the danger of war. He said arms manufacturers were the people who had defeated peace efforts since 1918, and who had also defeated the League of Nations negotiations on the subject every time they were undertaken. . . .

I went to Secretary von Neurath, who said: "No war is likely." But about the Spanish situation he said: "We shall never allow the present government of Spain to win the civil war. It is Communism and we shall never allow that in any European state." I said: "Do you feel that no other nation has a right to govern itself, even foolishly?" He said: "No, not when it involves Communism. If that happened in Spain, France would turn Communist and then attack us." . . .

These conversations revealed that the German government is now determined to control and actually annex neighboring countries. . . .

Ach, How Dare That LaGuardia?

March 6. Yesterday the German press attacked and denounced Mayor LaGuardia of New York for a remark he made about a bust of Hitler to be erected in a World's Fair exhibit called the Chamber of Horrors. They even attacked the United States government for allowing such a speech, unaware, it seems, that free speech is the law of the American land. . . .

SS Hushes "Volunteers'" Parents

March 12. Max Jordan, N. B. C. representative in Europe, said many airplane accidents and deaths had occurred this winter, but not a word of them was allowed in the German press. The reason is to prevent young people from becoming discouraged, as so many thousands are ordered regularly into air service. . . . He was informed that some fifty soldiers, ordered to Spain, were forbidden to tell their parents, but some of them spoke of it.

A meeting of parents was held in the town near where the soldiers received orders. The Nazi local officials arrested and imprisoned all the parents, for how long Jordan did not know. A number of the soldiers committed suicide rather than go on the secret journey, he added. . . .

This afternoon I went to make the protest Secretary Hull cabled me against the shameful German press attacks against the women, the people, and the government of the United States. Von Neurath pleaded in excuse that some American papers had attacked Germany violently during the last four years. He could not justify present German folly, however. I was sure that he would not say anything to the Führer or Goebbels. They are incorrigible.

"Putzi" Hanfstaengl Washed Up

March 15. I learned that Ernst Hanfstaengl, long a close supporter of Hitler and chief of the Nazi foreign press office, was ordered in February to close his office and go to Valencia, Spain, on some mission. Hanfstaengl went to Munich, not Spain, and has since disappeared. I hear he is in a concentration camp and in danger of losing his life. Since he gave much money to Hitler in 1923, helped him write Mein

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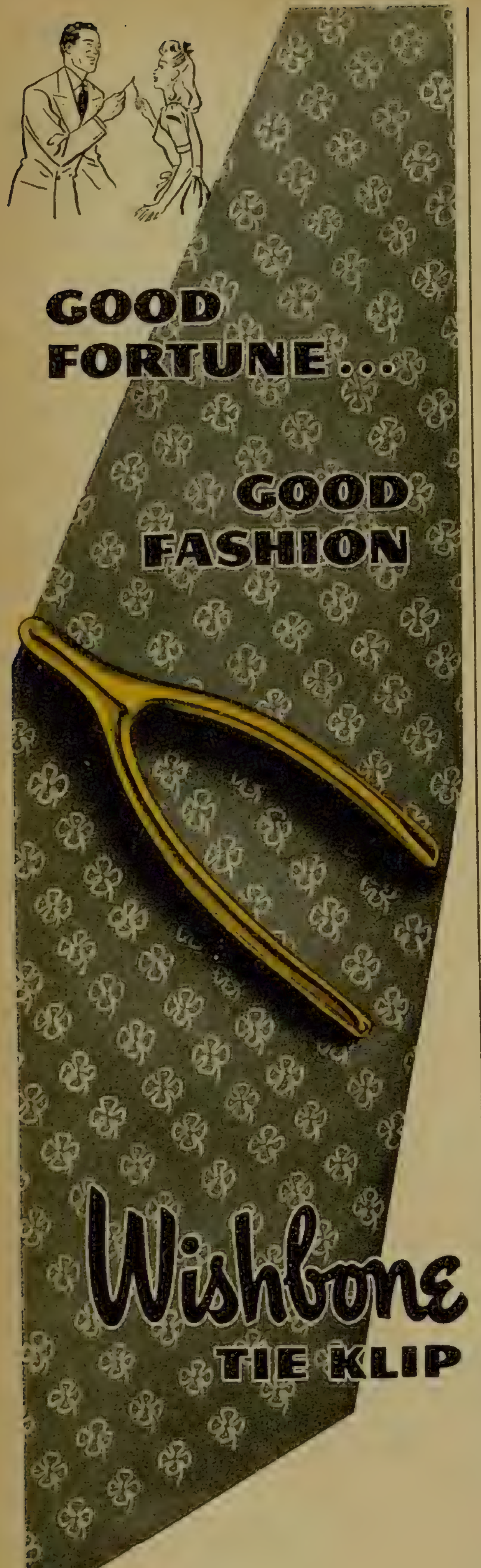

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Kampf, and was in every way familiar with Hitler's motives, he would be an unreliable man out of Germany.

A report today reveals that the Germans and Czechoslovaks have negotiated a treaty for mutual good relations, but that now Hitler denounces the agreement. He can allow no treaty with any people who have an understanding with the Russians. . . .

Make That LaGuardia Behave!

March 17. Dr. Dieckhoff asked me to see him. He began at once to talk about another LaGuardia speech made in New York. He seemed to have been instructed to insist that I tell President Roosevelt or Secretary Hull to stop the New York Mayor from criticizing Hitler. Of course I replied, "No, that can't be done; you know that freedom of speech and the press are guaranteed to all our people." He knew that, he said, but hoped something could be done anyway. . . . We parted, both quite aware nothing can be done in the United States or in Nazi Germany to better relations.

Britain Diplomatic About Spain

March 30. At a dinner at the home of von Kühlmann, former Foreign Secretary, the British Ambassador talked to von Kühlmann about Spain as if he were a sincere supporter of Franco, although he formerly talked to me as if he were opposed. The latter, I suppose, was a diplomatic attitude for my benefit. Dr. Dieckhoff was present and talked like an opponent of his Führer. One eminent man said, "Eastern France must be annexed to Germany, especially as the French population is declining." This reminded me of the French Ambassador's statement to me in 1933: "We must annex German territory to the Rhine. Wilson defeated us in this." . . .

Was Huey a Loss to Berlin?

April 7. Yesterday the Czechoslovak Minister told me he had information that Ludendorff has an organization of young Germans who hate Hitler; also that considerable groups of the German army are co-operating quietly with the movement, Ludendorff's biweekly magazine going to them regularly. The War Minister learned these facts and managed to get Hitler and Ludendorff to meet and talk.

Today I heard that the magazine has been confiscated.

Secretary Lee of our staff says that Ambassador Luther, who has been recalled from Washington, was reporting two years ago to the German Foreign Office about Huey Long, the would-be American dictator. Herr K., now retired from the Foreign Office, had read the reports Luther had been ordered to make. He did not reveal the contents but he said that Luther had visited Louisiana and Huey Long more than once. . . .

" How Could Hitler "—but He Did

April 10. I heard from Walter Duranty, New York Times correspondent in Moscow since 1921, that secret negotiations are on between Germany and Russia. Another rumor. I think something is on, but feel it is merely a commercial arrangement. How could Hitler make a political treaty with the Communists?

The British Ambassador came to say farewell. He is leaving for Paris to serve the next few years as Ambassador. When I told him what I had heard about German-Russian negotiations he showed a good deal of concern. . . .

Kuhn's Contact Man from Iowa

April 13. Yesterday Mrs. Peters, author of a book, Roosevelt and the Kaiser, called and told me about an Iowa man here who pretends to be an advanced student. He is an agent of the Nazi-American organization headed in Detroit by Fritz Kuhn, who raises money and helps the man here by giving him contacts with the Propaganda Ministry and with Hitler. She said he attacked me freely for not being a Nazi coworker. . . .

The Peace Dove Struts His Army

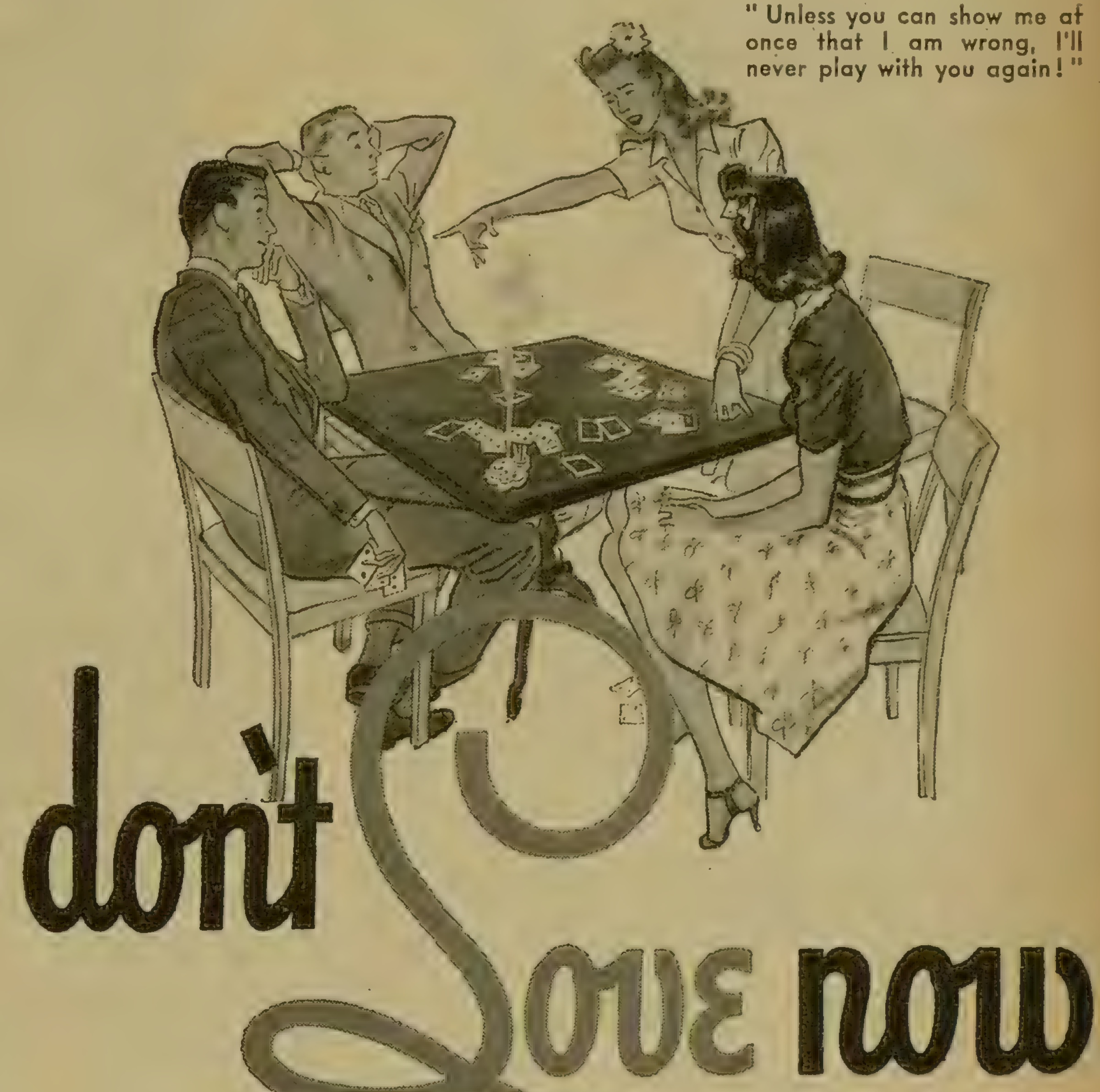
April 20. Yesterday afternoon George Lansbury, English Labor leader and peace agitator, spent two hours with Hitler. I think the visit was maneuvered by von Ribbentrop to encourage pacifist and peace sentiment in England, thereby weakening the pressure for increased armaments, perhaps also to confuse French-English relations. The I. N. S. representative, the very able William Shirer, called me today and told me that Lansbury said to him that Hitler spoke highly of President Roosevelt and argued that if Roosevelt called a world conference for peace, he, Hitler, would co-operate. I had a telegram sent to Washington. The defeats of Franco in Spain have done much to check Hitler's belligerency temporarily.

Today I had the disagreeable duty of watching along with the rest of the diplomats the great military parade in honor of Hitler's forty-eighth birthday. In spite of the peace avowals made yesterday and all the lessons of the terrible Spanish conflict, Hitler stood on a platform for two hours watching 15,000 soldiers go by and reviewing millions of dollars' worth of war machines of all kinds. I have never seen such a huge military demonstration in my life. . . .

Dodd's surprising visit with the late Lord Lothian, and their amazing conversation, rumors about aid to Hitler by French munitions makers, dire hints of Germany's plans to annex smaller nations, and of underground conspiracy with Russian generals to overthrow Stalin—these and other astonishing and memorable features will be revealed in next week's installment of Ambassador Dodd's diary.

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Here is a bridge problem for you. At the bottom of the next column is a hand on which it does not seem difficult to make a contract of six diamonds. The king of hearts is led, but a good defense by a smart girl places a nice boy in a tough spot.



"Unless you can show me at once that I am wrong, I'll never play with you again!"

don't Love now

A sprightly tale of diamonds and hearts

BY THE FAMOUS BRIDGE MAESTRO

SIDNEY S. LENZ

YOU are, without question, the most unmitigated blockhead the world has ever known."

Fighting words, these, but uttered with the bitterness Wallace Van Zant put into them, it appeared that the speaker manifested an intense dislike for somebody.

The young man was talking to himself!

Wallace was really a nice boy, good-looking, good family, good disposition, good bridge player and—a good catch. He had no idea how much he was in love with Mary Ross, until he awoke in the morning with a bad head and remembered that last night he had proposed to Charlotte Guthrie and been accepted.

Charlotte's beauty, abetted by too much champagne, had gotten him into this mess. Being engaged to a beautiful heiress might not seem such a terrible catastrophe to some men, but to Wallace it was ghastly.

Petulant and self-willed, Charlotte would rule him with an iron hand. She was a poor bridge player but thought she was wonderful, and criticism made her fiendish.

On the other hand, Mary Ross was amiable and sweet-tempered. Wallace felt sure she cared for him, and the Van Zant millions and traditions, added to his personal good qualities, were not to be regarded lightly.

What a consummate dolt he was! Already he was visualizing Reno, the divorce courts and—Mary. Then he had a brilliant idea. If Charlotte, with good and sufficient reason, broke off their engagement, he could marry Mary immediately—and there you were! He smiled for the first time that day as he pictured Charlotte at the bridge table, subjected to harsh criticism.

Allan Bennett made up the fourth at bridge at the Ross home, with Charlotte and Mary. Mrs. Ross had cut in for a rubber and arched her eyebrows in surprise when the usually mild-mannered Wallace Van Zant criticized the play of a hand.

Wallace was one of the very few experts who never caviled at his partner's play. There was the time a partner had played a hand at a small slam in spades. Although he held a solid spade suit, he had tried a finesse before drawing trumps. The opponent trumped and a crossruff was started that netted five tricks before the trumps were exhausted.

"Too bad," Wallace said. "Of course you couldn't imagine they would trump the very first time."

If this merited the Nobel award, his actions this evening were deserving of the concentration camp.

He had criticized Charlotte's play on several occasions, and had pointed out the enormity of her mistakes with so much sarcasm that she was too surprised to make her usual biting retorts. The climax came when Charlotte was defeated on a slam declaration that Wallace insisted any player of average intelligence could have made without difficulty.

Charlotte had dealt and opened with a bid of two diamonds on the south hand:

♠ A Q 9 3 2
♡ 9 8 6 4
◇ 10
♣ 8 4 2
WALLACE
N.

♠ K
♡ K Q J 5 3
◇ 7 2
♣ Q 10 9 6 3
ALLAN
W.

E.
♠ J 8 7 6 4
♡ 10 7 2
◇ 8 6 5 4
♣ J
MARY

S.
♠ 10 5
♡ A
◇ A K Q J 9 3
♣ A K 7 5
CHARLOTTE

Wallace had bid and rebid the spades, but Charlotte had persisted until she had obtained the contract at six diamonds.

The king of hearts was led by Allan and won with the ace. After the opposing trumps were drawn, the spade king in Allan's hand left no losers in that suit, but apparently there was no way of getting rid of the two losing clubs.

"I had to bid for the slam," said Charlotte. "If only the clubs had been evenly divided, the contract would have been easy. Just a hard-luck hand."

Wallace shook his head disgustedly. "How can you blame it on bad luck when you play so terribly?" he said. "Six diamonds is a laydown."

Now Charlotte flared up as she said:

"You have been finding fault with me all evening, and I have been meek as a lamb. How can you make six diamonds on this hand?"

"It's just too simple," said Wallace.

"You're insufferable," Charlotte replied angrily. "The declaration cannot be made by you or any one else. Unless you show me at once that

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• • •

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• • •

● *"Contact!* You shave with a freer hand—as smoothly as a glide to a 3-point landing. And with minutes shaved off your shaving time, you're down to earth *refreshed* for breakfast and business or dinner and dance.

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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

"He sold magazines for thirty years and finally got here."

I am wrong. I'll never play with you again and I never wish to see you again."

"But—but—are you going to permit a mere bridge hand to break off our—"

"That's all off—unless you can show me," interrupted Charlotte with finality.

"I can't," said Wallace miserably.

"Very well, our engagement is off." Turning to Allan, Charlotte continued, "Will you see me home?"

After they had left, Wallace brightened visibly.

"Yes," he replied to Mary's questioning look, "we were engaged yesterday, but it was a mistake. You see—"

"I see, but I don't wish to hear," said Mary. "I have been suspicious of you all evening. Why in the world didn't you show her how to play that hand?"

"Well, you heard what she said."

"What did she say that was so bad?"

"Not bad—good," Wallace answered with a twinkle in his eye. "I was going to show her, but she was too quick on the trigger. You wouldn't have had any trouble in making that hand."

"Maybe not, but you can't always tell," said Mary. "But why go to such lengths to break off an engagement before it's a day old?"

"Because, Mary, you are the only girl I love," said Wallace earnestly. "I didn't realize how much until I became engaged to Charlotte—accidentally, I assure you. Will you marry me?"

"I wouldn't think of it," said Mary severely. "You might want to break it off in two days."

"No, no! We can be married tomorrow," said Wallace.

"But you said that hand was so simple. Suppose I said I wouldn't marry a—prevaricator."

"All right," he said cheerily. "Then I'll show you, if you need to be shown, which I do not believe. . . . After the first trick you put dummy in with a spade and trump a heart. Again you enter dummy with the ten of diamonds and trump a second heart. Then you draw the opposing trumps, take the ace of clubs, and play the spade, but do not win with the queen. East has been bailed out of everything but spades and is compelled to lead a spade to the tenace in dummy, upon which you discard the two losing clubs. Do you get it?"

"Hardly," said Mary thoughtfully. "You will remember that I was playing the east hand, and being a smart player, as you are so ready to admit, I would duck the ten of spades and south would still have the two clubs to lose."

Wallace laughed as he answered:

"Again I admit you are a fine player, but the ten would have been led at the start and the five of spades would now be the throw-in card. Do you give up?"

"Not yet," said Mary. "You underestimate my ability. I feel sure that I would have risen to the occasion and have played the six of spades to the first spade lead, retaining the four to escape being put in for the end play. If the five of spades was overtaken in dummy, I would have two tricks in that suit and if it was underplayed, my four would enable me to duck, leaving the lead in the south hand with the club problem unsolved. Where is the twelfth trick coming from?"

Wallace did not appear overly happy as he replied:

"My dear, you find defenses for all my good plays. Why not forget that foolish hand and tell me when you will marry me?"

"Never," said Mary, "unless you can prove that the hand can be played for a slam against my best defense."

"If I can play the hand for a slam in a way that even you cannot imagine, will you marry me?" Wallace asked.

"It just can't be done," answered Mary.

"Will you marry me tomorrow at noon?" Wallace went on doggedly.

"It can't be done," Mary repeated.

"If it can't, you have nothing to lose but me, and I don't count," said Wallace dejectedly. "Will you take one chance—on me?"

"Well—just one," agreed Mary.

"Hurrah!" shouted Wallace. "I've got you."

Hilariously joyful that his scheme had succeeded, Wallace took his position to play the south cards.

"Charlotte never would have found the correct defense to the spade play that you wouldn't fall for," he explained apologetically to Mary, "but I knew it required flawless strategy to make the hand against your defense. . . .

"After the heart opening, the hand cannot be defeated. At the second trick the ten of spades is led to the ace in dummy. A heart is trumped with the ace of diamonds. The nine of diamonds goes to the ten and another heart is trumped with the king of diamonds. Then playing the two high diamonds and the ace of clubs leaves the east hand with nothing but spades and one diamond. . . .

"Even though you had chucked your highest diamonds, the four is higher than the three, which is my next lead. Now the lead to the spade tenace is forced, and the west hand must discard twice, holding the high heart and the queen, ten, and nine of clubs. The first discard is easy, the nine of clubs. As North holds a heart and a club at the eleventh trick, after making the second spade, West is between the devil and the deep blue sea. The heart discard leaves the nine good in dummy and the club makes South's king and seven good for the last two tricks."

SPRINGING to his feet, Wallace kissed Mary.

"Tomorrow at twelve," he said, "and I will answer no telephone calls. Charlotte may repent her lost prize." He laughed and was gone.

Mrs. Ross, rather deaf, had been engrossed in a book. She now joined Mary and watched her studying the cards on the table.

"So, my dear," said Mrs. Ross, "you had an argument with Wallace on the play of a hand. Did you win or lose?"

"Both," was Mary's laconic reply. "But I notice that your hearing is improved."

"Yes, it is much better at times," Mrs. Ross answered, as she looked shrewdly at her daughter. "Mary," she continued, "I am curious to know if you saw the play of that hand before Wallace pointed it out—"

Mary smiled inscrutably.

"Yes, darling, I did. Had I admitted it, I wonder if he would have found another way of doing it. Now—I—wonder!"

THE END

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THE STORY OF MAGDA LUPESCU AND KING CAROL

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

MADAME POMPADOUR OF RUMANIA

Carol and Magdalena.

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

When Carol, Crown Prince of Rumania, installed the beautiful half-Jewess, Magda Lupescu, in a house near the palace and began spending most of his time with her, Queen Marie, her lover, Prince Stirbey, and the powerful Jon Bratianu did all they could to break up the affair. While Carol and Magda were out of the country this strong faction in the government sent him word to return, but without Lupescu. Carol refused to give up his mistress, whereupon it was declared that he had "abdicated" and he and Magda went into exile in Paris.

Life was very gay while the Crown Prince's credit lasted; slightly less gay when he was forced to lend his name and prestige to get-rich-quick schemes in order to pick up a little cash. When these shady financial bubbles burst, Magda took charge. The two moved to a tiny apartment and she pawned her jewels to keep them going. When there were no more jewels, she suggested that Carol go to London and see if his English relatives would help him.

Meanwhile, the skies were falling in Rumania.

PART FOUR—A ROVING EYE FOR BEAUTY . . AND A SLAP!

IT was, as we have seen, Bratianu, abetted by his brother-in-law, Prince Stirbey, and the Queen, who had been responsible for the exile of Carol and Magda, and, as it turned out, it was Bratianu, quite contrary to his own desires or expectations, who was now indirectly responsible for their return. And since this is the story of the romance which has miraculously survived both the hardships of that exile and the mounting perils of that return we must understand the type of man and rule with which the lovers had to contend.

"For three generations," writes John Gunther, in that searching book, Inside Europe, "Rumania was ruled by a family of hereditary semi-dictators, the Bratianus; it was a Bratianu who peddled the Rumanian crown around the courts of Europe and brought back Carol's granduncle as the country's first king. The policy of the Bratianus was that of the Turk suzerains and Phanariot Greek concessionaires who had preceded them—despoil the land with artful greed. No country in Europe has been so corruptly manipulated and exploited. Baksheesh was the national watchword. . . . The finances were paralyzed, the budget deficit mounted out of sight—and in the ornate streets of Bucharest money flowed like silk in the hands of a corrupt and chosen few. There is a cruel little joke about Rumania. 'Mania' means madness. 'Kleptomania' means madness to steal. 'Rumania' means madness to steal applied to a nation."

And if Rumania had been content to remain Rumania—that is, just the original provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia—no one might ever have raised a voice against the policy of pillage pursued by the Bratianus and their followers. Accustomed to dishonesty as well as personal immorality in his leaders, the average Rumanian would no more have thought of protesting against the former in a Premier than he did in the latter, as practiced blatantly by His Beatitude, Miron Cristea, seventy-year-old white-bearded Patriarch of Rumania's Orthodox Christian Church.

But in Transylvania—one of the territorial crumbs which Bratianu himself had helped to sweep from the Paris peace table—there arose a leader who was that rarity among Balkan politicians, an honest man. His name was Juliu Maniu, and the party which he headed was called the National Peasant Party.

Now, Rumania is and always has been primarily an agricultural country and its grave and frugal farmer is its typical citizen. Maniu himself was the son of a peasant, and he managed in time to get that class, which was numerically and morally the backbone of the nation, solidly behind him.

Time was ripe for a change of government in Bucharest. In 1927, King Ferdinand, Carol's father, died, and Mihai, Carol's five-year-old son, succeeded to the throne under a tricornered regency controlled by the palace camarilla headed by Stirbey and the old Queen. Then Jon Bratianu himself died. A new strong man was needed in Rumania, and Juliu Maniu supplied the need. In 1929 the peasant's son became Premier, and Rumania, for the first time in its history, had an honest government.

And how did all this affect Carol and Magda?

First off, one might think that it would affect them extremely unfavorably. Maniu, besides being an honest man, was an exceedingly religious one. Born a Roman Catholic, he was educated to be a Jesuit priest. All his life he had cared as little for women as he had for wealth. And, of all the women in the world, he probably cared least of all for Magda Lupescu.

But as a Roman Catholic the idea of Carol's divorce from Princess Helena, which had been obtained during the years of exile, was equally abhorrent; and as a solid son of the soil he believed strongly in those virtues which such men usually do believe in, to wit, " stability, continuity, authority." These, he reasoned, were most easily obtained in a monarchy, not by setting up a child stooge for a king and vesting the real authority in a weak and vacillating palace regency, but by putting the rightful king on the throne and restoring the orderly succession dear to his peasant heart.

He therefore began a campaign to bring Carol back to Rumania.

Meanwhile, the Hohenzollern invasion of England had not been a whirlwind success. Carol and his handsome Jewish mistress were just about as welcome in the London of King George V and Queen Mary as a visitation of the seven years' itch.

However, Lupescu's judgment had been justified in certain essentials. Carol was not so accessible to his creditors. England, too, was a new field. There were Rumanians in London to whom he had not previously gone for aid—some of them patriotic enough not to wish to see their country's name disgraced by a too obvious royal poverty.

One such was Gidi Tonescu, a rich Rumanian resident of London, who opened his house to Carol and Magda, and gave his Prince something of the background which Carol could not afford to supply himself and which his royal relatives, in view of the unmarried state of the lovers, could not or would not supply.

For the most part, however, Carol and the lady were completely snubbed.

Rumor persists that Carol and Magda were married at this time, perhaps in an effort to appease the former's snooty relatives. A young woman who has known Magda Lupescu intimately for many years has told me that this was so, and has quoted Magda's alleged words to her as authority:

" We were secretly married in 1929 in London," Magda is said to have told her.

Others who know Madame Lupescu equally well very much doubt the truth of this rumor. Magda, they feel, was too wise to suggest such a step or even to agree to it, because she knew that, with anti-Semitic feeling what it was—and is—in Rumania, such a marriage would mean the end of the dynasty.

It was a chastened Carol to whom his old friend, Major Precup, appeared in London with the news that if he played his cards right, he could now return to regular feeding at the royal trough, with every prospect of an early ascension to the throne he had once impulsively renounced. What Carol actually said to Precup we do not know, but we do know from Juliu Maniu's own words that the Premier concluded that Carol accepted his whole program, which included deserting Lupescu and reconciling with Helena, whose divorce from him would straightway be annulled.

Followed a conference in Paris between Carol and Magda and his younger brother, Nicholas, who was one of the three regents governing the country, but who, being an ardent sportsman and having woman trouble of his own and not caring for the burdens and perils of statecraft, agreed wholeheartedly to Carol's return, and added official confirmation to Major Precup's assurances that he would be graciously received by the Maniu government.

Thus bulwarked, Carol kissed Magda Lupescu not good-by but *au revoir* and took a plane for Bucharest.

CHARLES LASALLE

These ladies wanted nothing else than favors. Madame Lupescu knew that they were envious and hated her.

New drama in the vivid chronicle of a red-haired woman who ruled a monarch

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This journey was what has come to be known as the "dazzling airplane coup of June, 1930, by which Carol regained his throne." Why this airplane ride, conducted by a competent pilot, should have been exalted into a deed of valor, the present writer fails to see. He himself made the same trip about the same time, and fell with his plane into the River Meuse en route, but no one pinned any medals on him or presented him with a Balkan throne—for which latter omission he should be, and is, duly grateful!

But the excellent Hector Bolitho, who managed to write an entire book entitled Rumania Under King Carol without once mentioning Magda Lupescu, quotes a journalistic effusion by George Martelli in the Daily Dispatch, which was typical of the current sudden attempt to rehabilitate the Horrible Hohenzollern in the eyes of the outside world:

"Carol is no fool about politics. Some observers consider him to be one of the shrewdest political tacticians in Europe. He can bide his time. He showed this by the choice of the moment for his return to Rumania. He had waited five years. Those years were not all spent in idleness in Paris. Carol was working, preparing. His dash across Europe in an aeroplane with only the pilot as his companion was a gallant thing. When he was forced down by lack of fuel it needed nerve to continue the flight. But his calculation proved to be right."

I CAN just hear the American correspondent, John Gunther, grunt when he read those lines. What he wrote, with commendable restraint, was:

"Carol did nothing whatever to bring himself back except get in the airplane. The whole business was engineered, *inside* Rumania, by Maniu."

And was Carol grateful? The faithful Bolitho, who devotes considerable space to the theory that royalty cannot afford to be, says that Carol was the conspicuous exception. What happened to his rescuer, Maniu, in the first hours following his return does not bear out this statement.

Maniu's idea was that Carol should first become one of the three regents, and had arranged a resignation to make this preliminary step possible. An interval would then be allowed to elapse in which the Prince's relations with Princess Helena and Madame Lupescu would be permanently settled. Maniu had imported the Princess for the big reconciliation scene. Then, after the public had become gradually accustomed to the new regime, Mihai, through the regents, would gracefully resign and permit his father to take the throne.

Carol probably never had any idea of entering into any such scheme. Anyway, at five in the morning after the night of his arrival, he served notice on Maniu that he intended to be proclaimed King at once. Whereupon the disappointed Maniu resigned, Carol unseated his boy and seized the throne, Helena made a deal for $80,000 a year and rejoined her Fascist and Nazi companions, and in less than two months Magda Lupescu was back in Bucharest.

Magda at this time was in the full bloom of her beauty. During the years of exile the exuberant young girl had grown into a poised woman of the world, with a sophisticated loveliness which was almost unknown in the Rumania of that day.

Not that there were not many beautiful women in Rumania; but the typical Rumanian beauty has coal-black hair, dark-brown eyes, high cheekbones, a small straight nose, and although often full-breasted, has an almost boyish squareness to her shoulders and straightness to her back and a rigidity of posture which stems from the fact that generations of feminine ancestors balanced vessels of water on their heads.

THE VANISHED CHIN PIECE

by Anthony Abbot

Liberty's Crime Commentator

TODAY, in many cities and even small towns throughout the country, you will find policemen equipped with a detective technique that would make Sherlock Holmes gasp with wonder. That is because they have taken the training course at the F. B. I.'s National Police Academy. An example is Deputy Sheriff Edward C. Kupit of Reno, Nevada. In the burglary of a Reno music house, an electric violin had been stolen. A man in Los Angeles tried to pawn an electric violin. He was taken to Reno, and when the violin was examined it looked like the stolen one. The only way it could be identified, however, was by the factory number stamped in the chin plate. But the chin plate was missing.

In the apartment of a woman friend of the prisoner, strange to say, a violin chin plate was found. But the factory number had been filed off. Using a formula learned at the National Police Academy, the deputy sheriff nevertheless brought out the original number, and the prisoner was convicted by this highly scientific evidence.

Has a policeman from your town been trained at the National Police Academy? Remember, the course is entirely free, a gift from the government to the police of the United States.

Magda Lupescu wasn't like that at all. She was definitely curvacious. Voluptuously rounded, with eyes so black and skin so white, she would have been quite the Oriental type were it not for the distinctly Occidental smartness of manner and attire. She was certainly not predominatingly Jewish in appearance. Rather I should say that she was international—the type of beautiful young woman who might be the wife of a banker or a rich industrialist in almost any country.

I have seen dozens like her in the casino at Cannes, at the races in the Bois, in the grand tier at Covent Garden and the Metropolitan—but because of the redness of her hair and the hugeness of her eyes, she was more arresting. Men were immediately captivated. Women, though few knew her well, were almost as quickly attracted to her.

"I had heard a lot of Madame Lupescu," a young Rumanian girl told me, "and I must admit I was deeply prejudiced against her. At school all the girls were strongly nationalistic and anti-Semitic and they criticized the royal mistress in strong words, blaming her for capturing Carol's heart.

"When she entered the Queen Anne living room where we were waiting for her, I was almost struck dumb by the contrast between her Titian hair, coal-black eyes, and beautiful marble-white skin. She was tall, had a statuesque figure, and perfect poise. She wore a bright embroidered black silk morning gown. I was hypnotized by Madame's charm, and my prejudice against the 'red poison' vanished as if by magic."

At this period Lupescu was not only a beautiful and charming woman but apparently a wholly happy one. Carol's regard for her had undoubtedly been strengthened by the vicissitudes of exile. He admired in her what might be called the middle-class virtues which his birth and training had denied him. Knowing the unsteadiness of the throne on which he sat, he never knew when he might need them again. He knew he could depend on her—and that knowledge is a rare thing in the experience of a king.

He was happy with her, too, and comfortable. She wasn't bored when he worked over his stamp collection, the third largest in the world—or so he thought—and, next to Magda and Mihai, the dearest thing in life to him. Carol was inordinately conceited and loved to hear the sound of his own voice. Magda was a good listener. Sometimes the talk turned on political matters, but it was Carol, not Magda, who directed it that way. Later, the latter was to become a consummate politician, but in the first months after their return she was content just to have a good time with the man she loved.

As King, Carol was able to enlarge her social horizon considerably. He could not live openly with her, nor could he appear openly with her at state functions, but he could and did invite her to intimate little dinners at the royal palace, dinners at which the other guests were Carol's fellow officers in the royal army—"blood brothers" they call themselves in Rumania—and their wives and sweethearts.

Long summer months spent at Sinaia in the Transylvanian Alps, where Carol I and Carmen Sylva had built that absurdly towered and turreted royal palace, also gave variety and freedom to their new life.

Carol deserted the castle for a hunting lodge, near which he established Magda in a charming villa of stone and logs set high on a rocky hill, with a terrace out in front, from which was to be had a panoramic vista of the Carpathians. A secret path through the woods connected hunting lodge and mountain villa.

WATCH OUT!!

for slightest sign of bleeding gums—it's often

GINGIVITIS

SORE GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS
TENDER GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS

4 OUT OF 5 May be victims—often leads to dreaded PYORRHEA—

EVERYONE — even young folks — should beware of the very first signs of sore, tender, bleeding gums.

This may be Gingivitis—a mild inflammation where gums join the teeth—so common today—many people never even suspect they have it. IF NEGLECTED—Gingivitis often leads to Pyorrhea, with its soft, shrinking gums and loosened teeth, which *only your dentist can help.* BUT at home you can—

Help Guard Against Gingivitis This Easy FORHAN Way!

Every morning and night massage your gums and brush your teeth with Forhan's Toothpaste—the ORIGINAL toothpaste for massaging gums and cleaning teeth.

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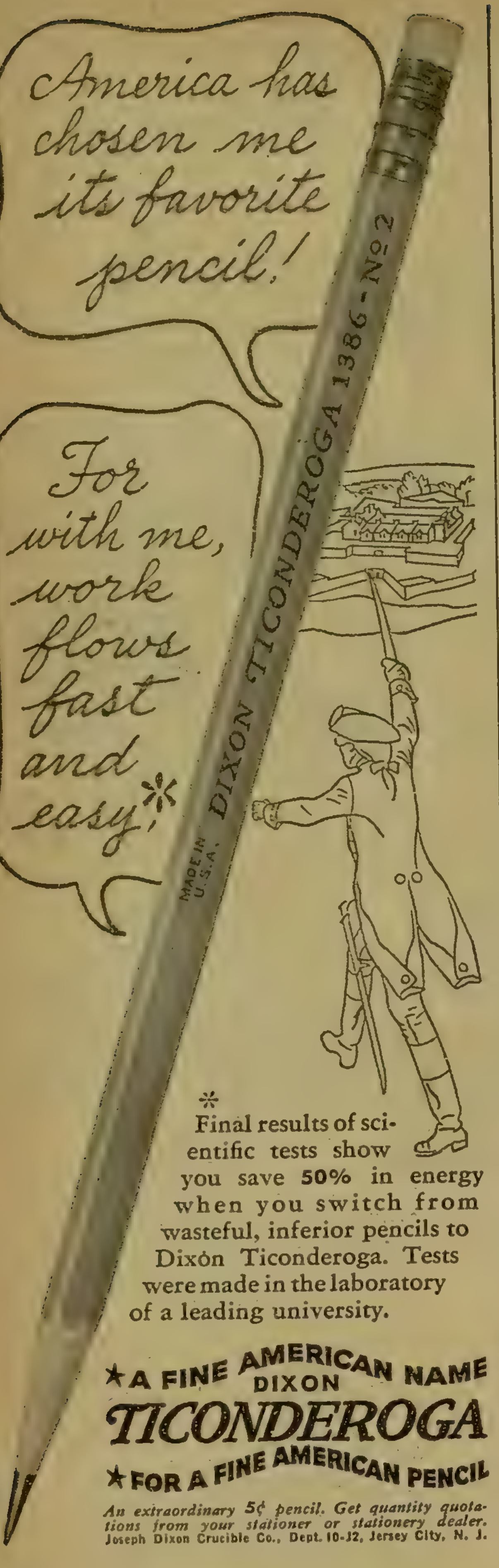
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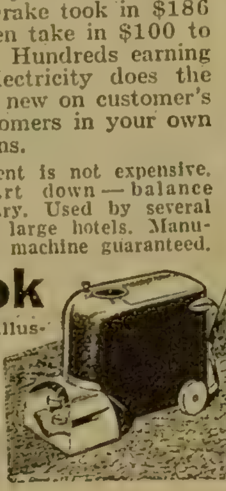


Here, at Sinaia, Carol and Magda strove to recreate that life of isolation which they had learned to love.

Magda's life in Bucharest, however, no matter how her lover strove to vary its monotony, was more in the pattern of mistresses' lives the world over.

But the new house at 2 Alea Vulpache was, as we have seen, a sumptuous affair. It had been built, so it is said, by a rich Rumanian banker to house his own mistress, and it was situated in the most fashionable and most beautiful part of Bucharest, known as Parcul Filepescu. Besides, it possessed a surrounding garden large enough to allow Madame to indulge her pet diversion: the raising of white turkeys.

The interior, already ornately elegant after the fashion of so many Balkan homes, was continually being redecorated under Lupescu's direction. In time, house decoration became an obsession with her.

"But in spite of the material splendor of her surroundings," one of Lupescu's intimates confided to me, "'Duduie,' as Magda was always called by Carol, was a very lonely woman. She had no friends of her own sex to talk to. Of course she was surrounded by many so-called friends, from the highest Rumanian social circles, but none of their friendships was sincere. These ladies wanted nothing else than favors, advantages through their contact with Madame Lupescu, and she knew that too well. She knew that they were envious and hated her. Their pharisaical kindness and politeness disgusted her because she was well informed of what they said behind her back.

"Her romance with Carol was in its tenth year when I first knew her, and from what I saw I can testify that their friendship was strong and genuine. It was based on mutual affection and understanding. Whenever Carol had a difficult state problem to solve, he asked Magda's advice. He often relied on her feminine intuition, which seldom failed him. But her life with Carol was a continuing strain on her nerves. Besides the countless intrigues, Rumania's young and impulsive King was a man of strange and sometimes violent moods.

ALTHOUGH still attracted very much by Lupescu, he had an eye for other women, too. Like a perfect diplomat, Magda took care that he should not grow tired of her, and frequently introduced him to pretty young ladies whose looks were perfect but whose minds were definitely on the moron side, thus never really dangerous. For this must be said in Carol's favor: he appreciated brains above all, and Magda Lupescu had plenty of them.

"Only once during my years of intimate association with Carol and Magda did I witness a real scene of jealousy between the King and his mistress. At that time, a Mme. Maria Munteanu, wife of the manager of the Rumanian official radio, was considered to be the most beautiful woman in Bucharest. She was Italian, and, as it was later found out, she was a Nazi sympathizer.

"Carol was much intrigued by her and for the first time 'Duduie' objected. She sensed danger. Fortunately, the secret service under Colonel Ivan Moruzoff, former chief of the Imperial Russian counterespionage bureau, was on Mme. Munteanu's heels, too, and furnished Magda with the facts about Mme. Munteanu's political opinions. When Lupescu warned Carol that his infatuation for Mme. Munteanu was perilous, Carol exploded with rage and slapped her. Weeks passed, and he did not come to Lupescu's house. The capital was full of rumors that the split was final."

Carol's defection was, of course, the signal for Madame Lupescu's enemies to rally against her. Honest Juliu Maniu, who felt that his patriotic plans for his country and his King had been frustrated by the influence of this woman, gave utterance to statements which at the time were more prophetic than historically accurate:

"As long as Madame Lupescu remains in Rumania, nobody will be able to accomplish anything good. Through her meddling in politics, thirteen Cabinets have followed on each other's heels. She is responsible for every evil in this country."

Rumania's Nazi fifth column, the Iron Guard, more given to deeds than words, listed Magda Lupescu as No. 1 on its list of those to be assassinated, and the Bucharest mobs, fired by anti-Semitic orators, surged around the statue of Michael the Brave in the Boulevard Elizabetha, shouting:

"This redheaded witch! Into the fire with this Jewish wolf, Lupescu!"

How will Lupescu meet this fierce assault? How will she combat the malice of the court, the hatred of the mob, and the King's displeasure? Next week's chapter tells the inside story of the fires of hate that flared up in Bucharest and blazed the way for a dramatic scene between an aging queen and her two sons.

WE'RE JUDGING THE CONSTITUTION QUIZ CONTEST!

Practically hidden behind bales of Constitution Quiz entries, Liberty's contest experts are busily engaged in checking and rating each of the many thousands of sets of answers—a task that must be completed before the name of a single winner is established.

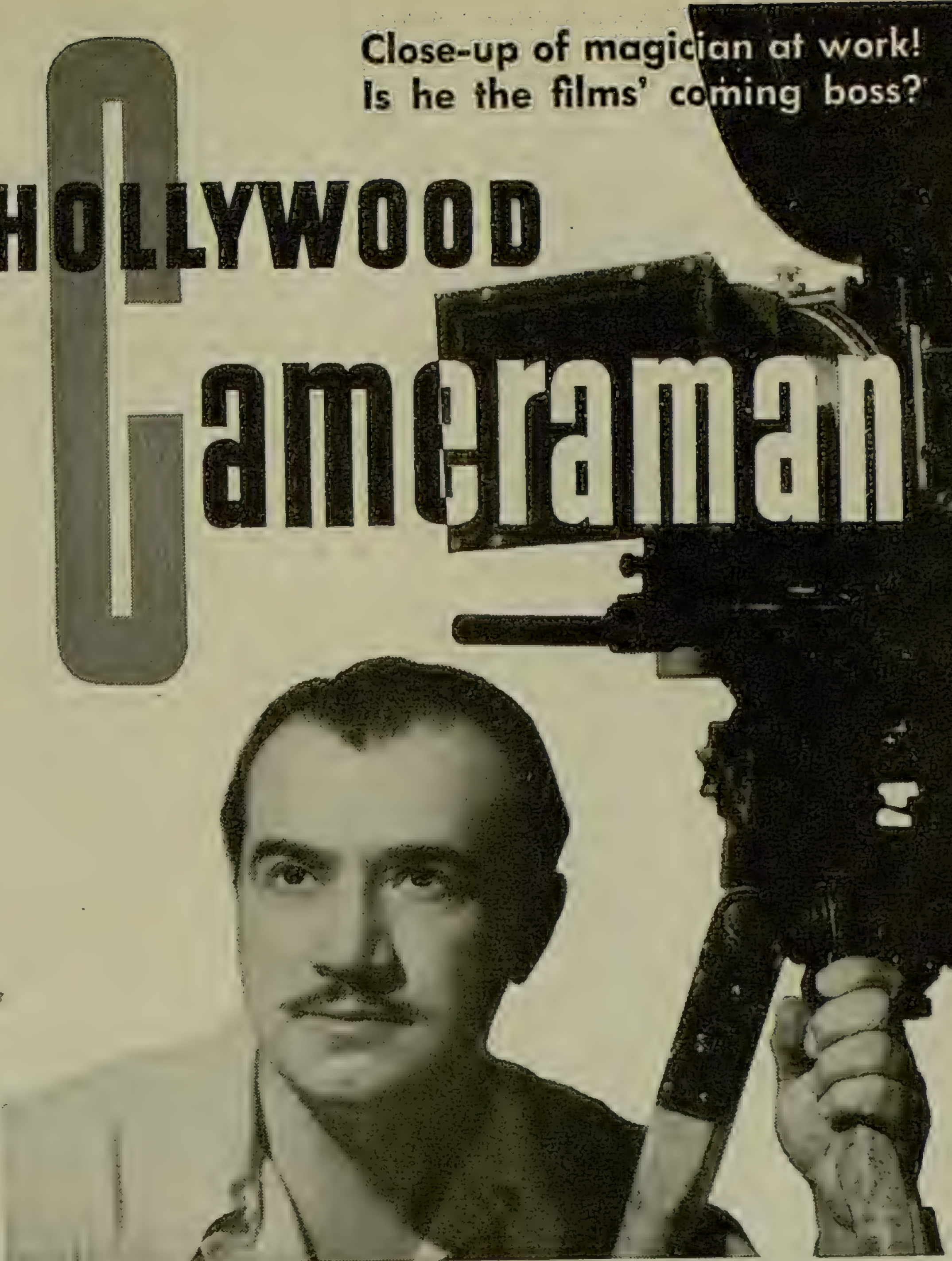
The work is being pushed to completion as rapidly as is consistent with accuracy and absolute fairness. There is a point beyond which it cannot be hurried. We are sure no potential winner would want his or her standing jeopardized by too hasty a study.

Present indications point to the announcement of the final results in one of our March issues. Watch for additional information on our progress.

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Close-up of magician at work!
Is he the films' coming boss?

HOLLYWOOD Cameraman



Joseph Valentine of the Universal lot.

BY JOHN ERSKINE

MOVING pictures are just what we call them, pictures. And every audience now contains a large number of amateur photographers.

These facts, taken together, are influencing the development of the films, or at least the public attitude toward them. If we still transfer plays almost bodily from the stage to the screen, the amateur photographer knows we are leaving untouched the resources of the motion picture. We photograph scenes from novels with fidelity to the original text, but the amateur photographers are not interested in the photograph of what can be told in a book. They want to see what a camera can tell and a book can't.

This means that the cameraman should logically select and direct screen stories. Does he? I went to Hollywood to find out. To the casual or visiting eye the cameraman doesn't yet count as he should. Is there any tendency to give him greater authority? I tried to get the answer from two cameramen of the first rank, Joseph Valentine and Harry Stradling.

My questions, I hope, were discreet. Since the distinguished directors with whom they work stood within earshot, I didn't ask why they weren't bossing the job. I asked in what direction the art of the camera progresses, what the development of color means to pictures, in what way camera technique has been affected by the introduction and improvement of sound, and, as an innocent afterthought, what part the cameraman at present has, and in future should have, in the planning of a film.

I found Joseph Valentine on the Universal lot, shooting a scene in Trail of the Vigilantes, a lively Western in which Franchot Tone plays the lead. Mr. Valentine is a young man to have his record of achievement. He was born in New York City, July 24, 1900, of Italian parentage. His name, I believe, when he first wore it was Giuseppe Valentino. He was educated at Englewood High School and at New York University. Photography had fascinated his childhood, and he became a cameraman in 1922. He has been a No. 1 cameraman ever since, making pictures for Columbia, Universal, Fox, Twentieth Century, Paramount—for practically all the leading studios. Every time we watch one of Deanna Durbin's pictures, we see his work.

I value Joseph Valentine's opinions about the camera because in his way he is as completely camera-minded as most directors are stage- or book-minded. Motion pictures are the only medium he has worked in.

“ Tell me what you cameramen are trying to do nowadays,” I asked him.

“ Take pictures,” said he. “ Better pictures.”

“ What do you mean by better? ”

“ Better lighted, perhaps—or with more of the three-dimensional effect. We've always been trying to get away from a flat picture, like a painting on a canvas.”

“ And that's a matter of lighting? ”

“ To only a small extent. You do it with the camera.”

He didn't tell me that after six years of study he had invented what is called the Human Eye, a combination of a prism with the lens, which gives the third-dimensional effect. The Human Eye was used for the first time in a full-length feature in Deanna Durbin's That Certain Age.

“ Tell me more about the lighting,” I suggested. “ Why are our pictures more highly lighted than the films from abroad? The French, for example.”

He corrected me sharply. “ French pictures made in the studio use more powerful lights than Hollywood does, but they diffuse the light by some kind of screen. The French like a little mistiness in a film, as in their personal photographs. The American picture maker needs less light because he'll use all he has. His audience wants the picture to be clear, even in the background.” He broke into a smile. “ Now that so many boys and girls are camera sharks, a dim background would take their minds off the picture. They'd nudge each other and whisper that the professional gets no better focus than they do.”

“ How about double chins? ”

He laughed. “ The audience again. They haven't yet acquired a taste for double chins, and won't look at them unless obliged to.”

“ Don't we lose in realism? ”

“ Don't we gain in romance? ” he countered. “ If romance isn't realistic, at least it's often true to life. The natural eye is very romantic. It refuses to see blemishes in those we like. Haven't you noticed the difference between the way our friends look when we first meet them as strangers, and the way they look afterward? ”

He dropped the subject of double chins and came back to the search for the three-dimensional effect. The American photographer, he thinks, favors a clear background for the sake of the third dimension. The French cameraman in many cases still tries for a flat picture, and his audience wants him to. The French draw a pleasure from landscape panoramas which the American audience does not feel. Our long shots are usually made for a dramatic purpose, not for pictorial effect.

When I asked Joseph Valentine what he thought the development of color means to motion pictures, he showed less enthusiasm than I expected.

"Perhaps it helps to produce the third dimension, but the best thing it does is to warm the picture a little. That's its value, warmth. It's bad when it's played up for its own sake. A picture in which the color strikes you first is like a woman whose gown is more attractive than her face."

I asked whether he thought sound had improved motion pictures, and his answer was an emphatic yes.

"Does sound adapt itself to the picture," I asked, "or does the camera adjust itself to the sound?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, the atmosphere of a scene can be set by the camera. It can also be set by music, or by other noises. Which decides what the atmosphere will be? Which has the right of way, the cameraman or the sound engineer?"

"At present," said he, "the cameraman tries to be helpful, since his art is further developed. Sound is a new element in pictures and still needs all the aid it can get while it is improving. Some day, perhaps, the cameraman will call for a particular sound quality, or it may be the other way around."

WHEN I asked finally the question which interests me most, what part the camera now takes in the planning of a picture, or what part it should take, Mr. Valentine shook his head.

"It isn't easy," he said, "to state a general rule for the present practice. Different directors have different methods, and I can't guess how those methods will change in the future. If every story were an original it would be ideal to compose it, so to speak, in the studio, thinking of all the elements from the beginning; but as long as stories are based on novels or plays, I suppose the practical method will be to make a script as much as possible in screen idiom and then sooner or later let the cameraman see it. He will recognize possibilities in some scenes and not in others, and of course he'll express his opinion, but he can't always have his way. A scene may be integral to the plot yet ungrateful for the camera. You just have to do the best you can."

"You say the script is shown to the cameraman sooner or later. How soon do you mean?"

Again he shook his head. "It all depends on the director. Sometimes you see the story quite early; in other cases not until the script is practically finished. The result would probably be different if the collaboration were complete from the start, but perhaps you hit on some brilliant effects when you're on the spot, trying to solve offhand what looks like an insuperable difficulty."

"Why should the camera be asked to solve insuperable difficulties? If the author and the director really sympathized with the medium they're working in, wouldn't they play up its strong points?"

"You're talking theoretically," he said. "In motion pictures, just because several arts are combined, there are several different mediums. They are not fused into one. Not yet. And perhaps it is just as well that they aren't. You can be inspired, you know, by the hardness of the nut you have to crack."

IN these remarks of his I recognized the courteous loyalty to their colleagues which in general characterizes Hollywood cameramen, but I brought away also the impression that Joseph Valentine understood my question thoroughly and could have answered it much more fully had he chosen to do so. He probably knows better than you and I that the development of motion pictures is reaching a point where we must decide whether we wish them to remain a loose association of the arts, or to become a collaboration of arts, or a fusion into a new art. If they are to be a collaboration or a fusion, which art is to dominate? Doesn't the camera dominate even now, though it is not permitted to dominate properly?

I took my questions to Harry Stradling, the English cameraman. He was on the RKO lot, photographing Mr. and Mrs. Smith, a comedy directed by Alfred Hitchcock, also English. Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery were playing the leads.

Harry Stradling photographed Kermesse Héroïque, which we called Carnival in Flanders, and, among other fine pictures, Pygmalion, The Citadel, My Son, My Son, and They Knew What They Wanted. His experience has been international, and his authority in the profession is very high.

He had little to say about the direction in which pictures are developing. I asked about the three-dimensional effect on which Joseph Valentine lays emphasis. Stradling agreed that cameramen try for three dimensions, and recently they have tried with remarkable success, but he saw no reason for believing they would never try for a quite different effect. The flat surface may come into fashion again, or it may have esthetic value by way of contrast in a film which is chiefly three-dimensional. Why should the cameraman be bound to a single mood? Whether the flat surface or the third dimension should be sought depends, perhaps, on the story.

I asked, of course, whether the director or the script writer consults the cameraman about the flat surface or the third dimension, or whether the cameraman does the consulting.

"No," he said; "on such points there isn't any consulting at all—that is, very rarely."

Like Joseph Valentine, he is not excited one way or another about color. He thinks it warms up the picture and to that extent adds to the resources of the film, but it leaves the cameraman's problems and opportunities unchanged. He holds with Valentine that color should not be played up too strongly—that is, not unless you wish to distract attention from the story.

Like Valentine also, he believes the sound track is of unqualified advantage to the film, not only for dialogue but for all sounds which make up characteristic atmosphere. He looks for such improvement in sound reproduction that film effects to the ear will be as subtle as to the eye.

When I asked him at what point the cameraman should come into the collaboration, he looked weary. I seemed to be touching a sore spot.

"It depends," he said, "whether you are free-lancing or whether you are under contract to a studio. The free lance naturally will choose his story. He won't work on something that hasn't photographic possibilities. If he is under contract, he accepts whatever the studio puts him on, explores the possibilities, and makes the most of them."

"Isn't he consulted about the story, even if he is under contract?"

He hesitated a moment. "To a certain extent. It's a personal matter. If you are on sympathetic terms with the director, you'll be called in early."

For one moment in our talk his face lighted up—when I referred to the magnificent Carnival. "There's a story!" he said. "One unbroken series of pictures suited to the camera! The figures and sets made you think of Rembrandt, and the range of emotion gave you all the chance you could want."

YOU speak of the result," said I, "but how did it happen that the figures and sets made us think of Rembrandt, or that the camera had nothing but fine opportunities? Stories don't come out that way just by accident, do they?"

He laughed and admitted that Carnival in Flanders was composed by men who thought in terms of pictures, in the camera medium. Perhaps it was easier in a story of old Flanders, since the Flemish painters have recorded that period of history.

"But," I said, "weren't there some aspects of old Flanders which would have made poor picture material? On the other hand, aren't there aspects of American life today which would make superb subjects for the painter or the cameraman? And couldn't an American story be told, like Carnival in Flanders, exclusively in camera material?"

At this point it happened that Mr. Stradling was called away, so my questions remained unanswered.

THE END

In Confidence— TO THE Stagestruck

Want to be an actress? Read this—and ponder

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

JUDGING from the volume of communications deposited in the course of a year at the desks of the professional theater critics, about one young woman out of every three firmly believes that she has in her, if maybe not altogether the stage potentialities of a Sarah Bernhardt, at least those of a Katharine Cornell or, surely, a Katharine Hepburn. The letters the girls compose are largely of a piece. "Please," they urge, "tell me what I can do to become the actress I know I shall some day be, and do let me know how I should go about getting my first job."

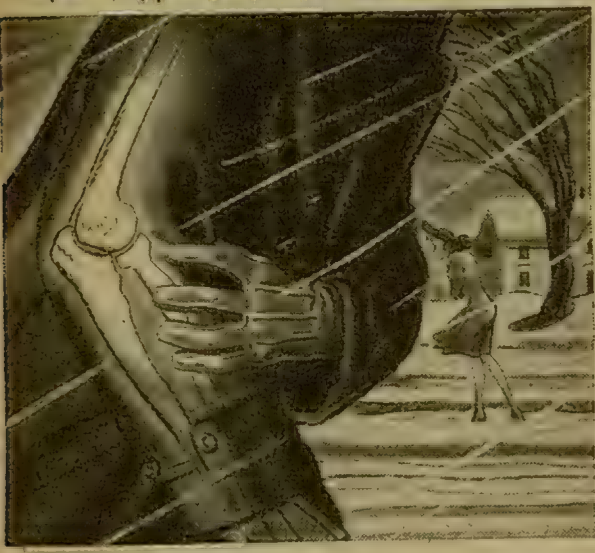
Since these letters generally go unanswered—after all, popular opinion to the contrary, critics have plenty of work as it is, what with luncheon, dinner, cocktail, and supper engagements, to say nothing of an occasional play to review—I shall, as one of their number, employ the public pages of Liberty to give the girls the information they desire. But I warn them. I shall give them none of the futile blarney they customarily get from the usual books published on the subject and from the articles they read in ladies' home magazines, theatrical publications, Sunday newspaper supplements, and the like. I'll tell them frankly what I have found out from more than three decades of professional observation of the theater, its adjuncts, and its people. I venture to say, furthermore, that they will learn more hard facts from what I shall here set down, and facts that will benefit them in one way or another a heap more, than they have gleaned from almost anything they have hitherto either comfortingly or discomfortingly read or been told.

The first piece of advice that is usually ladled out to them is the desirability of attendance at a dramatic school. This counsel should be scrutinized very carefully. With a few honorable exceptions, the average dramatic school often does more harm than good to the aspiring young actress. It tends to destroy individuality and to reduce personality, and to make its students so many peas in a pod. Moreover, many of the head acting coaches in these schools have themselves been failures in the theater and thus are poor guides to what is what. And, still further, the schools' judgment as to appropriate experimental plays for the students is generally pretty bad, since the talents of individual students in a particular dramatic line often have to be either overlooked or sacrificed in order that such plays may be used as will satisfy the vanity of a sufficient number of pupils by giving them their platform chance.

Most of these schools operate on a class basis. That is, they go in for group instead of individual training. Such group training may in some instances have its points but more often it neglects the possible talent of the individual in favor of the lack of talent of the many. It is true that some competent actresses have come out of dramatic schools, but it is also undoubtedly true that many more potentially competent ones have been buried in them and left to die forgotten.

The safest recommendation, therefore, is some such private coach as, say, Frances Robinson-Duff or, if she be available, Margaret Carrington, wife of Robert Edmond Jones, the scene designer, and sister of Walter Huston, the well known actor. Both have excellent records; both have long proved their practical ability in the names of the eminent actors and actresses whom they have in one way or another helped to devolop; and both, the latter in particular, know the theater pretty thoroughly. Mrs. Robinson-Duff also has classes and they are more intelligently conducted than most.

But it is not of classes that I am speaking. It is, to repeat, of individual, strictly personal tutelage. Mrs. Carrington, as she has been professionally known, was, incidentally, responsible among other things for



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the development of John Barrymore into the actor he in his heyday became and for the dramatic training of Walter Huston, Clare Eames, Lillian Gish, and many another who achieved success. And it was Mrs. Robinson-Duff who did much for Ina Claire, Katharine Hepburn, Jane Wyatt, *et al.*

Speaking generally, it is advisable for the beginner to avoid the schools and classes presided over by foreign directors, actors and actresses who in late years have descended upon the local scene in such large numbers. It is not, surely, that some of these are not worthy enough in their own way. It is, rather, that very often the species of direction and acting they represent is alien to the American stage and hence, however suitable to their own Germany, Russia, etc., of dubious value to the aspirant.

THE majority of the apprentice schools connected with the summer theaters are downright frauds, and should be avoided. They are frequently headed by coaches who either know nothing about direction and acting or, if they do, look upon their work as a soft off-season snap and loaf on their jobs; they often overcharge pupils outrageously; and their standards are so commercially and calculatedly elastic that youngsters who have no conceivable talent are accepted by the wholesale if only they have the necessary money, and clutter up the schools at the expense of proper attention to the few serious students.

There are, however, a few exceptions. These are at least decently conducted; they give apprentices a fair fundamental, if necessarily all too sketchy, working understanding of everything from diction to stage deportment and from make-up to costume; they see to it that those students who indicate some talent occasionally get the opportunity to act in small roles with the several theaters' professional players; and they give the pupils the cautiously watered seeds of ambition. Among such have been the schools connected with the summer theaters at Cape May, New Jersey, Dennis, Massachusetts, and Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

We come to the question of jobs in the professional theater. Inasmuch as every season there are at least three hundred young women for every available acting job, the situation is none too encouraging. At this moment I know of fully two dozen young actresses of already successful experience on the New York stage who seemingly can't get work, so where the chance for the beginner? But, anyway, tough as the going is, I may provide the novices with a dozen inside hints that may be of some assistance to them. Here they are, in all stark and possibly inconvenient truth:

1. The prettier a girl is, irrespective of talent, the easier it will be for her to get at least a hearing from producers, who, with certain exceptions, are after all human.

2. Wangling an acquaintance with a playwright can help a lot. Playwrights have frequently given chances to beginners whom producers and directors have brushed aside.

3. Get, by hook or crook, a personal introduction to this or that producer outside the theater. You will then not have to sit in his outer office for hours on end before getting in to see him. He will see you ahead of the others and listen to your story. He may possibly also give you a reading.

4. Don't overdress when you apply for a job. It not only makes the poor girl in the outer office so sore that often she won't even telephone your name in but, if perchance you do get in to see the producer, he'll know at once that you are not only an amateur but something of an idiot.

5. If a manager or producer scrutinizes your figure closely, don't jump to the conclusion that he is a wolf. He is simply doing what every audience you may ever play before also does. He is just making sure in advance of the audience's aesthetic comfort.

6. Dyed hair has lost many a girl the chance at a job. Whatever color your hair may be, leave it that way.

7. Don't at any time during an interview with a prospective employer mention your Shakespearean ambitions, express rapt admiration for Stanislavski, or announce what plays you did at dramatic school. They all do.

8. If you have a simple blue dress with a touch of red somewhere about it, wear it. Men like the combination, and more girls in blue and red have got jobs than those in yellow, green, pink, brown, or any other color. It doesn't make sense, but from the record it's apparently true.

9. Don't say you are so eager to act that you'd be glad to work for nothing. That's the sure 'raus-mit-'em cue.

10. Be yourself, whatever you are like, and don't try to make an impression by being some one other than your natural self. You won't fool a producer. He has already seen plenty of bad acting as it is.

11. If you have a Southern accent, get rid of it. Not one play in a hundred calls for an actress with a Southern accent.

12. Don't tell a producer that you just know you'll succeed if only he will give you a chance to prove yourself. With all the chances in the world even such experienced actresses as Ethel Barrymore, Helen Hayes, Katharine Cornell, Laurette Taylor, Grace George, and Ina Claire have occasionally failed.

I am, of course, presupposing in all this that the young applicant really has some talent for acting. Otherwise, if she follows the recommendations however closely, there is little eventual hope for her. But if she has that share of talent, they will, I assure her, serve her.

Here are some other things the

girl applying for a role in a play should appreciate:

a. Remember that if another girl of no more experience than yourself gets the role it isn't necessarily any reflection on your ability. The role may call for a girl who looks like the other girl. Two very able young actresses of several years' professional dramatic experience recently applied for a role in a play being staged by George S. Kaufman. The one who got it arbitrarily got it simply because she was two inches taller than the other, the particular role, because of the need for stage contrast, demanding a girl over five-five in height.

b. If a producer says he has nothing for you at present but that he will let you know when and if he has, don't invariably conclude that he is politely lying. He may be telling the truth. Any girl of ordinary sense can readily tell if she has made a good impression on a man and it shouldn't be too difficult for the applicant to discern the honest attitude of the producer.

c. Do not rely upon letters of introduction. Nine times out of ten they irritate a producer or playwright who gets all sorts of them during a season. Very frequently, furthermore, they never get farther than the attendant in his outer office.

d. Don't try tricks to get in to see a producer. Even when and if they work, they generally get you nowhere, since as soon as he catches on the producer will be doubly annoyed. Of all such tricks I have heard of in the last three years—and I have heard of many—only one seems to have operated. That was in the reported case of a young actress who got in to see Herman Shumlin and finally landed a role in his The Corn Is Green through the circumstance that she found they were both living in the same apartment house and sent in word that she had been sent by a mutual acquaintance, the aforesaid mutual acquaintance turning out to be none other than the elevator man.

e. If a producer asks you what you think of the moving pictures, tell him that you hate them and wouldn't go to Hollywood on a bet, even if you are lying. Producers don't relish taking chances on promising young actresses being grabbed from under their noses, after they have started them on their stage careers, by the picture people.

f. Finally, more aspiring young girls have wrecked their chances in the theater by getting married in the early stages of their careers than you can shake a stick at. Marriage and a career may be compatible later on, but not in the beginning, when interest and resolve should remain undivided. And, furthermore, a young girl who is married hardly, in the producers' correct imagination, serves any too well the eternal romantic fancy of the theater's audiences.

THE END

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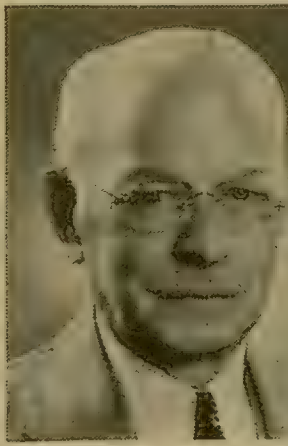

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PART TWELVE—CONCLUSION

Death WAITS FOR A LADY

BY
WHITMAN
CHAMBERS

Finale! . . . Love wins a race against murder under the sea!

We watched the flare drift down and go out as it struck the sea.

IRIS, as God is my witness, I ought to kill you. That pipe runs from the bottled gas you have stowed in the after locker for your stove and icebox. You were going to uncouple it, pump the gas down to Ann, and hope that, with the smell of oil and new paint coming from the pump, she wouldn't smell it. She'd just keel over and die down there in the mud. Iris, I'm saying it again: I ought to kill you!"

She never batted an eye. I stepped across the cockpit and looked over the side. A taut anchor line led almost straight downward into the bottle-green depths. The air hose snaked down beside it. The surface of the water was so rippled by the wind that I couldn't follow the line and hose more than ten or fifteen feet. But twenty feet away a steady stream of air poured iridescent bubbles on the surface.

"Charlie," I demanded, "how do you signal her to come up?"

"You don't," he replied sullenly. "She comes up when she gets tired."

"What keeps her down?"

"She's got on lead-soled sandals."

"What's she doing?"

"Chipping barnacles off the stern. Trying to see if it's the Bluebird."

"You know it's the Bluebird, Charlie."

"So what?" he demanded.

"You know, too, that Jeremy Jones was your brother Duncan."

I heard Iris catch her breath; but Charlie only snorted, "Yeah? You think you're pretty smart, don't you, Todd? Well, I'm telling you—"

"Shut up!" Iris ordered. She took a long breath, watching me. "I don't know what you're talking about, Bart, and I don't believe you know, either."

"Don't stall, Iris. I heard you talking, trying to nerve this yellow punk into helping you commit murder. I know how you learned the score, too—Charlie ran across that picture of Ann in the last Yachtsman and realized she was a dead ringer for Deborah Campbell and figured out the whole set-up. You didn't bring your blacks along to do the diving. You brought them along to guide you back in case something happened to Ann. And when something *did* happen to her, they were going to bear witness that it was an accident. Have I missed anything, *darling?*"

"My dear," she sneered, "your brilliance appals me. *But*—you're not home yet, muh frand!"

I turned to Charlie. "You can take a rest, Campbell. Ann'll come up when her air stops."

"Don't you *dare* stop pumping!" Iris screamed.

All this time I'd had my back turned toward the shore. I'd been so busy talking that I'd forgotten the Negroes might scull out to the boat, and I didn't think of it until I heard the little dinghy bump against us. When I turned, it was too late. They were piling aboard, and Iris wore a cool and dangerous smile.

I said, watching her: "You'd be very foolish, Iris, to pull anything crude. I'm not alone, you know."

"Get off my boat!" she ordered.

"I'll get off when Ann comes up. Stop that pump, Charlie!"

"Pete! Freddy!" Iris cried. "Toss him over!"

The two blacks looked big and tough and ugly, and I didn't dare let them get their hands on me. I sprang between them and dove over the side. When I came up, I turned on my back and floated for a moment, watching the four people in the cockpit.

I should, I thought bitterly, have handled the situation more adroitly. I should never have revealed how much I knew. I should have tried to calm Iris, and stalled, and waited. Now I had to make a quick decision, because I knew that Iris, who was fighting mad, insanely mad, would take the thing out of my hands if I didn't do something in a hurry.

A slight tidal current was carrying me toward the cruiser. I took two or three back strokes, turned a little, and let the current carry me slowly toward her stern. Iris said something to one of the blacks and he picked up a boat hook.

"If you don't keep away from this boat, we'll kill you!" Iris raged.

I took another stroke or two, casually keeping off. "For a little woman, Iris, you talk pretty big. If anything happens to me or to Ann, you've still got my crew to take care of. They know the score and they have a radiophone to send for help by plane—just in case you and your pals go really berserk."

She turned her back on me and spoke in an undertone to the pockmarked Negro. Charlie turned the pump over to the other black, and as I drifted slowly past the stern of the boat he came to the rail, leaned on it, and said:

"You're crazy if you think you can dive that far. She's down over thirty feet."

"Who said anything about diving? She'll get tired pretty soon and come up."

"You *hope!*" he jeered.

I didn't dare wait any longer. Rolling on my side, I took half a breath and went under on a slant. I caught the taut anchor line a few feet below the surface, and started down hand over hand, as fast as I could go.

All at once, and sooner than I had expected, I was in the deep shadow of the wreck, and an instant later I saw Ann standing on the bottom. I couldn't see her clearly, of course, but I knew she must see me through the glass window of the helmet resting on her shoulders.

Charlie had lied. The water was only about twenty feet deep, and I kept going down until I touched the anchor stock, which was half buried in the ooze. Turning, I started up, throwing my legs about Ann's waist and dragging her with me as I went up the stiff line like a monkey on a stick.

My lungs now were tight as a drum and my heart was thumping wildly in my ears. I kept going, faster. I don't know when she lost the helmet. It may have fallen off her shoulders or she may have thrown it off. But all at once I reached the surface and pulled her up beside me and the helmet was gone. I held onto the anchor line, gasping for breath.

Ann grinned at me, said: "Isn't this rather sudden, Mr. Todd?"

Then, as she looked over my head at the boat, her face froze. Before I could say a word to warn her, the anchor line I'd been hanging onto went slack in my hand; some one on the cruiser had cast it free. I let go of it, threw one arm around Ann's neck and under her chin, and started swimming. We both went down as though we had been caught in an undertow.

Releasing her for an instant, I got my head out of water, reached for Ann, and pulled her up by the hair. The effort of lifting her forced me under, and I thought wildly: The weight of those lead-soled sandals is pulling us down! If we don't get help we'll drown! We'll drown together down there beside the Bluebird!

I heard, above the pounding of the pulses in my eardrums, a sudden roar in the water. A current kicked me in the chest and sent us both rolling over and over. When my head came up finally, I saw the Daiquirette pulling away.

And I knew that Ann and I couldn't even stay afloat, much less swim ashore. Where was Killer?

I managed a quick look-around, saw nothing but the receding Daiquirette. That time as I sank I gulped a mouthful of water, dragged it into my throat. Ann was shouting something, her face drawn and frightened; but I couldn't understand her.

I got my head out, and air and water gurgled in my windpipe. Then, as I struggled desperately to support Ann and keep my own head above water, she neatly broke my hold, shoved me away, and sank swiftly out of sight.

I fought for a breath, but the air only rattled in my throat and wouldn't go down. I started for Ann anyway. And all at once it was as though the lights went out and I floated away on a gentle current.

When I came to, I was on my back in the water and some one was holding my head up. I was gasping and water still gurgled in my throat, but a little air was slipping past the water. Turning my head, I looked into Ann's white face.

"Easy, Bart. Just lie still and rest a minute. We're all right now."

"How'd—you get—those sandals off?" I managed to ask between coughs.

She smiled, treading water slowly and easily. "I unsnapped the straps and kicked them off. It took only a couple of seconds. I'd have done it before—but you wouldn't let me."

"I thought you were drowning," I said feebly. "Where's the cruiser?"

"Heading out. Are you all right?"

"Yes."

She let go of my head and I turned over. I was just in time to see the sloop, with Tommy at the steering oar, cut squarely across the bow of the Daiquirette. Gears howled. The cruiser turned sharply to avoid a collison and the two boats came together abreast.

Killer, standing in the bow of the sloop like a boarding pirate, leaped for the Daiquirette's foredeck, landed on all fours, and scrambled aft. Then, with the two boats swinging and Tommy hanging fiercely onto the cruiser, Killer leaped off the cockpit canopy and I didn't see him for a moment. But I heard shouts and I heard, or thought I heard, the thud of blows.

The boats kept swinging, and by the time their sterns came around in our direction the two Negroes were in the water, only their black heads showing, and Killer was at the wheel of the Daiquirette. I couldn't see any one else in the cockpit as the big fellow yelled jubilantly: "Hold you' hat, kid! Here we go!"

The reverse gears stopped grinding. Then the wake churned white as Killer swung the cruiser around, with Tommy, in the sloop, hanging on for dear life. The boats headed toward us, and I could see Killer's grinning face as he peered around the side of the house. He throttled the motor, cut it finally, and drifted slowly up beside me.

"How yuh doin', skip?" he called. "You want a lift?"

He reached over and I caught his hand and he hauled me aboard. Charlie was lying on the deck. He wasn't out, but he was too smart to try to get up. Iris was sitting in one corner of the cockpit. She looked paralyzed with anger; blood was running from her nose, down over her mouth, and dripping off her chin.

As we reached over and lifted Ann up and into the cockpit, Killer said with a chuckle: "I didn't hit her, skip. I just pushed her. She come at me with a wrench and stuck her face right into my fist."

"He hit Uncle Charlie, though," Tommy chortled from the bow of the sloop. "But those two Negroes took one look at him and jumped right overboard. I guess he'd of killed 'em if they hadn't. Wouldn't you, Killer?"

"Sure, kid," Killer grinned.

The painter of the Daiquirette's dinghy had parted during the melee across the harbor. The blacks had swum to it, righted it, and now they were bailing it out with their cupped hands.

"Look, skip," Killer said brightly. "Shall we take this packet and leave the lot of 'em marooned? I saw the whole business, see? They tried to

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drown you, didn't they? How's about it, skip?"

"We're not pirates, Killer."

When I said that, Charlie sat up, rubbing his jaw. "When we get back to Miami," he began threateningly, "I'm going to—"

"When you get back to Miami," I said, "your bride is going to find herself in a tough jam. And I'll see to it that you never get a dime of Ann's money to buy her out of it."

"My money!" Ann exclaimed.

"Your money, Ann. That's what this punk here, your uncle, was after. You see, your father—"

Iris suddenly found her voice, rasped: "Will you people *please* get off my boat?"

"Your father, Ann, was Duncan Campbell," I said. "Yes, Iris, we'll get off your boat. Come on, Killer. Come on, Ann."

Tommy pulled the sloop up close aboard and the three of us piled in and shoved off. Iris stood up and walked stiffly to the wheel of the Daiquirette. She threw the clutch in, spun the wheel, and pushed the throttle wide open. The little cruiser charged away and swung over to the dinghy, which the Negroes were still trying to bail.

The two blacks climbed onto the cruiser, hauled the dinghy half out of the water, turned it over, and pulled it aboard. The motor roared again and the Daiquirette shot out between the ends of the sandspits, and was soon out of sight behind the dunes.

Then I groaned.

"Good heavens, we were fools to let her go! She'll run into Albert bringing the Heron up. He'll do anything she tells him, and she'll tell him to turn around and go back to Whale Cay."

Killer whistled. "Gee, skip, that ain't so good. If they get him back there, they'll sure enough wreck the Heron and maybe bump off poor old Albert. And then where'll we be? It's a long way to Little Harbor, and we ain't got no grub and not much water. And if a storm should come up—coitains! Skip, it looks to me like we're right behind the eight-ball. But don't worry, pal; I been behind so many eight-balls—"

"Trim your mains'l, Killer." I picked up the steering oar. "Tommy, mind the jib. Let's get out of here."

ANN, beside me in the stern, was silent, gravely thoughtful, and I didn't try to talk to her. I sailed the sloop out of the harbor, put her on a southwesterly course, and held her there. At sunset, when the water turned a deep and opaque purple and my untrained eyes could no longer spot the shoals, the reefs, the coral heads, I gave the oar to Ann. She took it in silence, and I looked at her and found her watching me.

I smiled and put my arm around her for a moment. She smiled back, but not friendly. She put her weight on the oar and drew away from me. From then on she watched the water, and I felt sick and bewildered.

"Courage, madam. You'll be down in a jiffy—maybe sooner!"

Night closed down over a wilderness of water and sand and breaking reef. There was no sign of the Heron, and I, at least, was worried and very hungry. And I couldn't understand why Ann was so silent, so cool. I asked finally, when Killer and Tommy were up in the bow:

"Why, Ann, did you go on with them when you said you'd stay at Whale Cay?"

"I disconnected a couple of wires on the distributor," she replied promptly, "and pretended I couldn't start the motor. But Iris must have seen me do it, or she understands motors. She replaced the wires without a word and said, 'Let's go,' and I couldn't refuse without making an issue of it. And there wasn't, really, any issue to make. Of course I didn't know, as *you* did, that—"

"As *I* did! Ann! I never even suspected. Do you think I'd have left you there if I'd known? It was a chance remark Dr. Featherstone dropped yesterday morning that tipped me off. Something about promising your father not to tell you until you were twenty-one. And that tied up with a lot of other things, and then it dawned on me—just as it dawned upon Charlie when he saw that last issue of the Yachtsman."

"I'm sorry, Bart." Her hand sought mine in the darkness and closed tightly over it. "I'm upset, I guess. Please forgive me. Will you tell me about it now?"

I told her everything, and when I finished she said softly, "You saved my life."

"Well? You saved mine."

"Which makes it unanimous—or something," she said thoughtfully. "You know, Bart, if I were really bright I'd have suspected something of this sort years ago. So many things pointed to it. Jeremy's interest—I can't think of him as Duncan—in the Bluebird. The way he never talked about his parents, or Sarah's, or his relatives—except to say he didn't like them. The way he'd never send the best pictures of us to the Yachtsman. Oh, a thousand different things! You know," she added contritely, "sometimes I've even caught myself wondering if he might not be—"

"I know. Hiding. Running away. Well, in a sense, but certainly not in a reprehensible sense, he was. He fled, in the Bluebird, from a way of life that repelled him. He was down there in the islands long enough before the Bluebird was wrecked to realize he had found another and a better way of life. He came back to it as soon as he could earn the money to buy another boat. He had to earn it himself, because he was too proud to draw on the money his grandfather had left him. But he kept control of that money—thinking that some day—you—"

Thinking of her now as a very wealthy woman, I felt that sick bewilderment again, and I didn't want to talk about it. Then she said:

"*I* don't want that money, Bart."

"But it's yours. You can't just throw it in the street. You can't just give it away."

"But I've been thinking about it for the last hour—more than about anything else, and there's so much to think about. Couldn't we—"

"We, Ann?"

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"Don't you want it that way, Bart?"

"More than anything else in the world."

"Are you *sure?* I had a feeling, the other night, that you weren't."

"Ann, I wasn't. But out there in the water today—when I thought you were drowning—then I knew. I love you, Ann, with all my heart. But there's that confounded money again."

"I know."

She laughed softly, and I put my arms around her and kissed her. I was sure, then, that Ann's fortune would never keep us apart nor bring us misery.

She asked a little later: "Bart, why couldn't we establish a foundation of some sort? Perhaps a Jeremy Jones foundation for providing some sort of health service for the poor out-island natives. We could work it out together. Then"—again that gentle laugh—"then your friends couldn't say you found an innocent little heiress over in the Bahamas and married her for her money."

I had thought that Killer was of course asleep. But now he said earnestly:

"Look, skip. Only a blind man could lamp Miss Jones and say you married her for her dough. I've seen some pretty sweet frails in my day, but—" He broke off. The boat heeled as he stumbled to his feet shouting: "Hey! Look-ut! Look-ut!"

Off to starboard a trail of red sparks arched into the sky. The flare burst into brilliance and started down slowly, lighting the sea in a half-mile circle. The White Heron was in the center of that circle of light and we were at its edge.

Spellbound, we watched the flare drift down and go out as it struck

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That's why millions use Bromo-Seltzer. Because, with a headache, so often your nerves and stomach are affected, too. Bromo-Seltzer not only helps STOP THE PAIN, but also CALM THE NERVES and SETTLE THE STOMACH. Next time*, get this sensible, *3-way* relief. Use Bromo-Seltzer as directed on the label.

Listen to Ben Bernie Tuesday nights

BROMO-SELTZER

**For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.*

Each advertisement appearing in Liberty has been scrutinized carefully. We believe every product or service so presented can be relied upon to live up to all statements made in the advertisement.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

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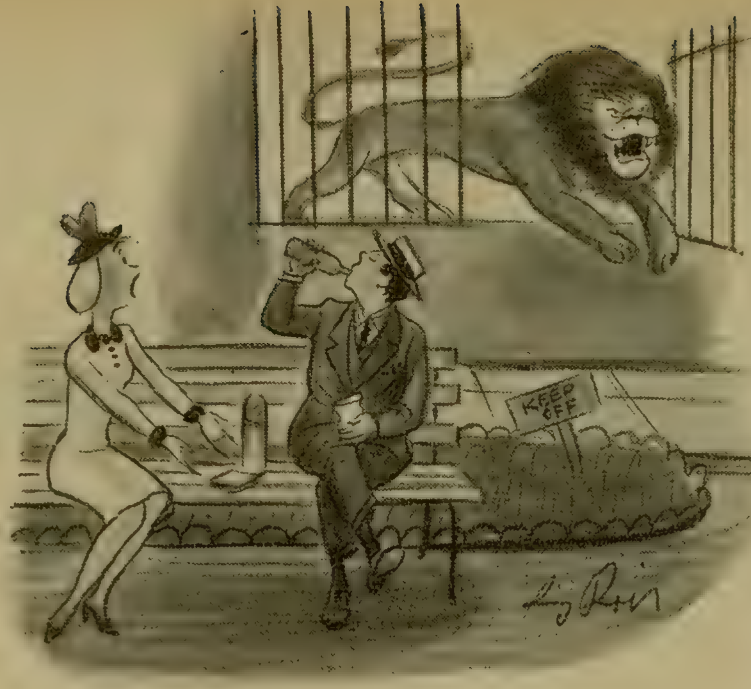
For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.**

" Quick! Hand me the peanuts! "



the sea. Pitch-darkness blotted the yawl for an instant, and then a finger of light shot skyward from her deck as Albert switched on his searchlight. Ann brought the sloop onto the port tack, and Tommy chortled: " It's eight o'clock, Bart. Albert was right on the dot."

" There's a guy," Killer remarked. " Old Albert! "

We boarded the yawl ten minutes later, and found Albert sitting calmly in his favorite corner of the cockpit. He had cut the motor at our hail and was drifting placidly, in plenty of water, under a cloudless sky.

" We'll anchor, Killer. Get the hook over."

" Aye, aye, skip. Then let's eat, huh? "

" Bart, can I phone gramp? " Tommy asked eagerly.

" Sure; go ahead."

" Everything hall right, cap'n? " Albert inquired calmly.

" Everything is fine, Albert. The little lady headed back this way, but I guess she missed you."

" No, cap'n. De li'l' lady *di'n'* miss me."

" She spoke to you? "

" Yaas, she did, cap'n. She come 'longside, an' dat Freddy 'old on de gunwale, an' de li'l' lady talk."

" What did she say? "

" She say you all drowneded by de wreck. She say, 'Halbert, you come 'long an' my boys'll 'elp you sail de 'Eron back to Li'l' 'Arbor.' She tell me dat, cap'n, but Hi know she lie to me."

" The little lady lie? *No*, Albert! "

" You cain't fool me, cap'n," he said very seriously. " Hi know de li'l' lady longer dan you. When she doan tell de truth, cap'n, Hi know by de look in 'er heyes."

" And did you know we asked her to take you back to the doctor and she refused? "

He nodded soberly. " Hi know dat too, cap'n. Hi know she not truly my frien'. You are my frien', cap'n. An' Miss Ann is my frien'. An' Tommy is my frien'. Even Killer is my frien'. But de li'l' lady—"

" *Even* Killer! " the big fellow roared from up forward. As I may have mentioned, his cauliflower ears were sharp. " I like that! "

" Go ahead, Albert," I urged. " What did you tell her? "

" Hi doan tell 'er nothin', cap'n."

" But what happened? "

Albert's mood changed. He suddenly slapped his knee and laughed. He laughed so long and so hard that the tears rolled down his black face.

" Albert! What happened? "

He slapped his leg again. " De li'l' cruiser run smack-bang on de reef."

" *What* reef? " Ann asked breathlessly.

" Why, de reef Hi'm 'eadin' for all de time dey talk to me an' doan look where dey're going. Dey strike de reef, an' Hi sheer off quick an' keep pluggin' on my course like de cap'n tell me."

Killer, who had come aft, thumped Albert over the shoulder and bellowed:

" Nice goin', Al, old kid! "

" Where's the Daiquirette now? " I asked.

" She sunk, cap'n."

" No! " Ann exclaimed in horror.

" Yaas, Miss Ann. She slide off de reef an' go down. Dey hall jump hin de dink, an' hit go down too. But dey get to a li'l' cay, an' dat's where Hi see dem last. Hi guess dey purty maad, cap'n. But me, Hi'm maad too. Only Hi doan stay maad for very long."

" But what you do while you *are* mad! " Ann laughed and put her arm around me.

" Well, Albert," I said, " we'll just let them stay on that li'l' cay all night. We'll let them sweat a while. Then tomorrow we'll radio Nassau and have a seaplane come out and pick them up."

" Not tomorrow, cap'n. Day *hafter* tomorrow." Albert grinned. " Hi'm still a li'l' bit maad."

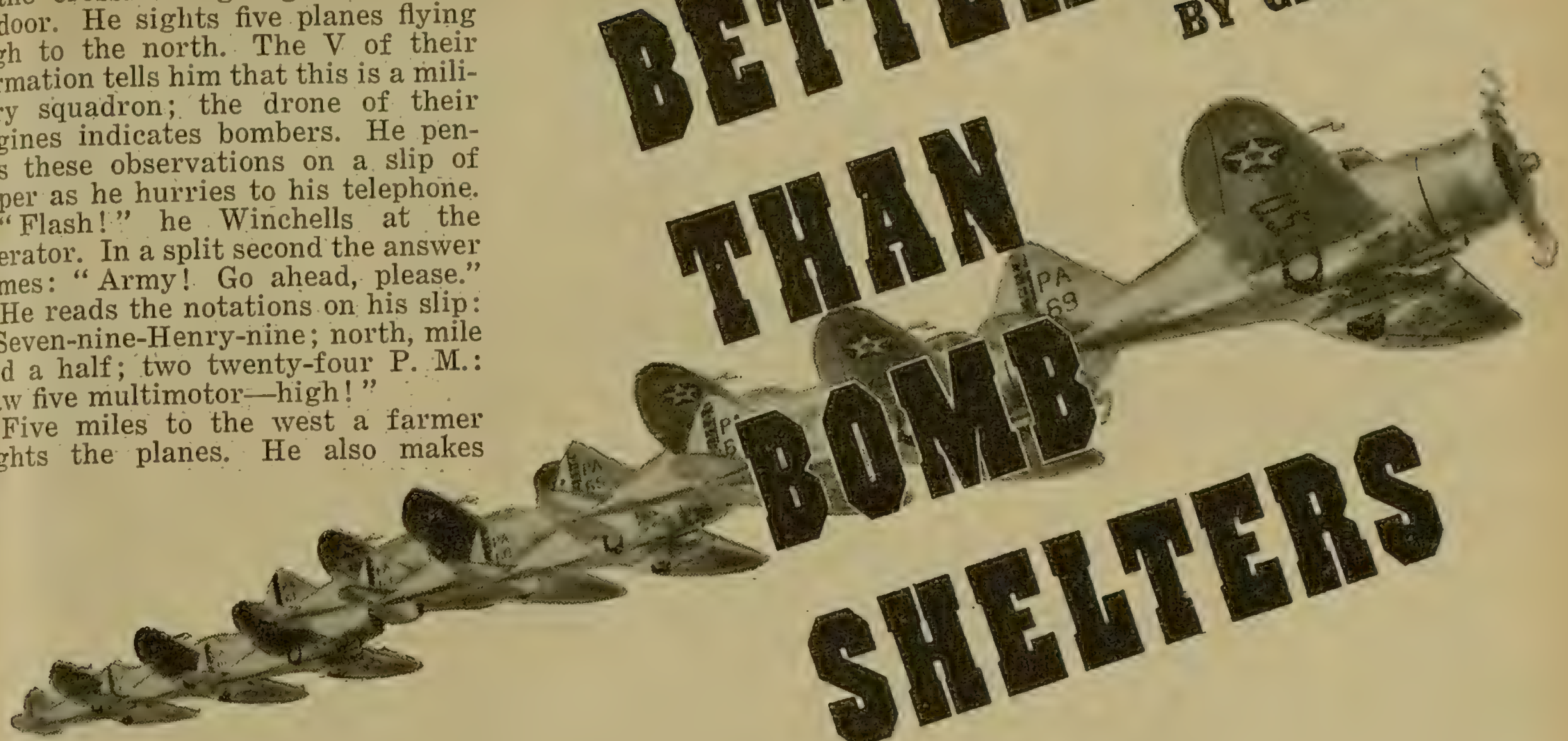
And then we all laughed as a shrill voice drifted up from below: " That's right, gramp. . . . Yep. . . . Yep. . . . Yep, gramp, I guess they'll get married, all right. Anyway, I seen him kissin' her! "

THE END

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

BETTER THAN BOMB SHELTERS

BY GEORGE PECK



'41 has its minute-men! Here's heartening news

THE purr of airplane motors brings the crossroads garageman to his door. He sights five planes flying high to the north. The V of their formation tells him that this is a military squadron; the drone of their engines indicates bombers. He pencils these observations on a slip of paper as he hurries to his telephone.

"Flash!" he Winchells at the operator. In a split second the answer comes: "Army! Go ahead, please."

He reads the notations on his slip: "Seven-nine-Henry-nine; north, mile and a half; two twenty-four P. M.: Saw five multimotor—high!"

Five miles to the west a farmer sights the planes. He also makes notes; then runs for his telephone. Others along their line of flight do likewise: a village grocer, a whistle-stop station agent, a wayside tavern-keeper, and, beyond the ridge, a fire warden in his lookout tower. The word "Flash!" gives them instant phone connection with the army, since they are civilian observers of Uncle Sam's new Air Defense Unit.

At the other end of the wire is the Army Information Center, one of several in this area. Here enlisted men stand around a huge odd-shaped table that is a map of the air-defense sector. It is crisscrossed into overlapping squares. The men wear telephone headsets, and are equipped with rakes like those of the croupiers at a gaming table. Numbered and lettered disks and tiny varicolored miniature airplanes are at hand.

As the flash messages are received, the men refer to the ciphers on the crisscrossed map and move the disks and miniature airplanes with their rakes. Officers direct the tracing of a corresponding line on a companion map. For these messages are the warning that enemy planes are bound for an objective in United States territory. That line being traced indicates their line of flight.

From the maps the information is flashed to a control officer. He speedily classifies it and distributes it for transmission to army headquarters and all defending army units. Mobile antiaircraft and other artillery units are notified, teletype orders clicked off to airfields in the defense area.

Just to take care of all eventualities, another Signal Corps group mans a map over which a similar line-of-flight of planes approaching the coast line can be recorded with mathematical accuracy by the use of the army's new aircraft-detector apparatus. Coast Guard observation units supplement this aircraft-detector system. Their "flash messages" follow a procedure similar to those from the civilian observers.

The defending craft are in the air within a few minutes after the receipt of those first flash messages. Flashes from other civilian observers continue to come through, keeping a check of the progress of the attacking squadron which is transmitted to the defending squadrons in the air.

They continue at their posts twenty-four hours a day—such observers in the field and army men at the information centers. They work in shifts. But at the present time they are merely playing war games—with army, civilian observers, Coast Guard, and industrial forces coordinated into the Aircraft Warning Service. Representing the army is the recently formed Air Defense Command; the civilian auxiliary force consists of local groups recruited by the American Legion; the Coast Guard is the vigilant eye looking seaward; and industry's participant is the Bell Telephone System and its associated companies.

Conceived and developed by the Air Defense Command, the Aircraft Warning Service provides the United States army with accurate, immediate, and continuous information on attacking aircraft. Following exhaustive studies of England's Air Attack Warning systems, it was decided that the long distances between American boundaries and probable objectives, plus the tremendous telephone coverage, made this different plan practicable here.

The plan has been tried out and streamlined in army maneuvers all over the United States during the past year, with the latest test made on a twenty-four-hour basis for several days very recently over a large sector including Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New York State east of the Hudson.

Organization of the plan involved the enrolling and instruction of more than 5,000 civilian observers, a job handled very efficiently by the American Legion. The Bell System cooperated by placing all necessary facilities at the army's disposal. Telephone engineers sat in with Air Defense and Signal Corps officers. Other telephone men prepared sectionized maps. In each six-mile square a telephone post was designated by code character, which enabled the Army Information Center to identify the calling observer—for instance, the garageman with his "Seven-nine-Henry-nine."

Special toll lines were provided direct to army centers and operators were instructed to give right of way to all "flash" calls. Army switchboards and teletypes were installed.

During the latest Aircraft Warning test "enemy" attacks were made day and night. So smoothly did the plan function that defending planes intercepted all attacking squadrons.

Mitchel Field, Long Island, is the army's research lab of air defense, where telephone engineers, radio experts, Signal Corps and Air Force officers are doing a complete job on the Aircraft Warning Service. They are agreed that the plan's ultimate development promises a better solution than air-raid shelters for the problem of protection of civilians.

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

IT *is* an accomplishment to create a paying business out of your heart's desire. The desire of Jeannette Stevens' heart was to captain her own ship. She has realized that ambition by becoming a teacher of sailing. With a fifty-foot schooner and with a couple of dinghies, she now gives lessons in handling boats both large and small. All the year round she takes out very mixed groups—college girls and boys, office stenographers and certified public accountants, whole families, including mama, papa, and the kids—once an eighty-year-old grandmother with a couple of young granddaughters. In common they all have the urge to learn about seafaring. The course costs five dollars for a series of six lessons. Jeannette won't accept you unless you can swim at least 100 yards. She advises every one to wear wool slacks, rubber-soled sneakers, a sweater or coat, and some kind of a hat big enough to protect you from sunburn. Lubbers scorched sick by the sun make trouble for everybody. . . . Mrs. Stevens' vacation cruises of one or two weeks are booked up long in advance by parties of friends. If her clients want to be lazy, Jeannette and her crew do all the sailing. Most of her pupils want to work the boat themselves. They stand regular watches, take soundings, write up the logbook, learn how to read coastwise charts and how to salt their talk with genuine nautical terms. Every one has a hearty, healthy time. When Jeannette isn't sailing she works for a taxidermist.

☆ The shopping genius of the true Frenchwoman has just been analyzed for me by Bijie de Wardener, American wife of Baron de Wardener. For ten years she was a director of Mainbocher's famous fashion house in Paris. Now she holds a similar position with a smart New York establishment. . . . "Rich or poor," she said, "all real Frenchwomen take shopping as a serious business, not as an adventure. They hunt for what they want until they find it. Caprice never tempts them to buy a hat or a dress on the spur of the moment. . . . Instead of leaping at any new style, they insist upon adapting it to their own looks. Take stockings for example: They know that stockings should harmonize with the complexion. Once they've struck the right shade, they wear it year after year—a darker tone for daytime, lighter for evening. That's economical as well as effective. . . . Their gloves, shoes, and handbags are conservatively black, brown, or blue—white in summer. Unusual color touches they reserve for hats, lapel flowers, belts, buttons, collars and cuffs." . . . As explained by Baroness de Wardener, these French shopping tricks are worth studying. They save money.

"Doc, I've got a pain in the neck."

☆ Next to going there as a tourist, *reading* about South America is the foreign-travel vogue of this year. Rudyard Kipling's Brazilian Sketches, which appeared first in Liberty, have just been republished in book form by Doubleday, Doran and Co. Seven poems accompany the prose.

☆ Wide response to my note about George Chisholm's experiment with nonfattening potatoes. Columnist Carrie Lee MacPherson (Kay Thurber) of Lorain, Ohio, suggests they be named *potentatoes.* Morris T. Raymond of East Aurora, New York, wants them called *nofatatoes.* Ward and Bobbie Harper of Brighton, Massachusetts, name them *dietatoes.* Ward and Bobbie say, "Please let us know as soon as they're on the market."

☆ Raymond Massey, I'm told, could use the helping hand of a high-minded pickpocket. Ever since he played Lincoln in Robert Sherwood's hit, Abe Lincoln in Illinois, actor Massey has been trying without success to filch something from playwright Sherwood. What he's after is a Childs Restaurant paper napkin on which Mr. Sherwood scribbled the first draft of the sublime prayer Lincoln says in the play. Considering it a priceless manuscript that should be preserved, Mr. Massey fears Sherwood will wear it out carrying it around in his pocket to show to people. But Sherwood won't let go, and Massey can't manage to pilfer. Obviously the rescue of the precious document is a midnight job for *Mrs.* Sherwood.

☆ Here is an old Lincolnshire recipe for *English Potted Beef.* It was a great favorite in Victorian days, and is still one of the best of supper dishes. . . . Cut meat from 3 pounds shin of beef in 1-inch pieces. Put the shinbone in your cooking pot with the meat. Add ½ onion, 1 bay leaf, 1 clove. Barely cover with water and cook slowly till meat is tender—about 3 hours. Set aside to cool. Skim off all fat; reheat; remove bone; chop meat very fine or run once through grinder. Don't lose any of the gravy. Season with salt, pepper, and ¼ teaspoon finely grated lemon peel. Pour into a chilled mold that has been brushed lightly with salad oil. Slice a hard-boiled egg in quarters and press them into the meat. Chill overnight in the refrigerator.

Serve cold with mixed sweet pickles and hot O'Brien potatoes.

40 ANSWERS

by Elsa Maxwell

to her questions on page 18

1—When Louis XIV was building the gardens of Versailles, his chief gardener was enraged that the courtiers persisted in trampling the newly seeded lawns. He petitioned the king, who ordered small *étiquettes* (tickets) set up on sticks to mark the paths. When these were ignored, His Majesty decreed “The courtiers *must* observe the etiquette.”

2—Etiquette is the accepted form of behavior in society. Protocol is the formality of diplomatic and social relations between governments and between royalty and others.

3—In China.

4—“Your Royal Highness” or “sir.” The Duchess, “Your Highness.” At the introduction you would say “How do you do” if they offered their hands.

5—The usher goes first, followed by the woman, then the man. If there is no usher, the man leads the way to find the seats. The man sits nearest the aisle.

6—Certainly. Simply inquire of the waiter how a dish is cooked if you don’t understand the French term.

7—No, your friend will have to figure it out for himself. It is correct only to say “May I present my friend Mr. Smith, Mr. Wells?”

8—Bore him more than he bores you. If he talks about his operation, interrupt, and outtalk him about yours, etc.

9—If it is a small party and he is an intimate friend, it is thoughtful to ask if he would like something else. If the party is large, ignore the situation.

10—No. No one likes to be dragged around, breaking up conversations and mumbling countless names. A smart hostess will pilot a late arrival to a small group, introduce him, and let him fend for himself.

11—Good manners assume that any one you meet in a friend’s house is worthy of your friendship. Simply say “I’m So-and-so,” and begin chatting.

12—No, except with intimate friends.

13—By all means, “my husband.” And to any one who is more than the barest acquaintance, she speaks of him by his first name. Only to servants or tradespeople does a woman correctly speak of her husband as “Mr. ——”.

14—You do as she says, no matter how you feel.

15—Not necessarily. It is not good taste to allow the argument to become personal, but otherwise go right on arguing.

16—Neither. You simply bring him up to date, then continue.

17—You show plainly that you are terribly sorry without going into hysterical apologies. If it is a valuable piece of bric-à-brac, you ask if you may have it repaired. If it is beyond repair, you make an effort to replace it.

18—Do your best to ease his embarrassment by smiling and saying, “Never mind. It doesn’t matter a bit.” If he shows he wants to make up for his accident, don’t embarrass him further by refusing to allow it. If the accident involves spilling something, wipe it up and gather up the pieces.

19—“Please excuse me” is used when you leave some one’s presence for a moment, to return. “Pardon me” is *never* correct. The other two phrases are apologies for causing others trouble or discomfort, such as walking in front of people seated in the theater, bumping into some one, etc.

20—If you are an unmarried girl, you stand when women the age of your mother, or older, enter the room. If you are past the debutante stage, rise only when a woman well past middle age approaches. Every one rises when an eminently distinguished woman enters.

21—Emphatically not.

22—Allow him to remain standing, but cut the conversation short.

“Mom’s got some stuff on the stove she told me to stir.”

23—Say something. The person can only be grateful.

24—The first is correct. Be calm, courteous, and keep your feelings to yourself. If you are introduced, say coolly, “I have met Mr. ——,” or “How do you do,” and then use the first opportunity to leave.

25—(*a*) No formal thanks are necessary, but be sure to mention it the next time you see or phone her. (*b*) Men guests usually send flowers to the hostess within a few days after a large party, but I think it is more gracious to send flowers the morning before the party. Women need not acknowledge, but showing gratitude for a pleasant time is never a mistake. (*c*) A note of thanks must be written and a little gift is in order, unless you have taken a gift with you.

26—Before going to the restaurant the hostess should give money to the man who will sit next to her and ask him to pay the check; or she can ask him to pay the bill and tell her what it amounts to afterward. She must *not* allow men to sit painfully by while she makes a show of paying the bill.

27—Don’t stop conversation to thank him. But if you ask him for something, be sure to say “Thank you” when he brings it.

28—Shake hands with the glove on, unless you have time to take it off first. “Pardon my glove” is a vulgar expression.

29—(*a*) You say smilingly but firmly, “So-and-so is a friend of mine, so can’t we talk about something else?” (*b*) Say firmly, “I’m sorry, but you are mistaken about that,” and then give the facts.

30—Decidedly not. The habit of frantic check-clutching in restaurants is painful to observe. The person who originated the plan to lunch together pays the bill.

31—If the table is properly set, the fork on the outside will be the right one.

32—Yes, unless it contains very drippy filling, or is too large to handle gracefully. Then use a fork.

33—No. The next day you should send for it and have it cleaned.

34—Yes.

35—Warn them, but play.

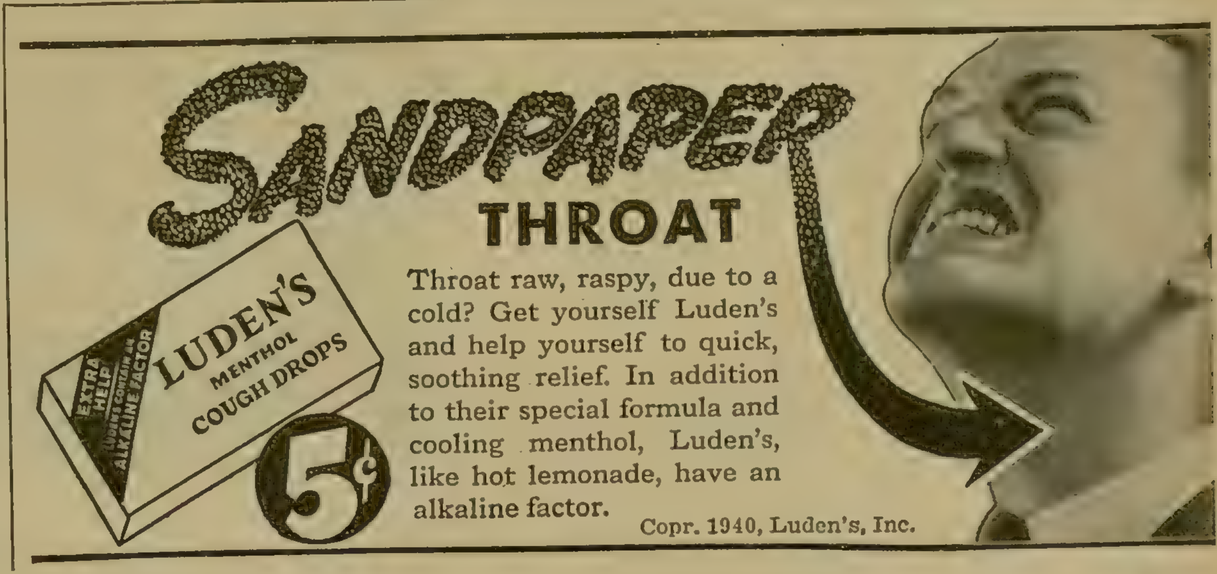
36—(*a*) Decline the cigarette. (*b*) You must take off your hat if it is possible without jabbing some one in the eye with your elbow. (*c*) He precedes the woman, to assist her from the vehicle. (*d*) He has the waiter find the missing articles.

37—It stands for the French phrase “*Répondez s’il vous plait,*” meaning “Please answer.”

38—“Black tie” means that men are requested to wear tuxedos, and women dinner dresses. “White tie” signifies a formal party, requiring full dress for men and ball dresses for women.

39—The envelope is left open—a courteous way of showing the person you are introducing that you would be glad to have him read the letter.

40—He must ask the hostess to dance early in the evening. After that he may concentrate pretty much on one girl, but never to the point of rudeness to others.



SANDPAPER THROAT

Throat raw, raspy, due to a cold? Get yourself Luden’s and help yourself to quick, soothing relief. In addition to their special formula and cooling menthol, Luden’s, like hot lemonade, have an alkaline factor.

Copr. 1940, Luden’s, Inc.

This MAN'S ARMY

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

WHAT'S the matter with including the Coast Guard? We are a separate branch of the service of Uncle Sam.

C. M. H., U. S. Coast Guard.

Old Sarge's face is red! The masthead is corrected. Coast Guard is one of oldest services. Founded in 1790, as the Revenue Cutter Service, when we had no navy. Participated with great honor in all United States wars and saved countless lives in peacetime. Old Sarge stands at respectful attention.

There is a fellow who wants a name for draftees. (January 18 Liberty.) The name we have been called by is, I guess, good enough for them. We've been called Dogfaces.

Three Soldiers,
Medical Detachment,
Fort F. E. Warren, Wyo.

Not quite good enough. Haven't heard a real good one yet. Sing out, troopers.

My draft number will come up soon. I am a college graduate and hope to have my master's degree in February.

I am physical education instructor in one of the schools here, and also have had experience as recreation supervisor dealing with boys from seven to twenty-three years of age. Could I be engaged as physical instructor in the event my number is called? If not, in what branch of service would I be of most help?

H. J., Chicago, Ill.

Let's get it clear: The whole purpose of this training program (and the big advantage over 1917) is to find out what every man can do best and put him to work learning how to do it according to military needs. Your education as physical instructor will certainly be utilized after your thirteen-weeks shakedown period.

I didn't join this army to travel. I wasn't wanting opportunities. I didn't want good eats. To hell with medical and dental attention. I don't even want to go to school. I wasn't needing any wool clothing. I don't want to live in nice warm barracks, nor even be a sergeant! All I ask is for one good crack at those ------ Nazis!!!!

Private, Chanute Field, Ill.

Hey, you! Move over into my outfit, will you? I could use a handful like you any time.

My husband and I have never been welshers on debts. At our last post we owed several monthly installments to a company when we were transferred to a Southeastern post. The " training boom " has shot prices sky-high here, rents and everything, including gas and electricity. We simply could not meet the installments that were due.

The company wrote to the commanding officer here, and as a result my husband was called into the orderly room. He was told to have a money order ready the next day—" or else."

In justice to most officers, it must be said that they realize soldiers try hard to pay their debts and do not waste money.

But I would like to know whether a post commandant has the authority to demand payment of private debts, using threats of reduction in rank, etc.

Army Wife (Post name deleted).

It's the duty of all officers and soldiers to preserve the dignity and prestige of the army. A trail of bad debts left by one man reflects upon every man in uniform and hurts his credit. The commanding officer has no specific legal authority to enforce debt payment. But the army is not a union. A man's " rights " often depend upon the opinion his superiors have of him.

Old Sarge sympathizes with you, of course. Tell your husband to show this to his company commander and have a heart-to-heart talk.

I did not state on my draft questionnaire that I had once been convicted of a crime. This is beginning to worry me. Please, Sarge, tell me what I ought to do.

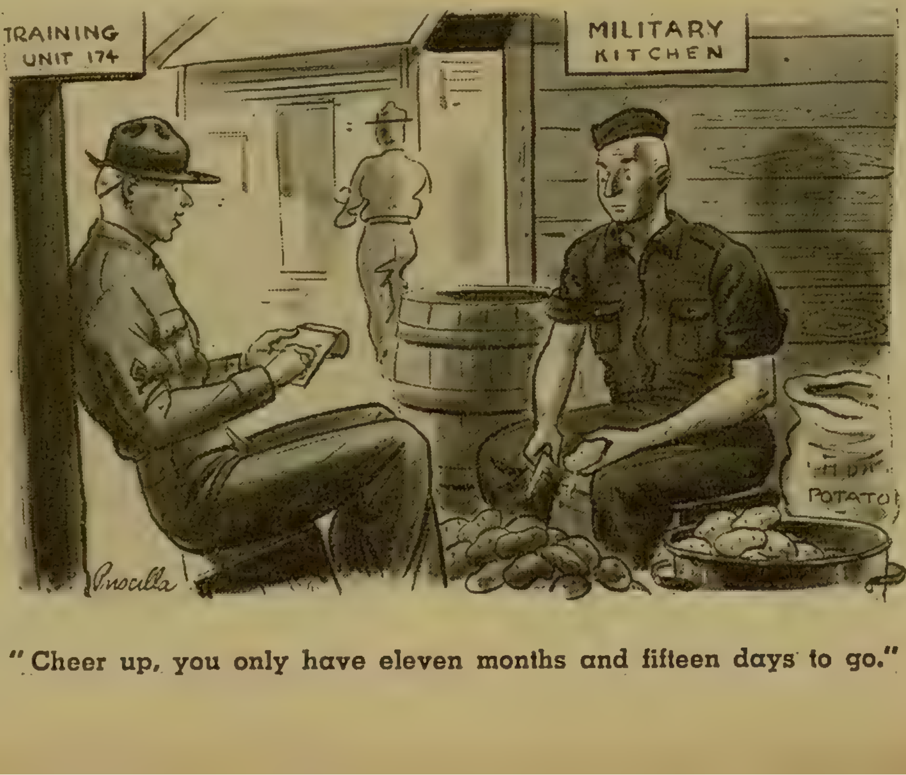
Private, Fort Lewis, Wash.

Go to your company commander immediately. The truth will not affect your military status and will clear your record. Very important.

Several men in my outfit have asked me to write and say this: They are illiterate, cannot read or write. Is there any way they can attend classes of instruction and learn to read and write?

Corporal, Camp Pendleton, Va.

Washington tells Old Sarge classes will begin soon for illiterates.



" Cheer up, you only have eleven months and fifteen days to go."

THE BONUSES FOR LIBERTY SHORT SHORTS

for 1940 are awarded as follows:

A DIPPER OF WATER

by Jack Shuttleworth

in the issue of March 2

$1,000

•

SANCTUARY

by Leslie Gordon Barnard

in the issue of August 3

$500

•

$100 EACH TO

SOMETHING ORIGINAL, by Suzanne Silvercruys, issue of March 30; HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS, by Frances Fink, issue of December 28; HONOR HAS ANOTHER NAME, by William Benton Johnston, issue of September 21; LITTLE OLD LADY, by Sophie Kerr, issue of January 13; INITIATION, by Burton Rascoe, issue of April 13.

HONORABLE MENTION

BEPPO, by Jane Magill (August 10); PARTING SHOT, by Dale Clark (August 24); SOLDIER, SOLDIER, by Sophie Kerr (February 10); GIRL WITHOUT A HEART, by Joseph Csida (February 24); YOU CAN'T HELP LOVE, by Octavus Roy Cohen (January 6); SPRING TONIC, by Rebecca Stevenson (May 11); SOMETHING YOUNG AND GROWING, by N. Conkling (May 4); SIC TRANSIT, by Rena Terrington (July 27); DANIEL'S CHOICE, by Hilda Cole (May 18); MEANT FOR EACH OTHER, by Mignon Bushell (November 2); THE SENTIMENTAL HORSE, by Mollie Gibbons (June 22); TRIAL BY FIRE, by Walter C. Brown (May 25).

NEW!
VICKS INHALER

Quick Way to Greater Breathing Comfort

Vicks Inhaler

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ANY TIME—ANY PLACE

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Because it's packed with effective medication that makes the nose feel clearer in seconds! And what's most important—you can use it just as often as needed.

Now to enjoy greater breathing comfort at work or play make this new Vicks Inhaler your day-long companion. Being about as small as your little finger it's easy to carry in pocket or purse.

By Makers of Vicks VapoRub

YOUR HOSPITAL BILLS *Paid!*

3¢ A DAY HOSPITALIZATION PLAN

POLICY PAYS
Hospital Room and Board up to
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Don't run the risk of heavy financial expense for Hospitalization in case of sickness, accident or maternity. Avail yourself of complete, reliable protection under the new North American Plan. At the low cost of only 3c a day you may go to any Hospital in the U.S. under any doctor's care. WE PAY DOCTOR, HOSPITAL and MATERNITY BILLS. No medical examination. Entire family can be covered. Claims paid within 48 hours.

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NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL LIFE CORP.
Dept. L-2, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".
Name
Address
City State

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

The Rival

LIBERTY'S
SHORT SHORT

BY WALTER BROOKS

THE portrait, hanging in its white frame over a carved Italian chest, was the first thing Brandon saw as he entered the room. "A Sandring, isn't it?" he said. "Now, if it were this you were willing to dispose of instead of the Lautrecs . . ."

Laight smiled and said nothing. Mrs. Laight left them abruptly and fingered music on the piano. Brandon continued to look at the portrait. It was a girl, very young, very lovely, swept on to the canvas with those long delicate strokes for which Sandring was famous. There was something familiar about it, too; something— Then suddenly he saw.

He turned. "I must apologize," he said with some embarrassment. "A dealer, Mrs. Laight, sees the technique first, the subject second. The likeness, of course—perfect!"

"Celia was playing in Fortunatus when she sat for him," said Laight. "Let's see, Celia—that would have been about—"

"Why don't you show Mr. Brandon the Lautrecs?" said Mrs. Laight irritably.

"Why, I thought—after dinner," said Laight uncomfortably. "Since Brandon's staying the night. . . . How about a drink, Brandon?"

DURING dinner, and later, poring over the portfolio of Toulouse-Lautrecs, Brandon thought about the portrait. A stupid mistake he had made—not to see at once that it was Mrs. Laight. A younger, more beautiful Mrs. Laight, but recognizably the same. And yet not as stupid as *that*, he thought, remembering her coldly resentful manner. Yet she had been gracious enough at dinner, though she had gone to bed early. Then suddenly it came to him. She hates the thing, he thought. She fears it. Now I wonder . . .

HE was dressing next morning when there was a tap on the door and Laight came in.

"Sorry to disturb you, Brandon," he said, "but there's trouble downstairs. The Sandring has disappeared. Cut from the frame."

"You've sent for the police?"

"Not yet. I'll be frank with you, Brandon. Everything was locked tight last night. Moreover, there was snow at nine; it is unbroken around the house. I thought we could talk it over before going any further."

"I see," said Brandon slowly. "I can't blame you for your suspicions, Laight. There's a market for such things, even when they're stolen. Call the police, by all means. And yet—" He looked steadily at the other. "I think, before you do . . . Is Mrs. Laight downstairs?"

"She is in her room."

"Then may we go down?"

In the library, Brandon climbed on a chair and examined the empty frame. "Not a neat job," he said. "Hardly professional. And see here: half the signature left in the lower corner where the scissors curved around to go up the side. Scissors! A man would have used a knife."

"A man?" said Laight. "But—"

"I am trying to show you," said Brandon, "that a woman cut this canvas. What do you make of this?" He pointed to a smear of red on the frame, then whipped out a magnifying glass and handed it to Laight.

Laight climbed up beside him on the chest. "Crayon?" he said.

"Lipstick. Standing here, she could only reach to cut the upper edge by pressing close to the frame." He reached up to illustrate. "Laight, your wife cut that portrait out."

"What the devil are you talking about?" Laight demanded angrily.

He started toward the phone, but Brandon said softly: "I wouldn't. Not until I'd heard the rest. I'm not accusing your wife of being a thief. I'm trying to save you not only from considerable embarrassment but from doing her a great injustice. How long ago was this portrait painted? Fifteen years or so? And Mrs. Laight is fifteen years older. Do you see what it is to a woman who loves her husband? A rival. The most dangerous rival any woman can have—her own youth. Why do you suppose that my blunder last night in not at first recognizing her in the portrait disturbed her so? It brought it home to her. I think she has wanted to destroy it for a long time."

Laight was shaken. "It could be." He looked uncertainly at Brandon, but made no attempt to telephone the police.

IN his room Brandon repacked his bag. From under the rug he took the portrait and put it in the bottom. Too bad I couldn't have had the whole signature, he thought. But, after all, it's Sandring's brushwork old Van Doorn wants. He grinned. Lucky I had that red crayon.

Downstairs Laight was waiting. "Well, Brandon, where's the portrait?"

"Eh?" said Brandon.

"My dear fellow! You were very clever. Your theoretical knowledge of women has all my respect. But practically! You assumed, you see, that Celia either went to bed without removing her lipstick or that she put it on before coming down to take the canvas. Either assumption is—well . . ." He left the sentence. "However, I don't want to push the thing through. I'm letting you off. If you'll simply hand over the portrait . . ."

Brandon unstrapped his bag.

WHEN Brandon had gone, Laight locked the canvas in his desk and went to his wife. "Brandon had it," he said.

"I thought so," said Mrs. Laight. "You called the police?"

"No. He'd ruined the thing. I thought the simplest way—well, dear, I sold it to him."

"Sold it!"

"Yes. Frankly, I haven't liked it for a long time. It's you—oh, yes—but such an immature you. So callow and—well, I wonder now how I could have felt as I did about you."

She turned to him quickly. "George! You really feel that?"

"Of course. And so I thought—Well, I'm sorry if you care."

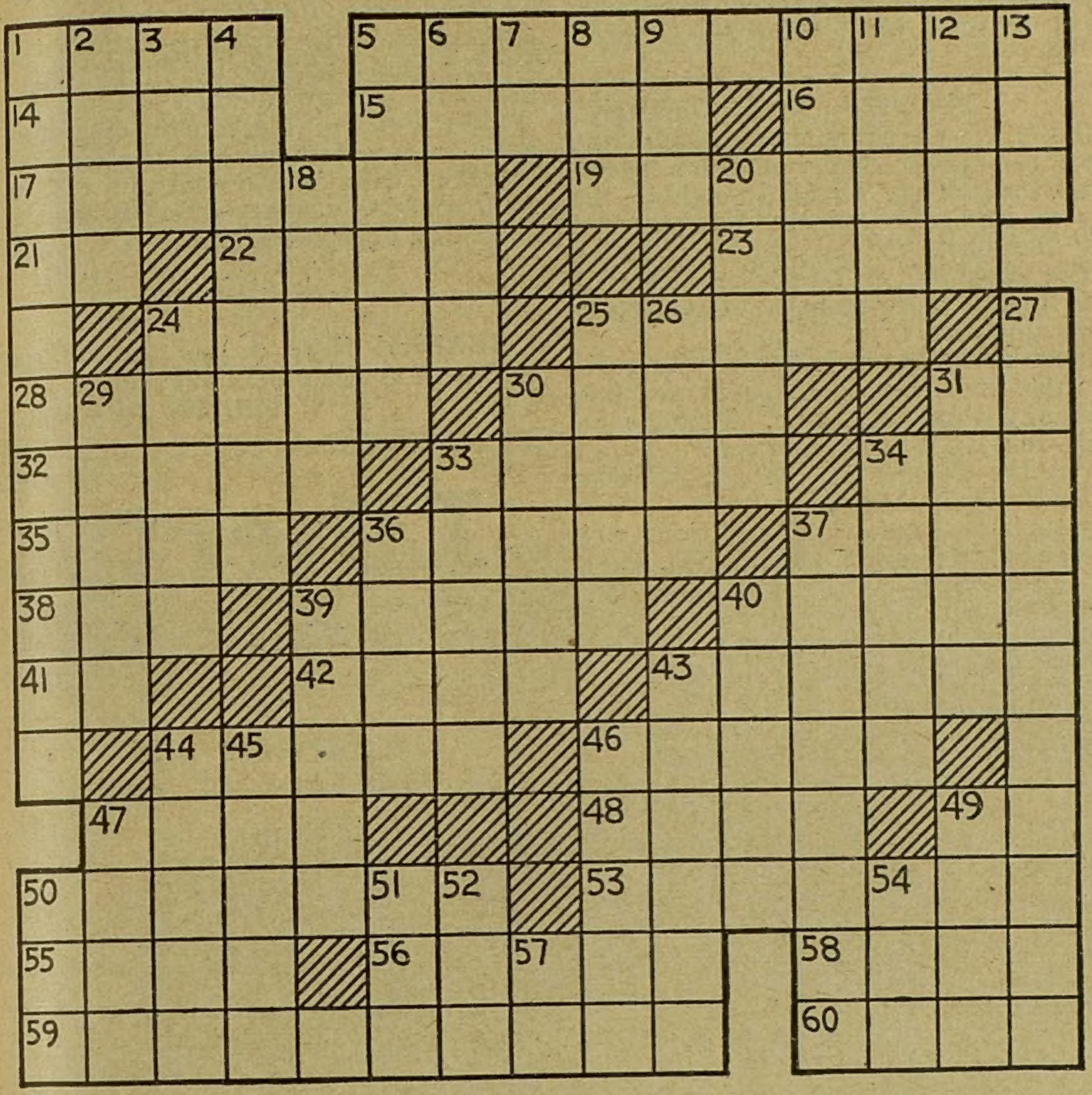
"But I don't." She put her arms around him. "I don't, truly."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

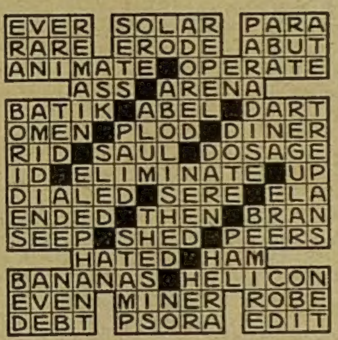
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Pocketbook plush, makes a nice silver lining, is due-resistant
5 Weather Göring fears most (pl.)
14 Nom de plum
15 When nuts think this way, there's a great clank of machinery
16 Doughville's resortful pal
17 A yeller nut
19 Battle-wagon blitzkriegers
21 You can usually double with these two
22 Poet's picnic ground
23 It made the Baker's Wife the hottest thing in town
24 Person who eats Limburger sandwiches with onions
25 They're terribly stuffy and just burn you up by smoking constantly indoors
28 Thunk in Texas
30 Fresh shrimp
31 End of a clasp and beginning of a spat
32 Phony businesses, in the hands of receivers
33 What a beautiful dresser in a modern living room has
34 In short—Carmichael's boss
35 Does 'oo wemember the Thwee Dam Fishes? This sizes 'em up
36 This followed U. S. around the Civil War, was a general nuisance to the South
37 Word from a mushroom
38 Latin connections
39 Drafted internal relief at the bottleneck
40 Just about our best glider
41 What Annabella calls Power
42 Basic sound used in pig Latin
43 If you don't like riding on them, you can lump it!
44 It's dried up and wrinkled and comes to the table stewed
46 It's so hot in Florida, folks are removing their skins and sitting around in these
47 Kind of sandwiches parrot tongues make
48 Small cramped apartments
49 What not to be when a bore calls
50 Burped, as Mother Nature
53 Kind of system Culbertson uses when his hands are cold
55 Irish feet
56 This doubled up the quintuplets (wouldn't it give you a pain?)
58 Hollywood director
59 Here's a tough one for restaurant owners: Broiled sole of boot, with iron ribs (two words)
60 This woman made a clean-up in the Stock Exchange



EVER SOLAR PARA
RARE ERODE ABUT
ANIMATE■OPERATE
ASS■ARENA
BATIK■ABEL■DART
OMEN■PLOD■DINER
RID■SAUL■DOSAGE
ID■ELIMINATE■UP
DIALED■SERE■ELA
ENDED■THEN■BRAN
SEEP■SHED■PEERS
HATED■HAM
BANANAS■HELICON
EVEN MINER ROBE
DEBT PSORA EDIT

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 A collection of glorified barflies (two words)
2 You'll be sorry for saying this
3 Male twig
4 How it feels to kiss an angel
5 Precipitated frozen canines and felines
6 Internal sore spot
7 Respectably Ossifried (abbr.)
8 West Indian nose decorator
9 Her last name is usually Clare
10 Ticking away merrily
11 These felt so good, she decided to take tens
12 Adam good site (no bombs allowed) for peaceful living
13 When this strikes the ear, it gives a sinking sensation
18 Red tie-up in Washington (pl.)
20 Italian soldiers take the fastest ones back during them
24 Ear nourishment (pl.)
25 When he hears this, he cries dutifully, "Yes, Ellie!"
26 Woman's word
27 She screams at making a living, and doesn't care a hoot for the ears of her listeners (two words)
29 Croquette that's been sat on
30 What the gal who marries Bertie Wooster will draw
31 Mascot for our defense program
33 It has a record for long necking
34 A good Czech that still has lots of bounce
36 Baby laugh
37 Kind of animal married man is
39 Thomas' shadow; worry's boy
40 His nationality is North Polish
43 The Red Lincoln; scent of Russia (var.)
44 Underworld big shot
45 Get lushy, crushy, and mushy
46 South American port—it's absolutely nondrinkable
47 Boardinghouse reach
49 South American Red from way back
50 Wal, ef 'tain't Newt ag'in!
· Hiya, Liz!
51 Empty Corral Songsilencers (abbr.)
52 .
54 Italy Needs Hitler (abbr.)
57 He tries to keep the fellows from making passes at each other (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

I WAS AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER! I got worms, from my Mother, before I was born! And the worms nearly got me—till the Master caught on and gave me Sergeant's PUPPY CAPSULES.

PUPPY CAPSULES LICKED THE WORMS all right —and I pulled through. "Next time," says the Master to my Mother, "we'll worm you *before* the pups come—with SURE SHOT CAPSULES."

DON'T LET WORMS GET A START in *your* pups or grown dogs. Beat them early with SURE SHOT or PUPPY CAPSULES. At drug or pet stores—and a *free* Sergeant's DOG BOOK, too!

• FREE DOG BOOK!
MAIL THIS COUPON

Polk Miller Products Corp.
Dept. 53-B, Richmond, Va.
Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:

Name
Address
City State

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

Each advertisement appearing in Liberty has been scrutinized carefully. We believe every product or service so presented can be relied upon to live up to all statements made in the advertisement.

any mail for me?
to get a letter
...write a letter
use Eaton's fine letter paper

Is Cannibalism Coming to Europe?

© Bachrach

FULTON OURSLER

THE CITY of New York, with a population of about seven million, has a normal food reserve of only three days. If the metropolis—God forbid!—were ever to be blockaded and the people went on with their usual meals, the food would be gone in seventy-two hours. Even if most sternly rationed, the reserve would not last very long. At the end of two months the only people left alive in the five boroughs of Greater New York would be those who had eaten the others. Horrible as this sounds, it is what happens when people become crazed with hunger. Moreover, if some American leaders are to be believed, this horrible thing is going to happen sometime before next harvest—not in New York but in Belgium, in Holland, and in Norway—unless food can be sent from somewhere to the millions of people in those conquered countries.

Even some advocates of aid to Britain concede these facts to be so. Others denounce the statements as fabrications that can only help Hitler, whether intended to help him or not.

WHOM IS ONE TO BELIEVE? The advocates of a plan to feed these occupied European countries say that Belgium produces only a five-month food supply from its own fields; that Norway and Holland have only seven- or eight-month food supplies. Those reserves from the last harvest are now being rapidly exhausted, hence the prediction of cannibalism.

Further, it is argued that these countries which need to be fed were real defenders of democracy. They fought and bled and were defeated. Now they feel they are being starved into a savagery worse than death by the very side they fought for. Will this not convert them to Hitlerism against the time when they could rally to the British cause?

On the other side, the opponents of feeding these people offer various arguments. They say that Hitler cannot afford to let these people starve, and point to the German governor of conquered Poland who said that he could not rule a starving people, thus forcing Germany to send food into Poland. Again they argue that the blockade is a military measure; that starvation will force men out of military activities to till the fields and grow crops, and that if they do that they will have enough food. Finally, they argue that in spite of every other consideration, "war is war," and one must take sides and support the chosen side to the fullest, regardless of the consequences.

There are those who dismiss the whole question by insistence that the Germans should and must feed those people. But Germany is blockaded. Her food supply is meager. It imposes upon credulity to assume on the part of Germany a benevolence so extensive that she would deprive her own people to such a degree that 60,000,000 other people of occupied territory would thereby be fed.

BETWEEN THESE OPPOSING points of view a great many Americans stand appalled. Some of them recall that when Henry IV laid siege to the City of Paris he ordered food thrown over the walls to feed the population at the close of each day's battle. It made him a beloved hero when finally he became master of France.

There are other Americans who realize that in this war there is not one blockade; there are two. Millions of meals for English women and children are at the bottom of the sea—thanks to the German U-boats.

These are days when all of us are confronted with grave choices we would rather not face. All of us want to see totalitarianism finished off. None of us wants to see the Belgians, the Hollanders, the Norwegians turning to cannibalism.

Can it be true that the one thing is dependent upon the other? I doubt it.

We have gone a little way toward helping the starving people in unoccupied France, but we are still dickering with General Franco before we will feed the Spaniards. Our government has laid down certain stipulations to which Franco has not, at this writing, agreed. There are some eminent Americans who wonder if such stipulations are necessary. Suppose, instead, that we said to the Spaniards:

"We have no stipulations to make except that American food will be distributed to Spanish people by American commissioners in every locality. We are going to see to it that only Spaniards get this food. Outside of that, there will be no restrictions."

If that were done for two months, if millions of Spaniards were fed, and well fed, at American expense for eight weeks, would Franco dare, then, to refuse any reasonable American request? He would not dare to refuse, because if he were threatened by a withdrawal of American rations he would also be threatened by Spanish revolution.

Feeding the Spaniards, the Norwegians, and the people of the Low Countries might be a stroke of military genius if one takes the long view. Whatever happens, the fact that war is hell, utter and complete damnation, brutalizing mankind, is truer today than ever before. Once soldiers died on the battlefield, and widows, orphans, and mothers wept back home. Today men, women, and children in England and on the Continent are on the firing lines. Those killed by falling bombs are the lucky ones; the others die by slow and horrible torture.

IN TIMES LIKE THESE it is good to turn our minds, as often as we can with decency and good sense, away from war to milder and more joyous projects. So in Liberty next week you will find not only General Bullard's article on How Every American Can Do His Duty, a very timely war piece, but you will also find a host of entertaining and amusing and interesting contributions. For instance, there is the joyous new novel by Donald Barr Chidsey called, of all things, Girl Sticks Out Neck; and there is Morris Markey's optimistic article, Great News on Cancer; Kirtley Baskette's lively piece about Ciro's, the latest Hollywood resort for the stars and other yokels; a fine sports piece by Jerry Lewis about Bucky Newsom; and a piece telling why Tommy "the Cork" Corcoran is resigning from the brain trust, by Walter Karig; short stories by Clark McMeekin and George Madden Martin, and Walter Brooks (Ed, the talking horse, goes to a spirit séance in this one), together with installments of the current serials, departments—sweets and spice and everything nice.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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FEBRUARY 22, 1941

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY EDWIN HENRY

This is not "A Man's World" by a long shot!

It may be engineers with their blueprints who make the plans to which we build our cars.

But more and more it is the women of this country who determine what needs the engineers must meet.

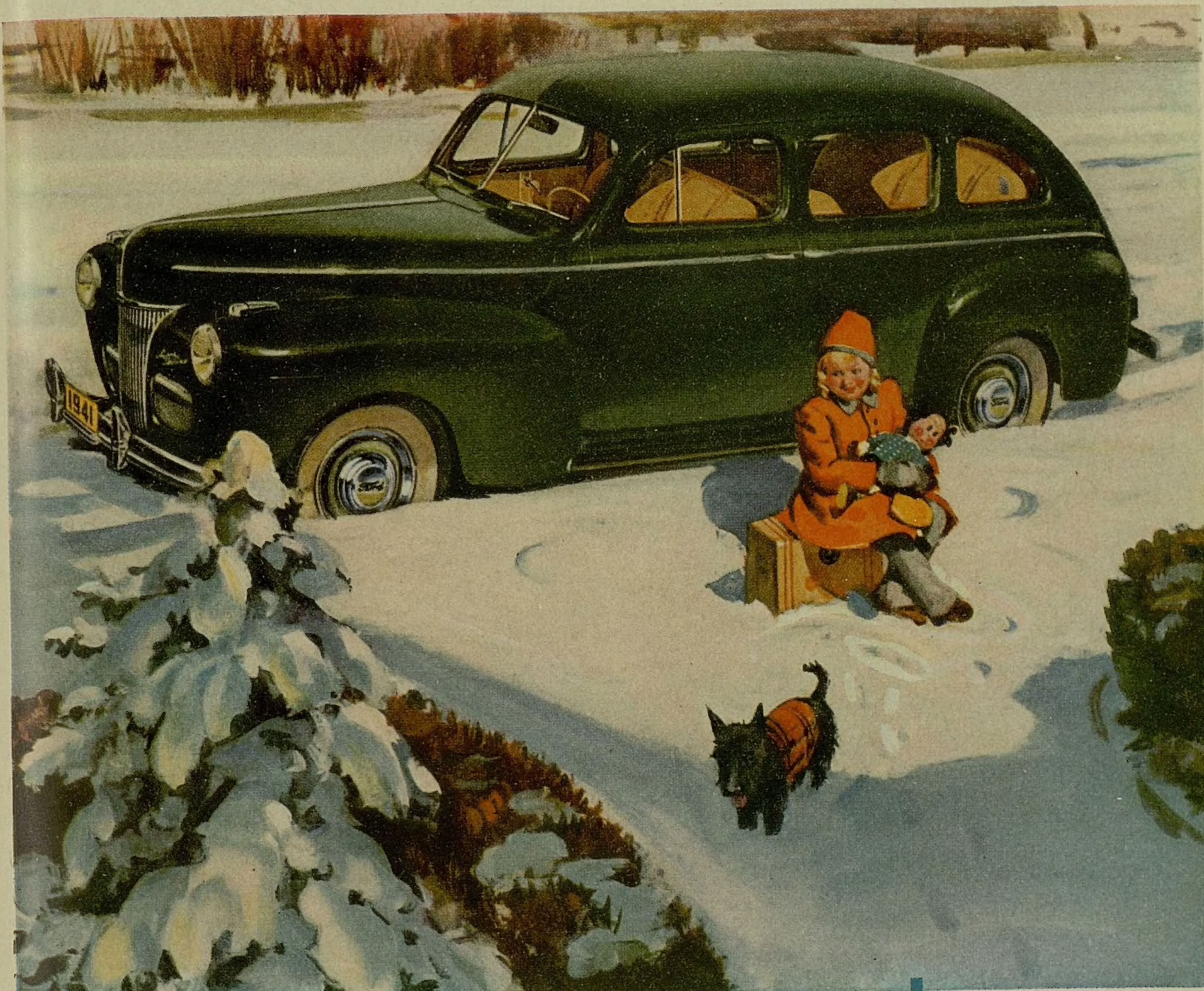
Their influence, of course, is not new to us. It merely grows more and more pronounced.

Women took a hand in car design early in this century, when we shifted the steering wheel from right side to left. Women hurried the change along, because until we changed, they sat at the left and had to get out into the street instead of on the curb.

Today more than ten million women in this country have licenses to drive. And it seems fair to state that most of what you see as you walk toward a new car—and much of what you feel as you ride in it or drive—was put there for women, or put there sooner than it would have been without their influence. It is certain that the improvements made for this year in our Ford cars show the influence of women very clearly.

Check them off and see.—A bigger car. A softer ride. A quieter car. Bigger windows. Easier driving. Increased style. Finer appointments.

No, this is not a man's world, by a long shot. And nothing makes that more clear than the Ford cars at your dealer's right this minute!



Some Ford Advantages for 1941:

NEW ROOMINESS. Bodies of the big new Ford are longer and wider this year. Front seating width, for instance, is increased as much as seven inches.

SOFT, QUIET RIDE. A new Ford ride, with new frame and stabilizer, softer springs and improved shock absorbers.

GREAT POWER WITH ECONOMY. Ford cars are the most powerful in their price field, and hold records for economy as well as for performance.

BIG WINDOWS. Windshield and windows increased all around to give nearly four square feet of added vision area in each '41 Ford Sedan.

LARGEST HYDRAULIC BRAKES in the Ford price field. 12-inch drum. For added safety, longer brake-lining wear.

GET THE FACTS AND YOU'LL GET A FORD!

Ford

IN A CIGARETTE

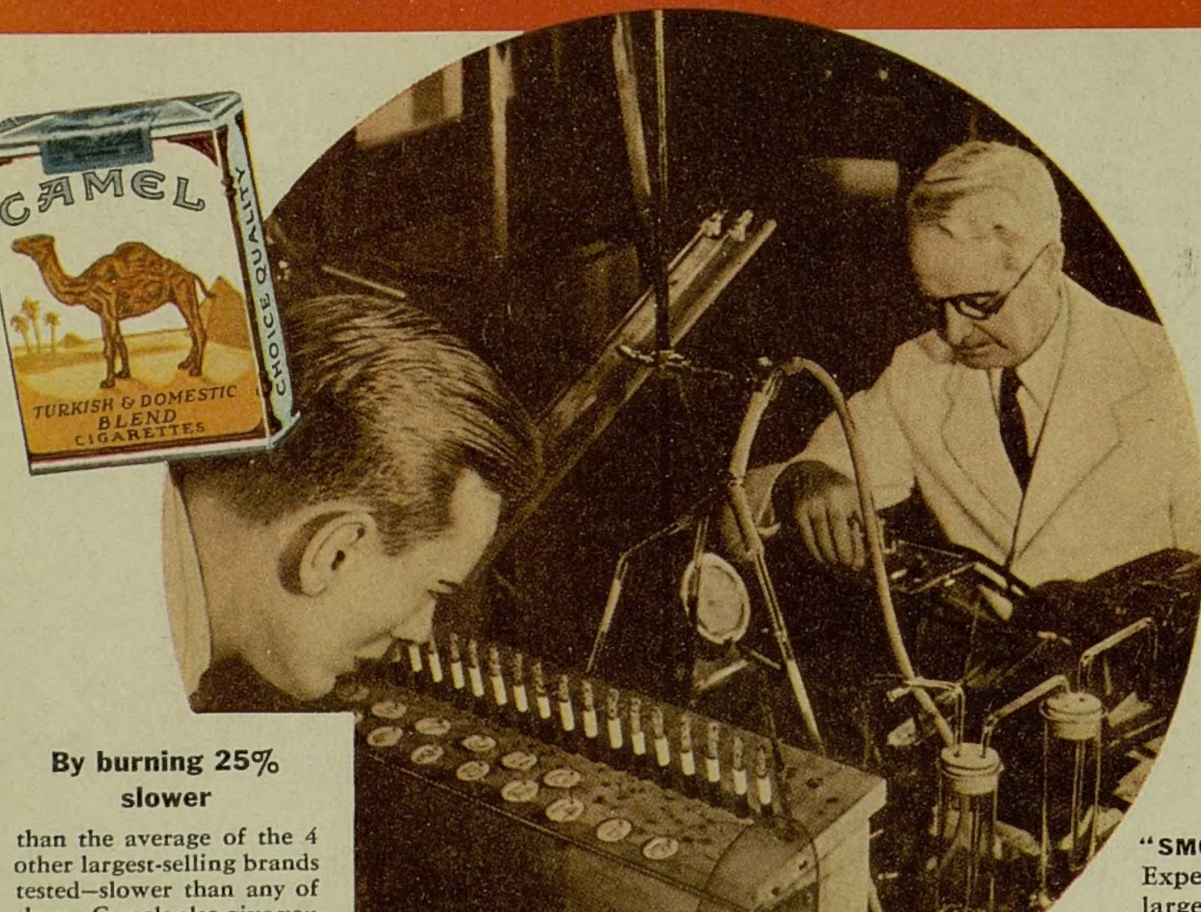
THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVES YOU

EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND—

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself



By burning 25% slower

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 extra smokes per pack!

"SMOKING OUT" THE FACTS about nicotine. Experts, chemists analyze the smoke of 5 of the largest-selling brands... find that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains less nicotine than any of the other brands tested.

WHEN you get right down to it, a cigarette is only as flavorful—only as cool—only as mild—as it smokes. The smoke's the thing!

Obvious—yes, but important—all-important because what you get in the smoke of your cigarette depends so much on the way your cigarette burns.

Science has pointed out that Camels are definitely slower-burning (*see left*). That means a smoke with more mildness, more coolness, and more flavor.

Now—Science confirms another important advantage of slower burning... of Camels.

Less nicotine—in the smoke! Less than any of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—28% less than the average!

Light up a Camel... a s-l-o-w-burning Camel... and smoke out the facts for yourself. The smoke's the thing!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMEL—THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE—